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The Normal Music Course

John Wheeler Tufts, Hosea E. Holt

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THE

NORMAL MUSIC COURSE.

HIGH SCHOOL COLLECTION.

BY

JOHN W. TUFTS AND H. E. HOLT.

SILVER, ROGERS, & CO., PUBLISHERS,
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NEW YORK: 9 Bond Street. CHICAGO: 122 & 124 Wabash Ave.
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PREFACE.

THIS Collection has been made especially for those who have become familiar with the First, Second, and Third Readers of the Normal Music Course, and, with a knowledge of those books, these selections will present no great difficulties, as nearly or quite all the varieties in tune and time are there illustrated and made practical.

To those who have not followed the course in regular order these compositions will be valuable, and can be learned in the usual manner.

They are arranged for two Sopranos, Alto and Bass, or for mixed voices with Tenor.

In the compilation of the book no regularly progressive order has been followed, but in some sense they will illustrate a progressive order in the style of musical composition.

The teacher may choose such compositions as the class may for the time require. Quite a large number are characteristic melodies of a peculiar form, called Folk-songs. They are interesting for their quaint simplicity, and will well repay the study required to sing them perfectly. When learned, the singers will not fail to enjoy and remember them. From a thorough practice of these selections the singers will gain a knowledge of musical compositions of rare beauty, many of which appear in their present form for the first time. We would suggest that the notes of each composi-

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tion be thoroughly learned in tune, time, and expression before using the words, adding the last after a careful study of their meaning and sentiment.

The teacher should finally encourage the singing of them, especially the simpler compositions, from memory,—looking to him for such slight changes in movement and force as he may desire, to give the song its most finished rendering.

To those who are unacquainted with the system and study peculiar to the Normal Music Course, of which this forms a part, we would suggest a careful examination of the methods introduced and explained in the Manuals, Charts, and Readers that precede this book.

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THE

NORMAL MUSIC COURSE.

HIGH SCHOOL COLLECTION.

No. 1. Come, gentle Harmony.

Rossini, arr.

Andante. ♪ = 76.

p

Come, gen - tle Har - mo - ny, wak - en thy mag - ic power, Breathe 'round thy

p

p

Soul - breathing Har - mo - ny, wak - en thy tune - ful strain, And o'er the

p

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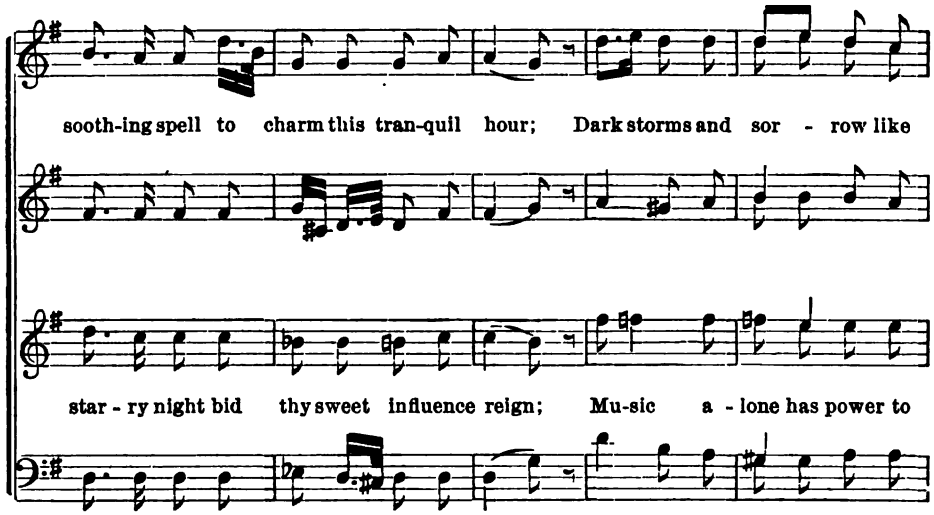

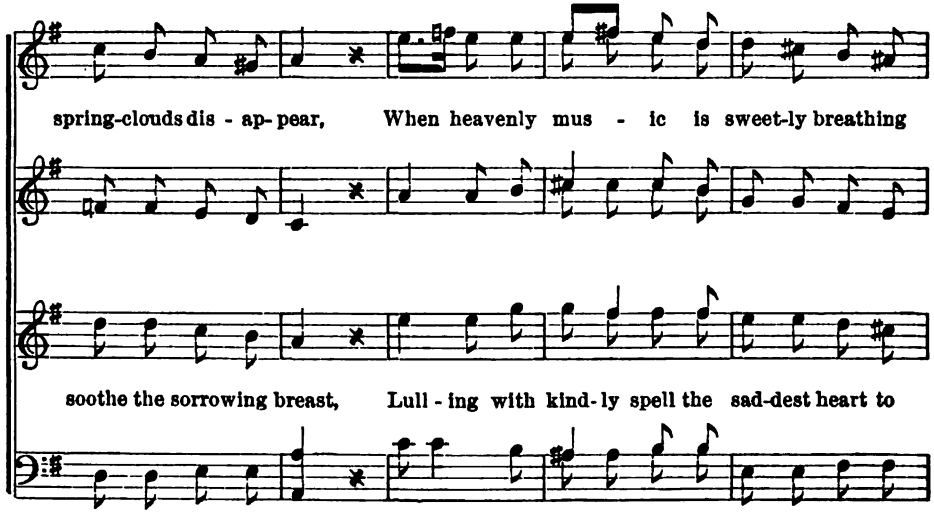

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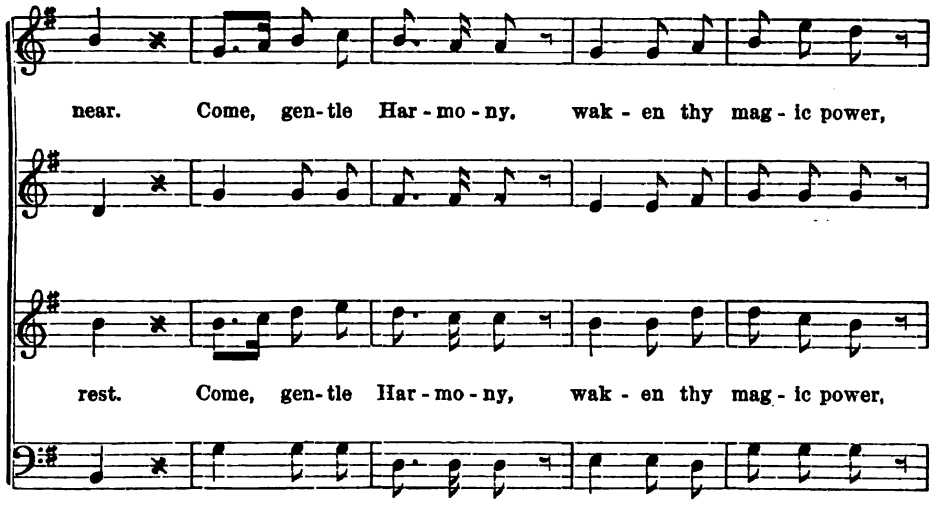

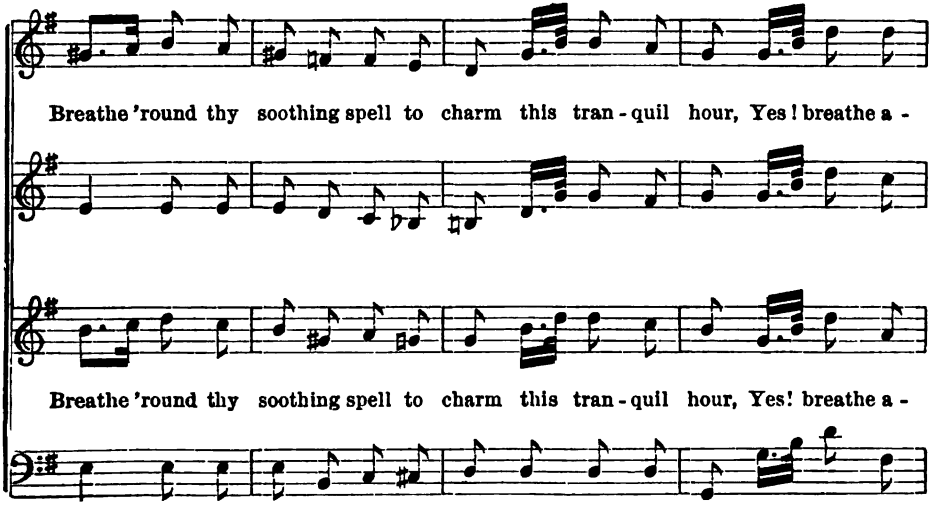

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round thy sooth-ing spell to charm, to charm this tran-quil hour. Come, Harmony,

round thy sooth-ing spell to charm, to charm this tran-quil hour. Come . . .

ny, Come, . . . wak-en thy mag-ic power to charm this hour.

. . . come, wak-en thy mag-ic power to charm this hour.

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No. 2. Come Away!

Henry Lahee, arr.

1st Soprano.

p

1. Come a - way! the sun - ny hours . . . . Woo thee far to founts and

2nd Soprano.

Alto.

2. In the sky the sap-phir'd blue . . . . . Now hath won its rich - est

Bass.

bowers; O'er the ver - y wa - ters now . . . In their play, in their
Night and day, night and

In their play
Night and day

hue; In the woods the breath of spring In their play
Night and day

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play Flowers are shed - - ding beau - - ty's

in their play,
night and day,

in their play, Floats with leaf - - y scents a -
night and day,

cres. *f*

ray, Come a - way, come a - way, come a -

f

Come a - way! . . . . come a - way! . . . . come a-way, come a -

cres. *f*

- way. Come a-way, come a-way, come a -

Come a - way, come a - way, come,

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way! . . . . . Where the li - ly's ten - der gleam . . Quiv-ers

way! . . . . . .

way! . . . . . Where the boughs with dew-y gloom . . . Dark-en

on the glanc - ing stream. Come a - way, come a - way, come a -

each thick bed of bloom. Come a - way, come a - way, come a -

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- way, ... come, come a - way, come a-way, come a -

come a - way, . .

- way, ... come, come a - way, come a-way, ... come a -

come a-way,

- way, come a - way, come a - way, . . . come, come, come a - way!

. . . come a - way, come a - way, . . . come, come, come a - way!

- way, come a - way, come a - way, . . . come, come, come a - way!

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No. 3. The Wanderer's Song.

C. M. von Weber, 1786-1826.
from "Preciosa."

1. The sun a- wakes, And morning breaks, In splendor o'er val - ley and hill!

2. With mirth and song, We glide a - long, Nor ask whence or whither we go;

3. A-near and far! Our guide a star, And ev - er we look to its ray!

O morn - ing air, O per-fume rare! What beau-ty all na-ture doth fill! fill!

From place to place, Our course we trace, The gladness of freedom we know. know.

Prec - io - sa, we, Thy followers be, Wher-ev - er thou lead - est the way. way.

P. A. Wolff.

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No. 4. Light and Laughing Summer Sky.

G. A. Macfarren, arr.

p *Allegretto.*

1. Light and laugh-ing sum - mer sky, Gaz - ing from thy home on high; Blessings,

p

2. Light and laugh-ing sum - mer sky, Na - ture hails thee mer - ri - ly; Jo - cund,

f *dim.* *p*

bless - - ings on thy smil - - ing; Ma-ny a wea - ry thought has

f *dim.* *p*

jo - - cund in thy beam - ing, Ev - ery flower un-folds its

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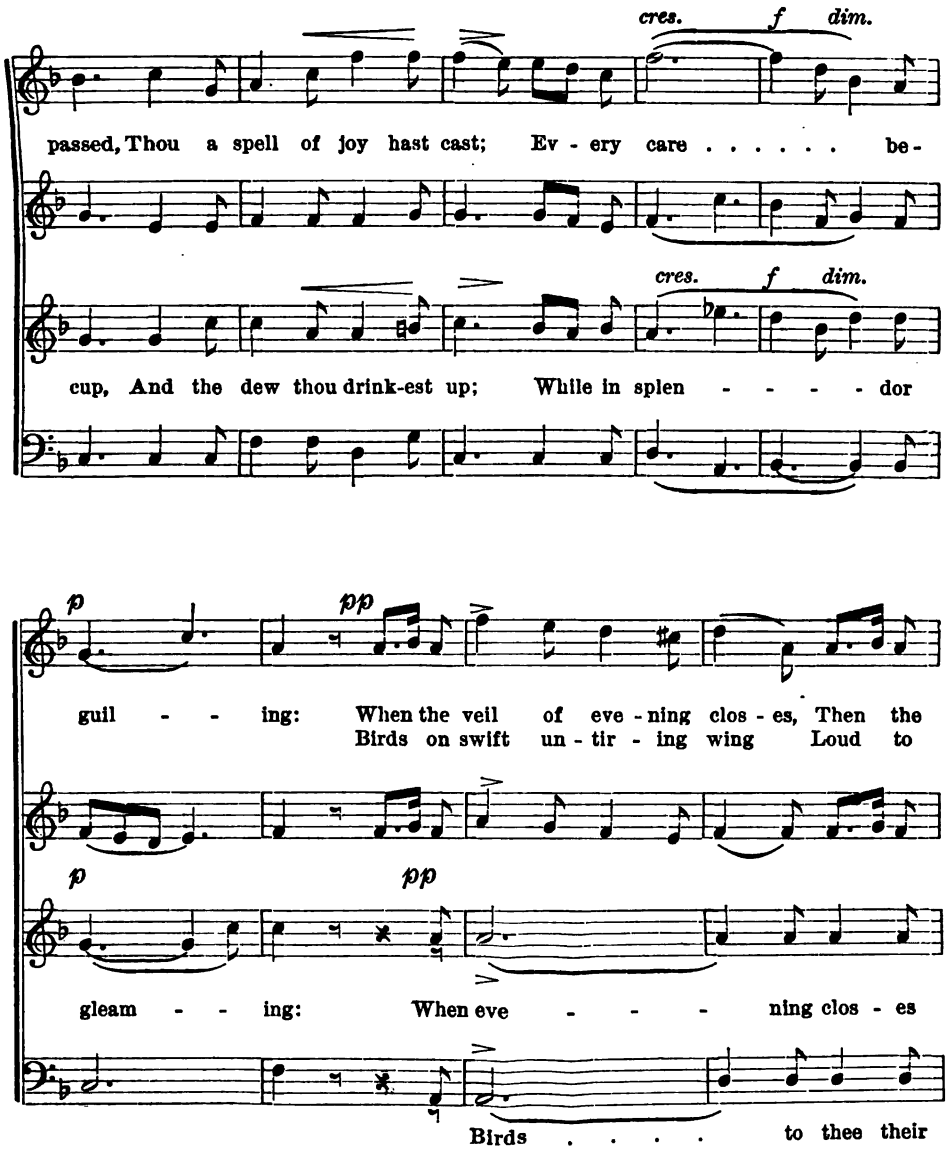

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cres.

mind from grief re - pos - es, But it wakes at once to mirth, When thou thee their an - thems sing;

cres.

Grief . . re - pos - es; And the winds with gen - tle sigh Woo thee an - - - - thems sing;

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

shin - est o'er the earth, When thou shin - - - - - - - est on the earth.

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

laugh - ing sum-mer sky, Woo thee laugh - - - - - - ing sum-mer sky.

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No. 5. THE STYRIAN'S LAND.

JACOB DIRNBÖCK.

p Allegretto.

1. High the roof - stone o'er Where breaks forth the Aar, On through

2. Where in shad - y wood Springs the a - gile roe, On the

p

3. When in Al - pine vales Ming - led mu - sic swells Where sweet

cres -

Wen - den-land To Saar a - far; Where with yo - del clear, Loud the

rock - y heights Fear - less to go; Where the sil - ver streams From the

cres -

voic - es blend With chime of bells; Then his herd the boy Drives a -

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cen - do al f un poco lento.

herds-maid sings, And his trust - y gun the hun - ter swings: All this

gla - ciers leap, Where the cham - ois climbs far up the steep:

cen - do al f un poco lento.

down the plain Glad at eve to see loved one a - gain: All this

love - ly land is the Sty - rian land, Is my own, my pre-cious Na - tive

love - ly land is the Sty - rian land, Is my own, my pre-cious Na - tive

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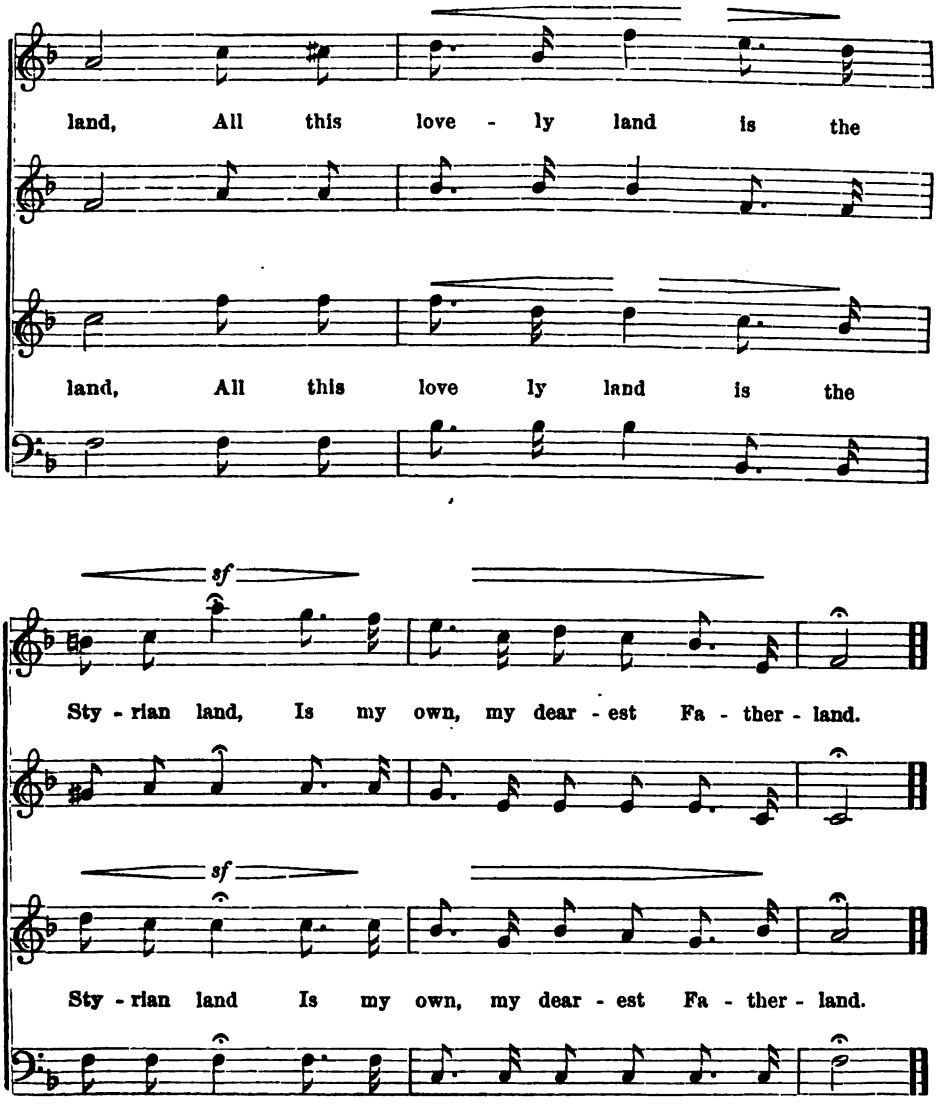

LUDWIG CARL SEYDLER. 1844.

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No. 6. CONTENTEDNESS.

FOLK-SONG.

1. Con - ten - ted - ness I long for tru - ly, And
2. Why need I en - e - mies be fear - ing, When

3. When tem - pests all a - round are wak - ing, And
4. My soul, then be con - tent - ed tru - ly, And

leav-ing all be-side would du - ly Praise thee a-lone Con-tent - ed -
oft they turn to friends en - dear - ing, If I will but in pa-tience

sor-row's bil-lows o'er me break-ing, My trust I put in God a -
what each day God gives thee du - ly With that each day be sat - is -

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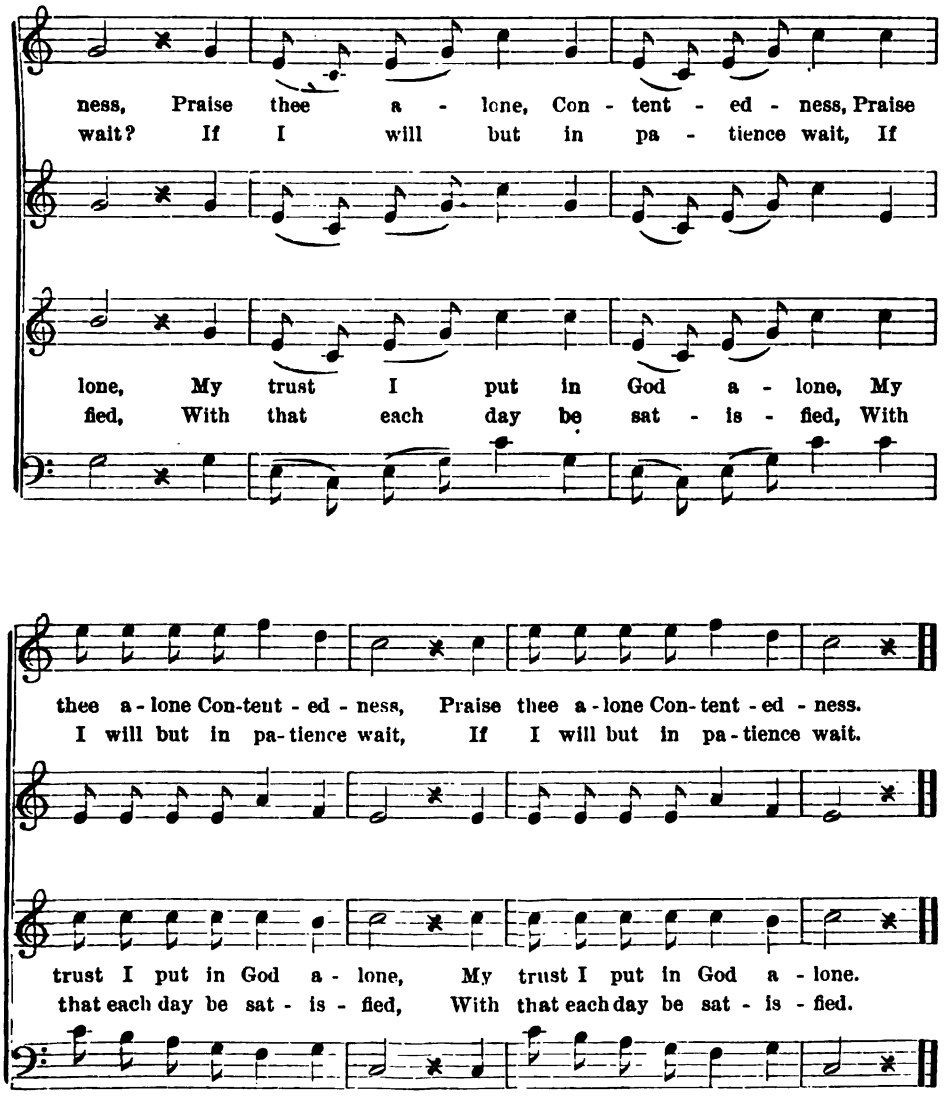

GERMAN FOLK-SONG, TR.

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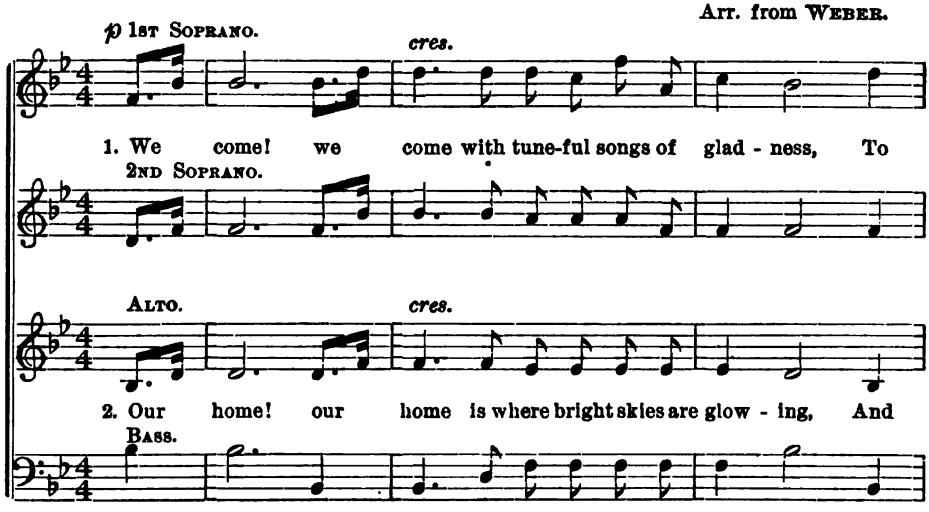
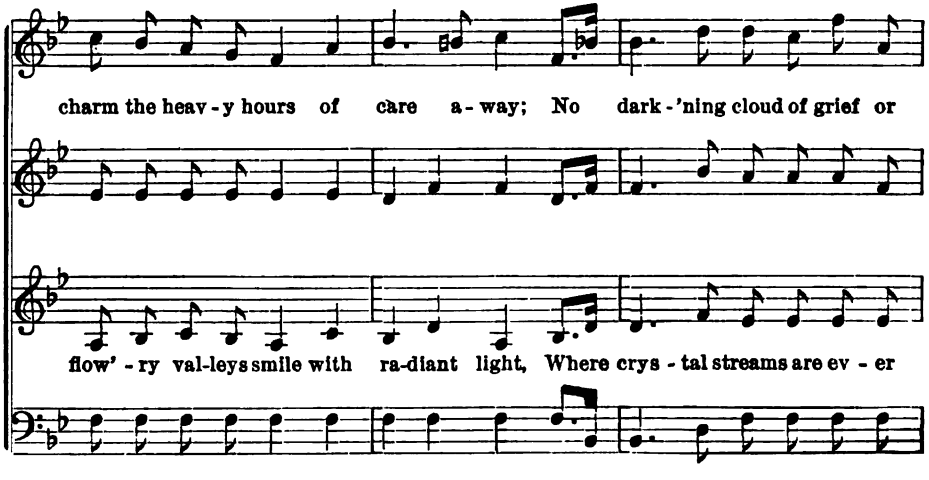
No. 7. The Minstrel Maidens.

Arr. from Weber.





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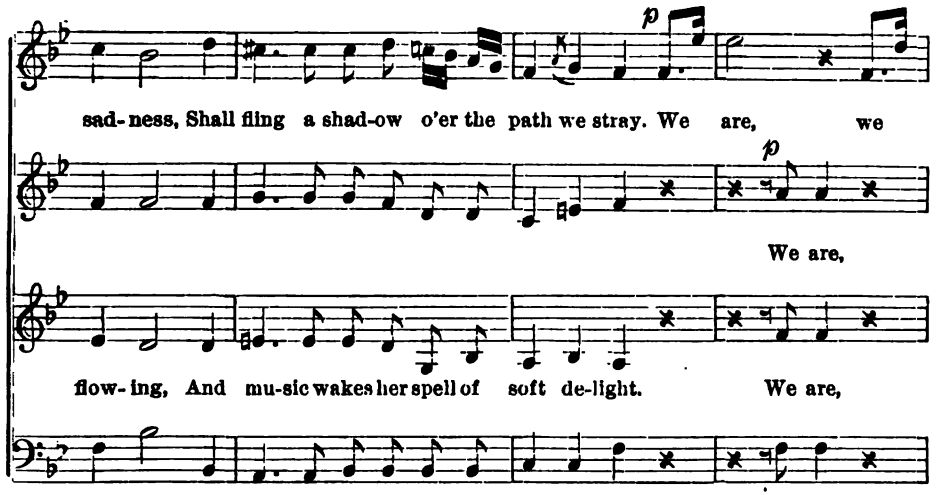

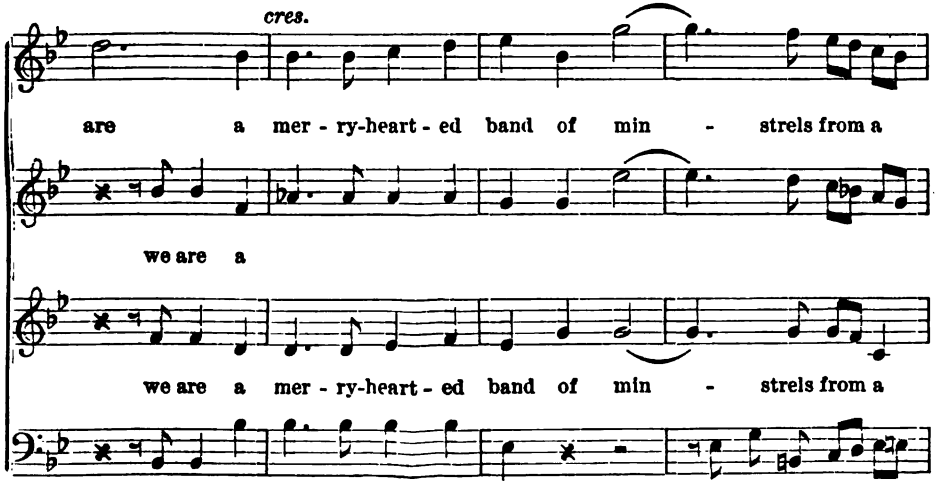

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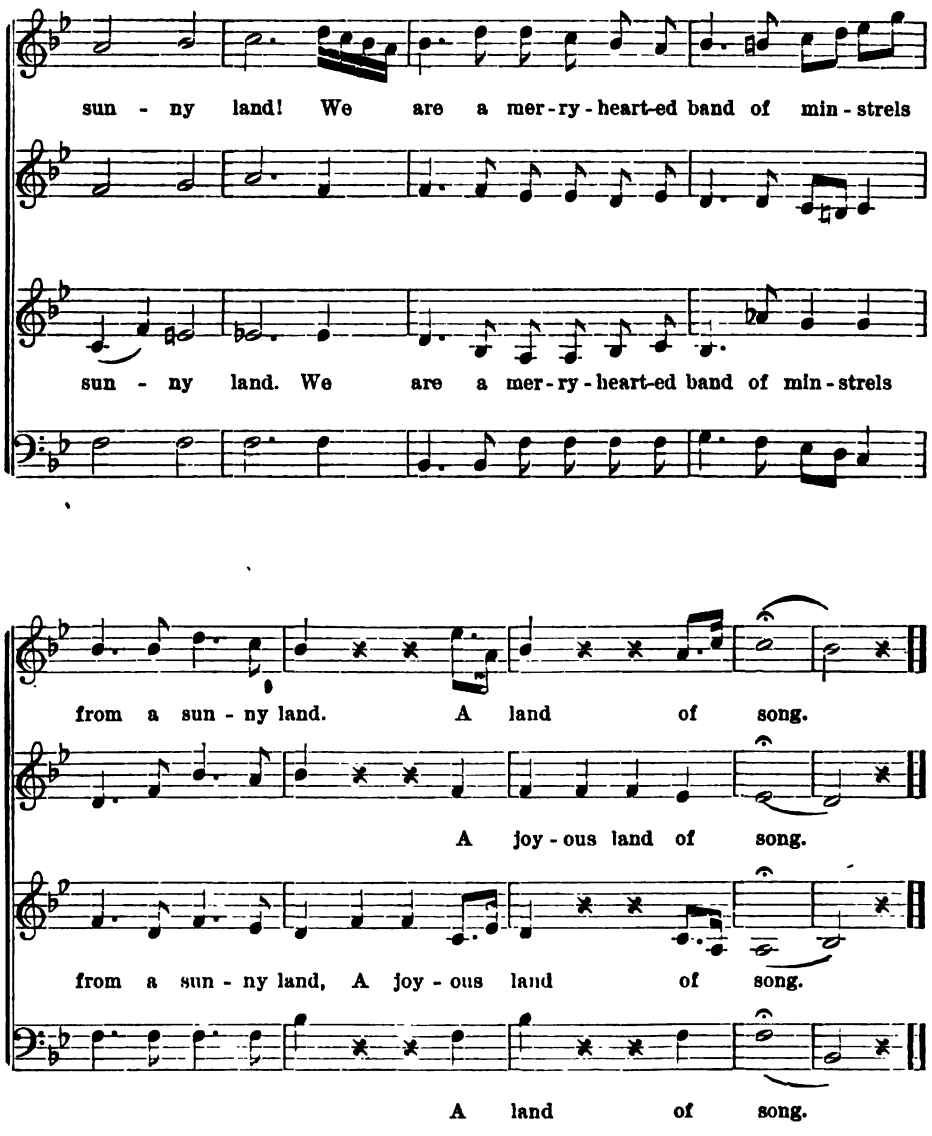

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No. 8. A CHEERFUL MIND.

ERK. 1860.

Un poco lento. dolce.

1. I know not if on earth a - gain The rose shall bloom for me, Yet tru - ly, tru - ly shall my strain, Like sky; Yet tru - ly. tru - ly here I know, This

2. I know not where love's star will glow For me in yon - der kiss; Yet tru - ly, tru - ly shed no tear, Ex -

3. I know not if the maid so dear I e'er a - gain may

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to a song - bird's be! Like to a song - bird's be!

heart with bliss beats high! This heart with bliss beats high!
cept of joy, I wis. Ex - cept of joy I wis.

C. C. TEUNER. 1860.

NO. 9. MORNING SONG.

LUISE REICHARDT.

p Andantino.

1. Thee, the fount of grace a - dor - ing, Thee we ear - ly seek im - plor - ing,

2. Fa-ther, now thy call o - bey - ing, Lis - ten to thy children pray - ing,

3. For the help this day we're need-ing, We would trust thy love ex - ceed - ing,

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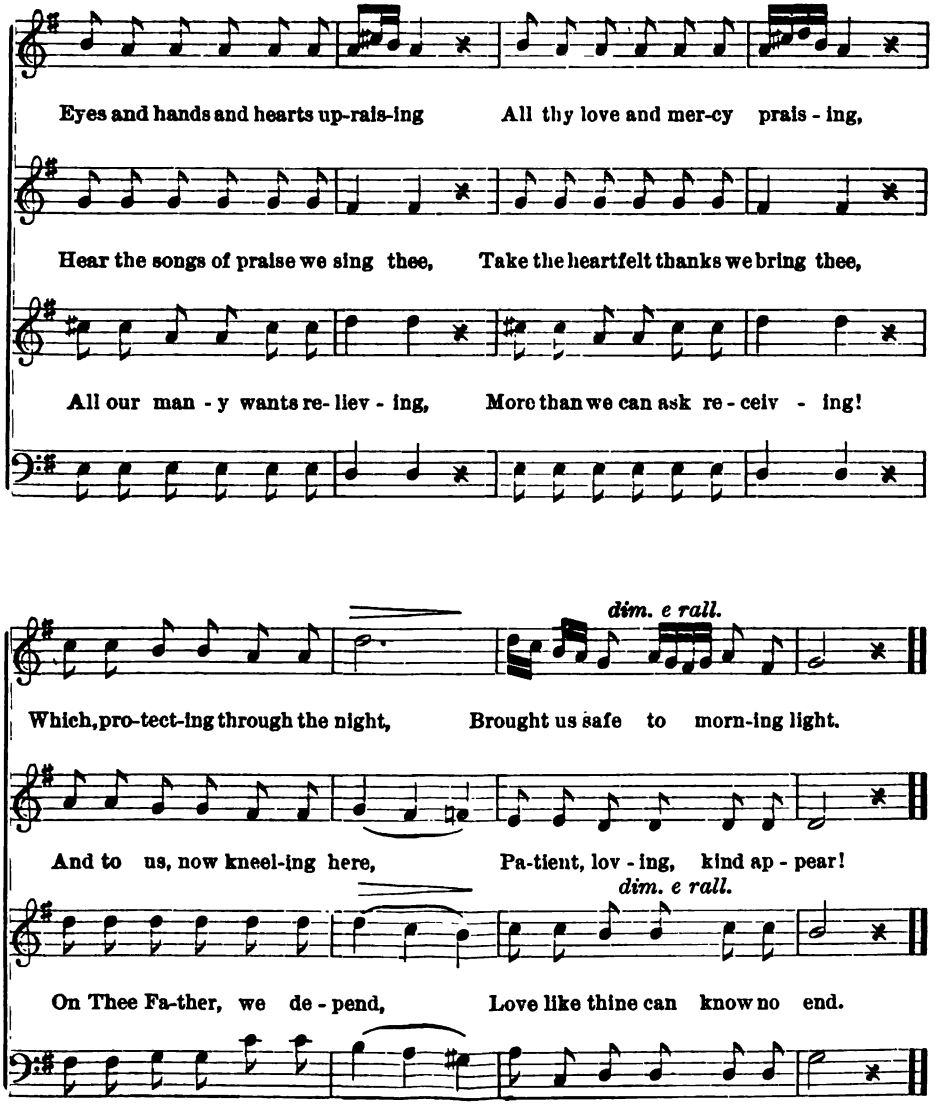

J. K. LAVATER. 1780.

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No. 10. THE WILD ROSE.

M. HAUPTMANN.

Allegretto. TUTTI.

1. Chanced a boy a rose to spy, Rose a - mid the heath - er,

2. I will pluck thee now, said he, Rose a - mid the heath - er,

SOLO.

3. But the boy would not re - frain, Rose a - mid the heath - er,

SOLI.

Fresh and fair it met the eye, And he hur - ried ea - ger - ly

mf

Rose - bud answered "Touch not me! Or a thorn I'll stick in thee,

All re - sis - tance was in vain, Nought availed it grief and pain,

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TUTTI.

All its sweets to gath - er! Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose-bud

Leave me 'mid the heath-er! Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose-bud rose-bud

Dy - ing 'mid the heath-er. Rose - bud, rose - bud, rose-bud

red, Rose a-mid the heath - er.

red, Rose a-mid the heath - er, Rose-bud red.

red, Rose a-mid the heath - er. Rose-bud red.

GOETHE.

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No. 11. SEE THE JOCUND SPRING.

G. A. MACFARREN, arr.

p *cres.*

1. See the jo - cund spring ad - vanc - ing, See the earth in beau - ty

p

2. See all na - ture doffs her mourn-ing, See the gen - tle flowers re -

sf *sf*

glanc - ing, Ev - ery sense and thought en - tranc - ing.

turn - ing, Field and mead - ow glad a - dorn - ing.

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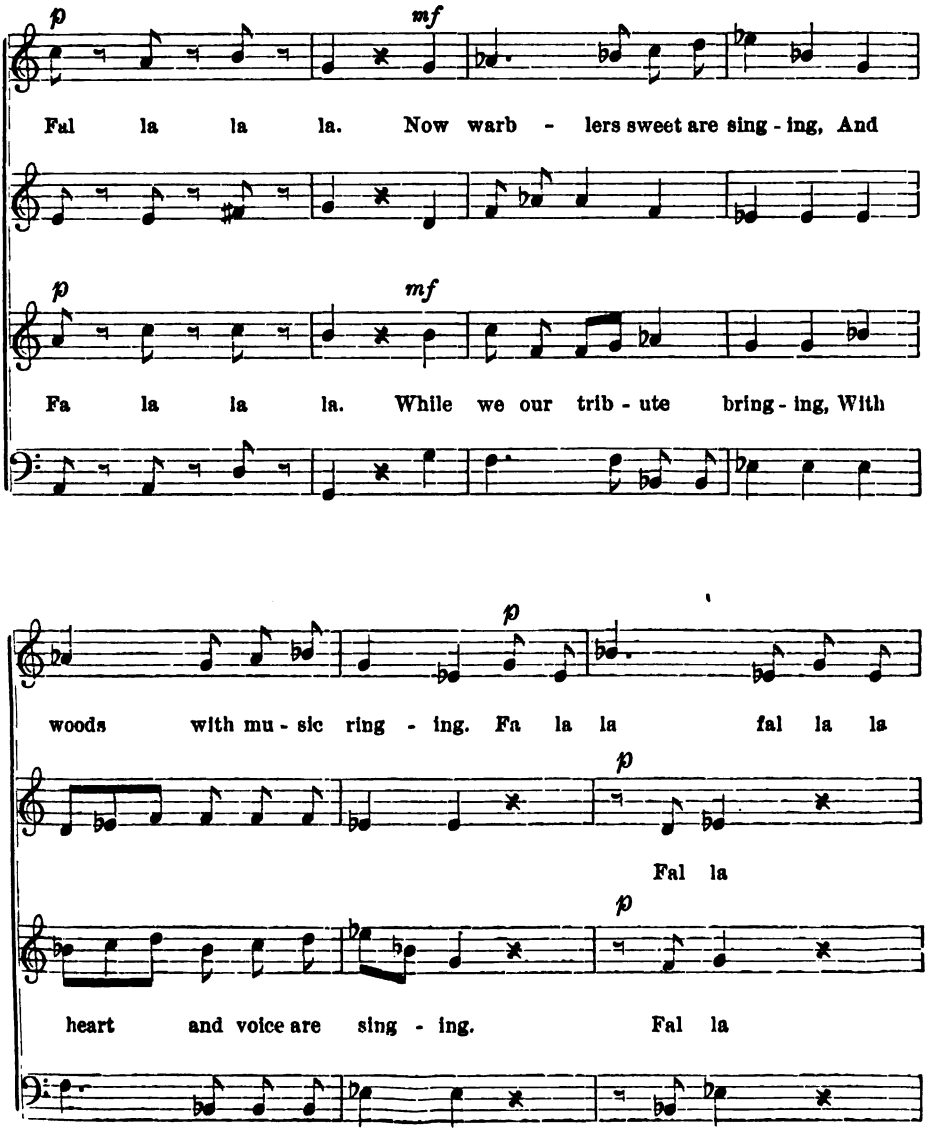

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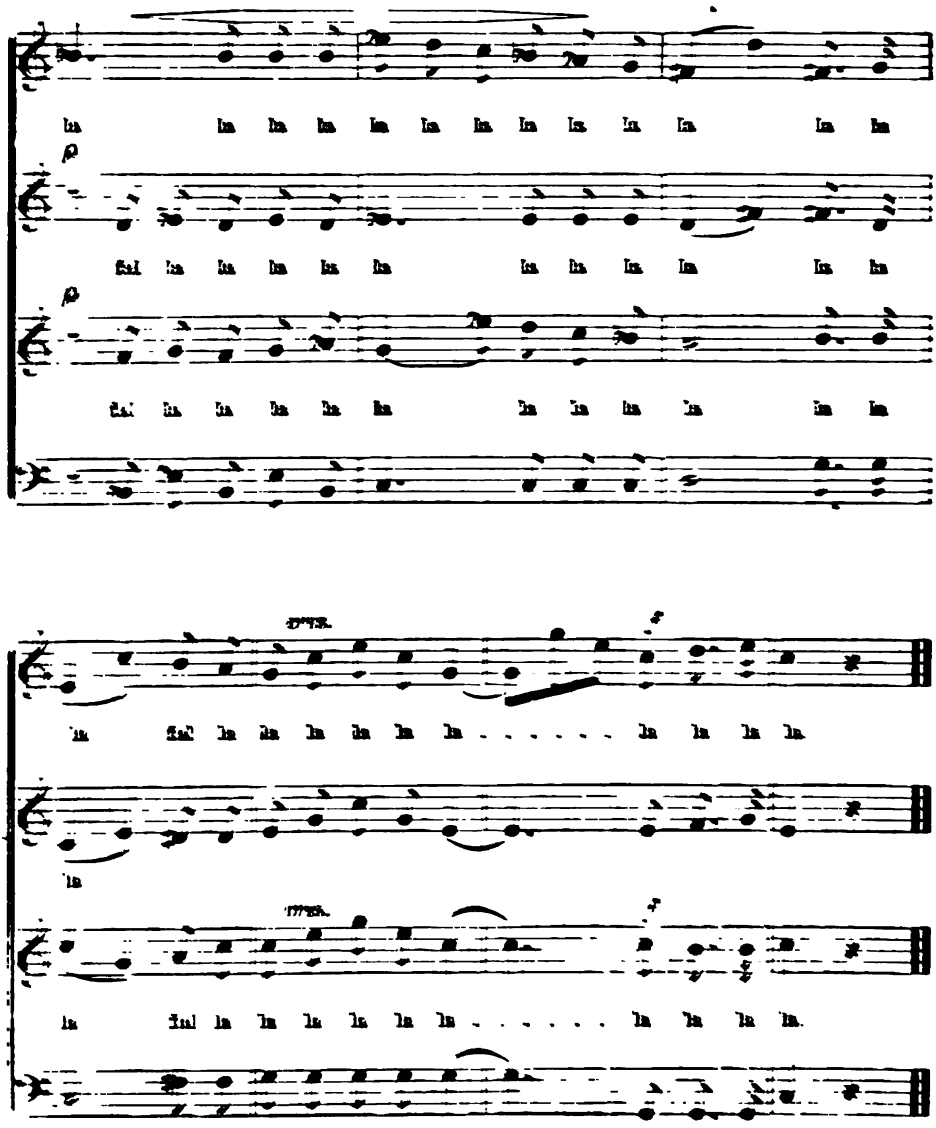

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No. 12. Calmly the Hour of Twilight.

Arr. from Rossini.

Andante grazioso. ♪ = 104.

1st Soprano.

Calm-ly the hour of twi-light is glow-ing, Ting-ing the waves with

2nd Soprano.

Alto.

Calm-ly the hour of twi-light is glow-ing, Ting-ing the waves with

Bass.

gold-en light; Borne by the tide, and soft breez-es blow-ing,

gold-en light; Borne by the tide, and soft breez-es blow-ing,

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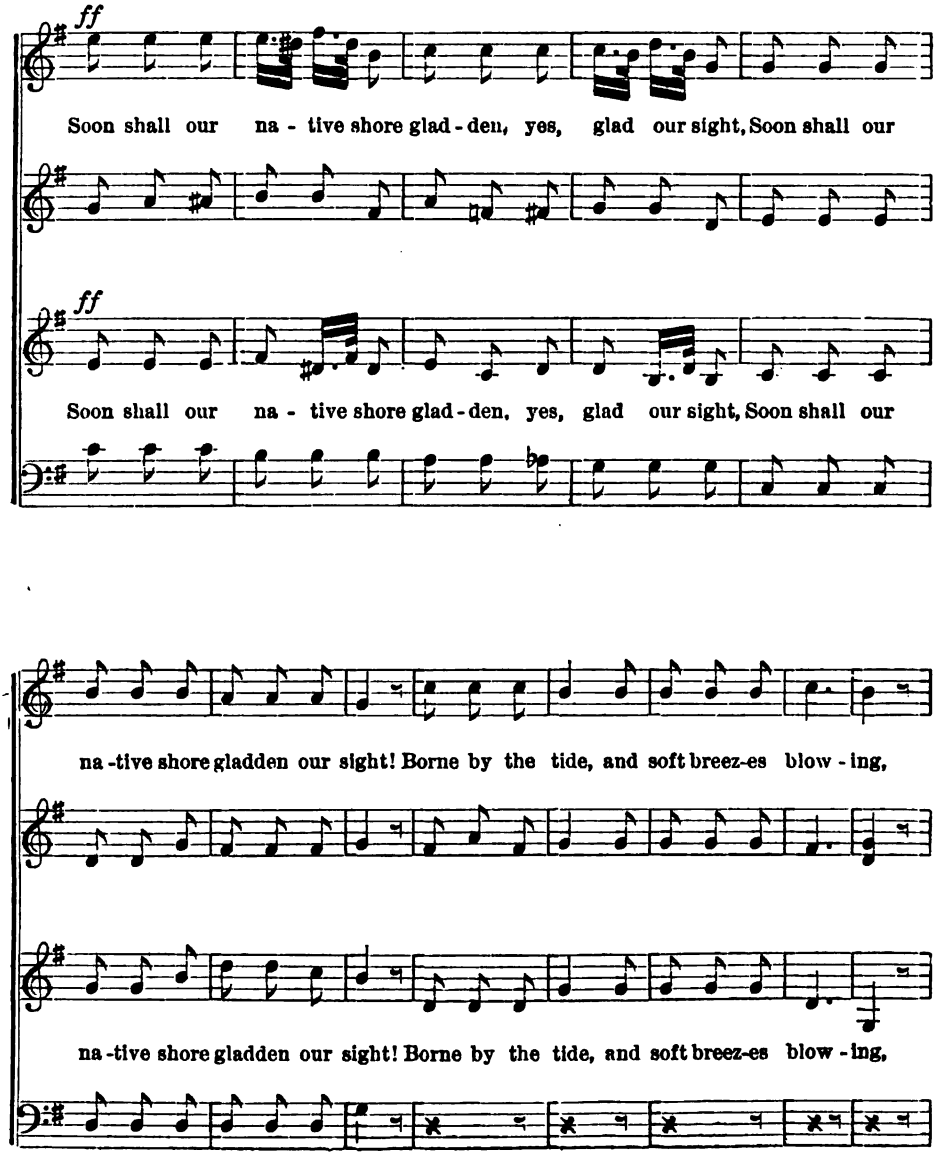

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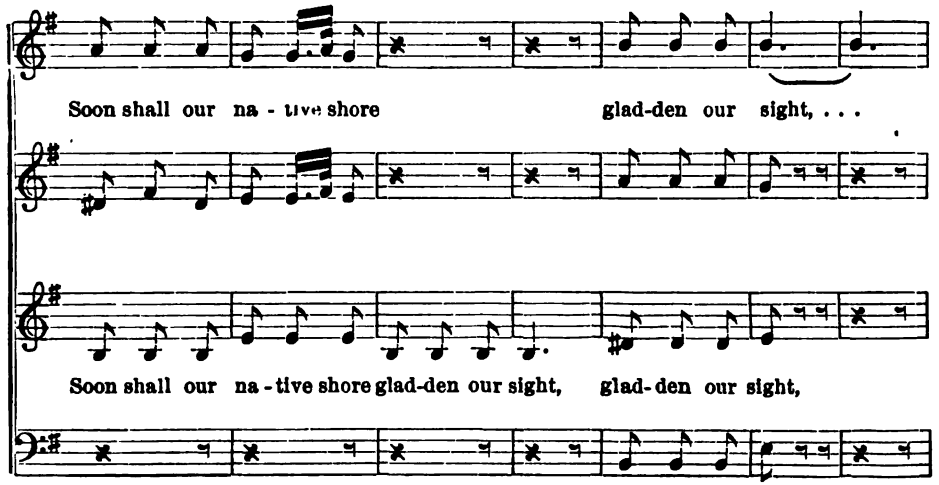

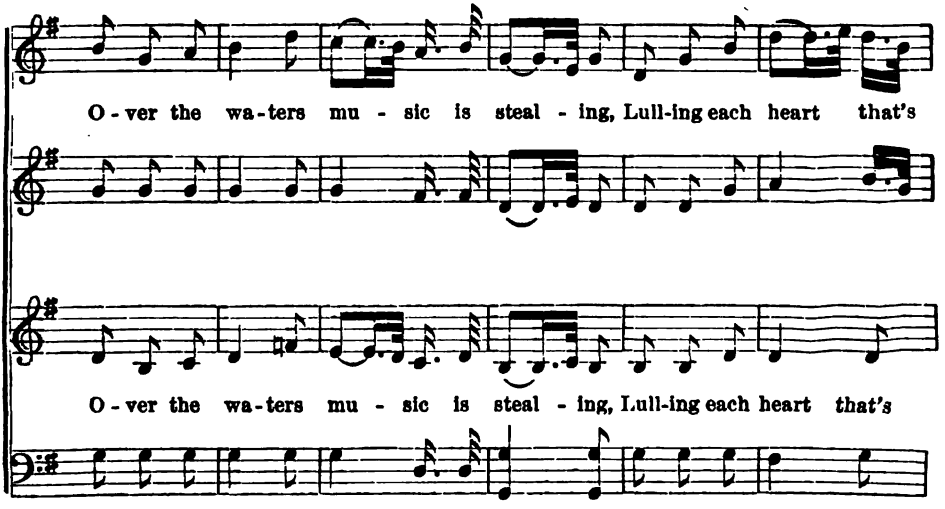

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wea- ry to rest; While stars a - bove, their pure light re - veal - ing, Pic-ture a

wea- ry to rest; While stars a - bove, their pure light re - veal - ing, Pic-ture a

home that's ra - diant and blest. While stars a - bove, their pure light re -

home that's ra - diant and blest. While stars a - bove, their pure light re -

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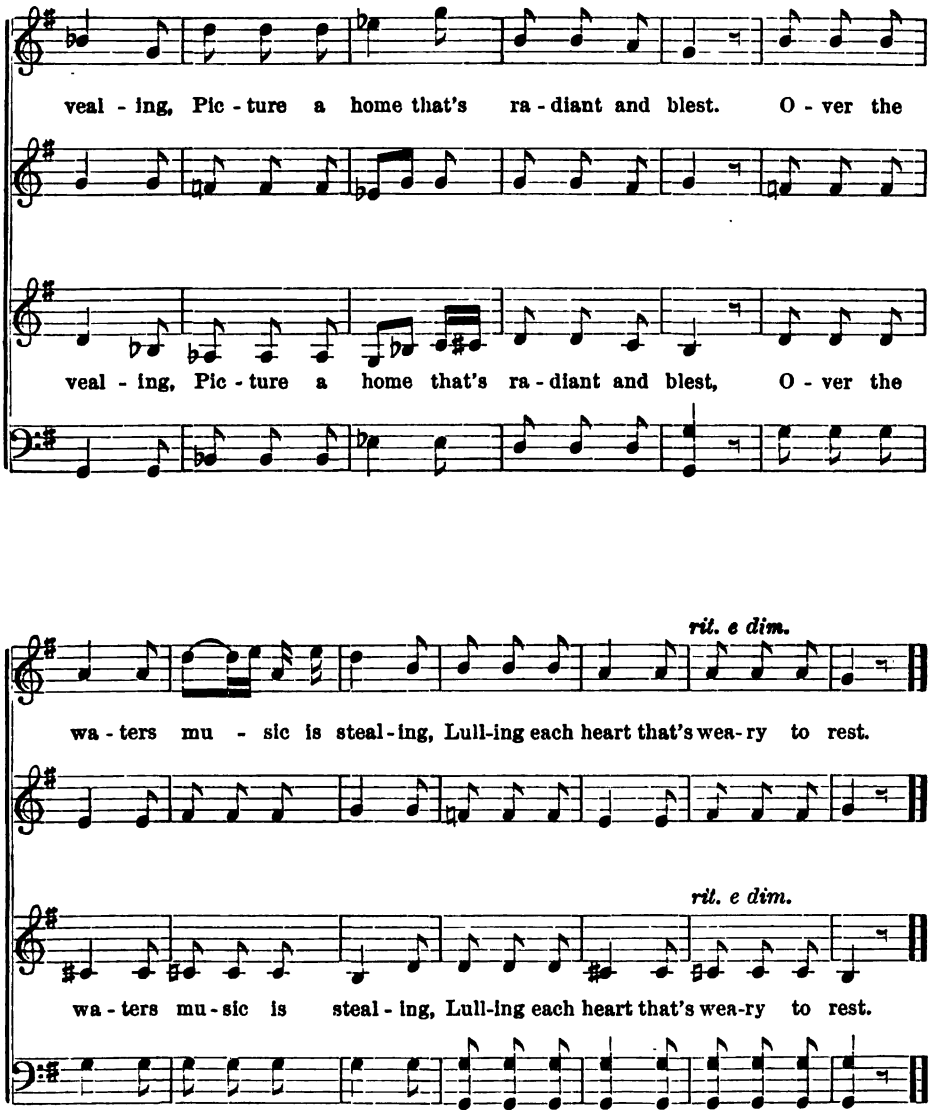

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No. 13. Nature so fair.

W. Stiefensandt.

f *Allegro.* *poco rit.* *a tempo.* *dim.* *p*

1. All Na - ture is look-ing so fair, so fair! That tru - ly the birds know

2. All Na - ture is look-ing so fair, so fair! That, too, know the riv - er and

f

3. Yes, sing - er and paint - er know it, And man - y oth - ers as

too, Who rise on their light wings dai - ly, And

sea, Which pic - ture in light and shad - ow, Each

well, Who can - not paint it, can sing it And

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cres.

sing in their joy so gai - ly Far up in the sky so

hill and ci - ty and mead - ow, And clouds that o - ver them

who can - not sing, can ring it, The heart's full glad-ness to

f

blue. Far up in the sky so blue.

flee. And clouds that o - ver them flee.

f

tell. The heart's full glad - ness to tell.

REINICK.

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No. 14. In May.

Old Flemish Folk-song.

Moderato-dolce.

1. The sweet May-dew is fall-ing, My dar-ling's win - dow near, There

2. The Win -ter has de - part - ed, 'Tis Spring-time all a - round. I

3. I'll plant the sweet-est flow-ers Be - side her win - dow here, And

is no fair - er maid-en, No one to me so dear! She

see the leaves and blos-soms, And flow -ers deck the ground; How

give them to my true love, The one to me so dear; And

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holds me cap - tive ev - er, My heart is wound-ed sore, Ah,

pleas - ing now to wan - der A - long the grass - y vale, To

whis - per to her soft - ly, "Lean from thy win-dow there, And

poco cres.

would she com - fort give me, I should be well once more.

hear the glad birds sing - ing, To hear the night - in - gale.

poco cres.

take the May-bloom's greet-ing, Like thee so fair, so fair."

FOLK-SONG of FLANDERS.

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No. 15. Summer Days.

F. Abt. arr.

1. Oh, 'tis not al-ways sum-mer-time, For win - ter cold and grey Will

2. 'Tis thus with life; in sun - ny youth, As nought is bit - ter care, But

come at last, and in its blast Sweet blos-soms die a - way! The

hap - pi-ness and joy and truth Not long will lin - ger there! Too

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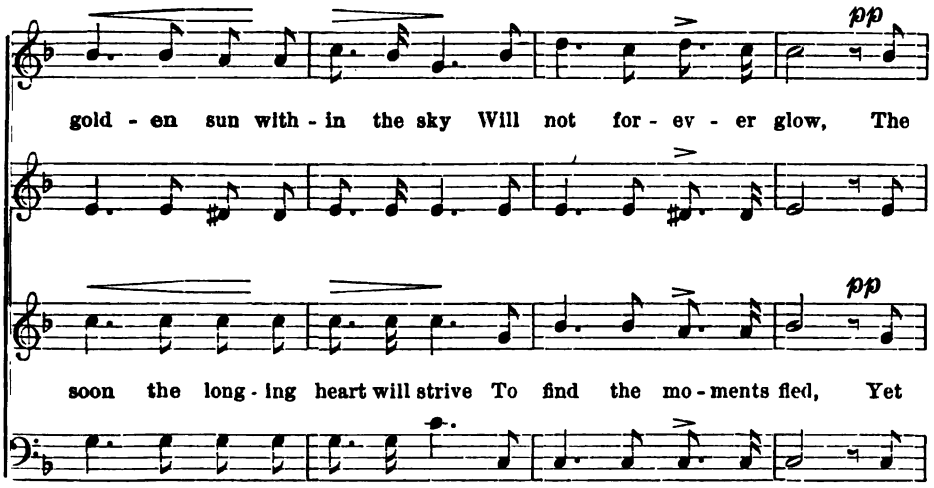

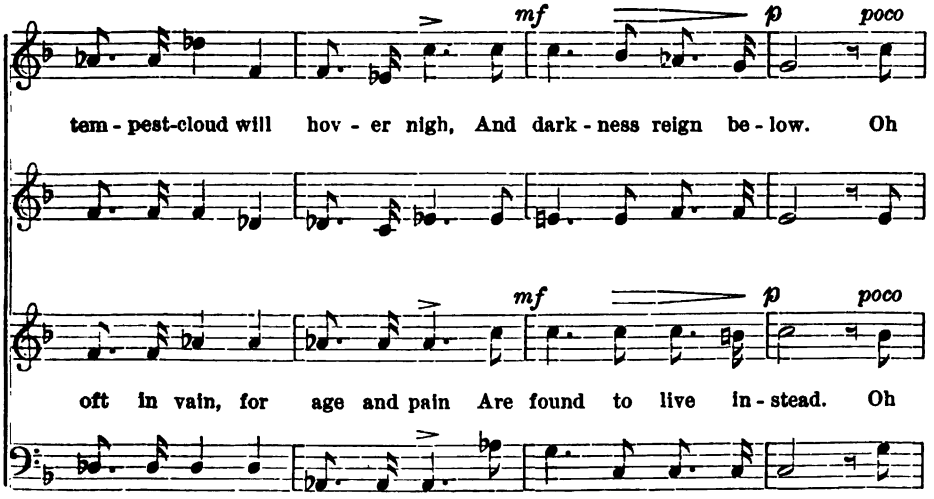

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più sostenuto.

sweet and dear are sun - ny days Whilst flow - 'rets bud and blow, They

più sostenuto.

sweet and dear are sun - ny days Whilst flow - 'rets bud and blow. They

fade a - way, and, oh, we may No more their sweet-ness know! Oh

fade a - way, and, oh, we may No more their sweet-ness know! Oh

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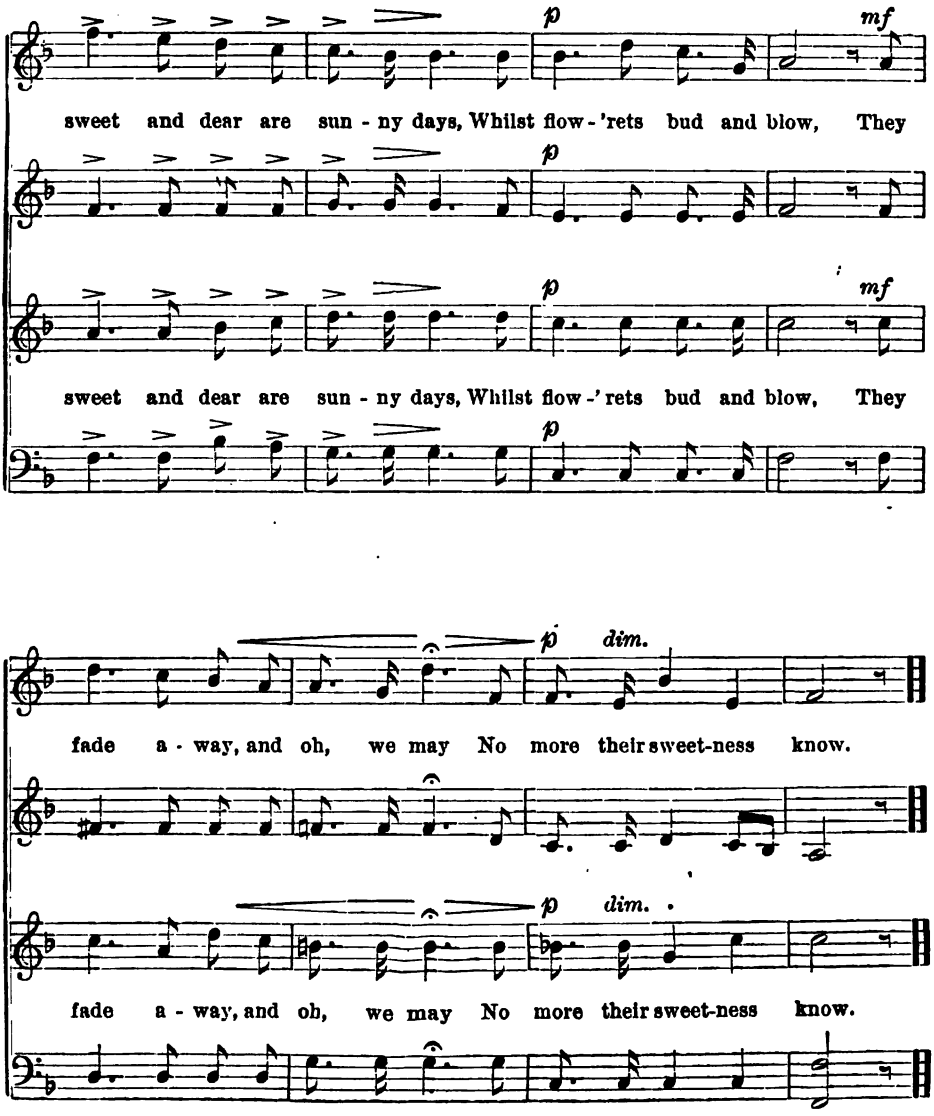

OXENFORD.

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No. 16. Night Song.

B Schaedel.

1. The moon is up in splen - dor, And gold - en stars at

2 Night's cur - tains now are clos - ing Round half a world, re -

tend her; The heavens are calm and bright,

pos - ing In calm and ho - ly trust,

1. Trees cast a deep - ening

2. All seems one vast, still

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1. Trees cast a deepening shad -ow; And slow-ly off the mead-ow A

2. All seems one vast, still chamber, Where weary hearts re - mem-ber No

shadow, And slowly off the meadow A mist is

cham-ber, Where ma-ny hearts re-mem - ber No more the

mist is ris-ing silver-white— A mist is ris-ing sil - vere-wihte.

more the sor-rows of the dust— No more the sorrows of the dust.

ris - ing sil-ver-white.

sor - rows of the dust.

CLAUDIUS, tr by C. T. BROOKS.

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NO. 17. MAY-MORNING.

Arr. from FLOTOW.

Allegro moderato.

1. Now on high the mer - ry lark is wing - ing, To the morn his joy - ous mu - sic sing - ing, While a - round the fra-grant flowerets spring-ing, All pro - claim the hap - py dawn of May! 'Mid the

2. Ra - diant Phœ - bus o'er the scene is glanc - ing, While the flowers and budding leaves are danc - ing, To the zeph - yrs' mel - o - dy en- tranc - ing, And sweet ech - o re - peats the joy-ous lay. Youth and

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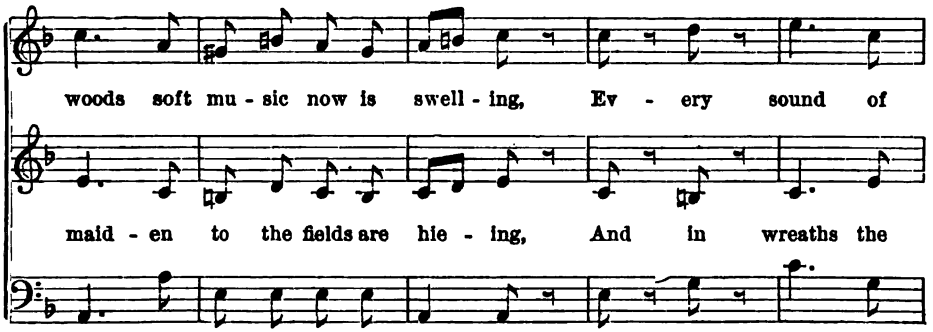

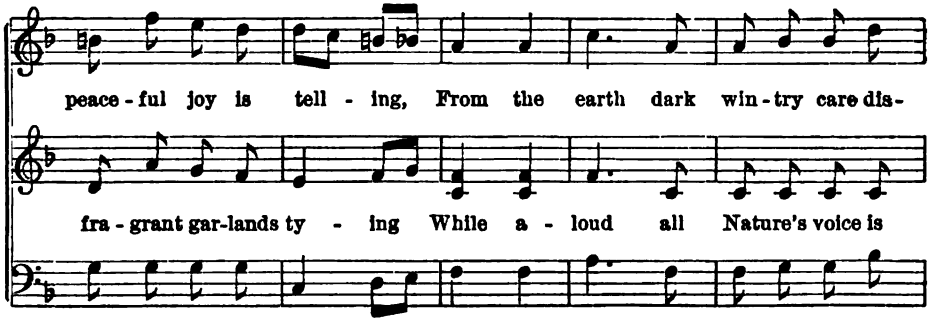

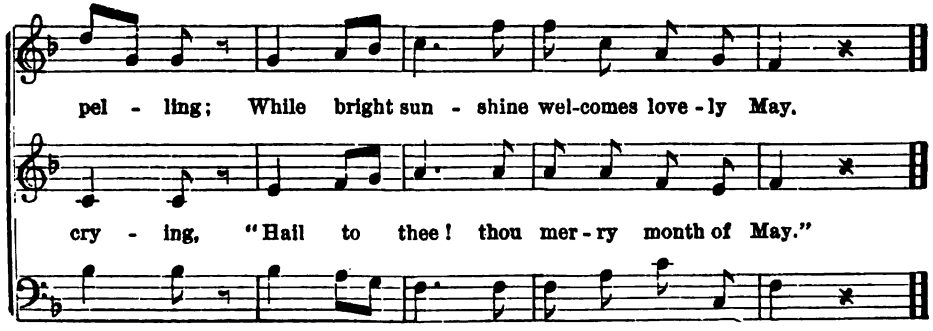

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NO. 18. GOOD-NIGHT.

FRANZ ABT.

Moderato.

pp

1. The twi - light hov - ered o'er us, The moon shone cold - ly bright, While

2. The can - dle light for - sak - ing, The dark -ness sol - ace brought; And

3. In

3. Good night to all thine an - guish, To loved ones near and far; 1. While trilled the 2. And eased the 3. In night's arms

dim. *cres.*

trilled the feath-ered cho - rus A song to wel -come night—A song to

eased the heart's dull ach - ing By day and sun -light wrought, By day— by

night's arms none will lan - guish Till glows the morn - ing star—Till glows—Till

feath - ered cho - rus. A song to

heart's dull ach - ing, By day and

none will lan - guish, Till glows the

1. While trilled the feathered chorus A song to

2. And eased the heart's dull aching By day and

3. In night's arms none will languish, Till glows the

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pp

song to wel -come night And as they sung and flut - tered, A

day and sun -light wrought. The cy -press leaves were sway - ing, All
glows the morn -ing star. The night - in- gale still trill - ing, The

wel - come night, And as they sung and flut - tered,
sun - light wrought, The cy - press leaves were sway - ing,
morn - ing star. The night - in - gale still trill - ing,

wel - come night— And as they sung and
sun - light wrought— The cy-press leaves were
morn - ing star— The night- in - gale still

cres. *dim.* *pp* *cres.*

star-voice sweetly ut - tered To me in accents light; 1. Sleep thou, nor

doubt and fear al - lay - ing; The air this blessing taught; 2. Sleep thou, nor
earth with joy is fill - ing In praise of God our Lord!

cres. *dim.* *pp* *cres.*

3. Sleep thou, nor

flut - tered, A star voice sweetly uttered To me in ac-cents light;
sway - ing, All doubt and fear de -lay -ing; The air this blessing taught;
trill - ing, The earth with joy is fill -ing In praise of God our Lord!

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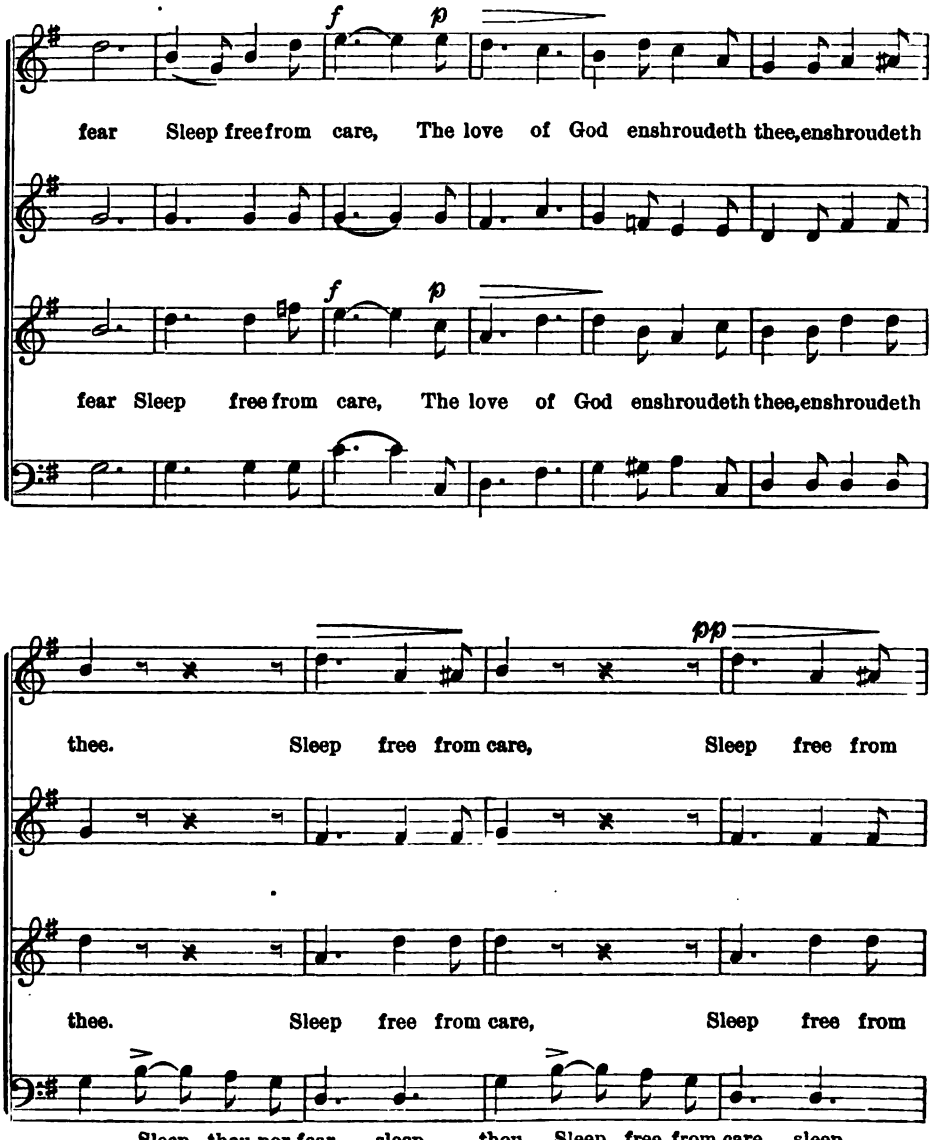

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f *ff* *p*

The love of God . . . . . enshroud - eth thee.

ff

care, The love of God en - shroud - eth thee.

ff *p*

care, The love of God en - shroud - eth thee.

thou,

GEIBEL.

NO. 19. TRANQUIL FREEDOM.

SOLI. ANDREAS ROMBERG. 1767–1821.

Adagio. *p* *mf* *cres.* *f*

Tran-quil Free-dom, gen - tle Con-cord Hov - er, hov - er, friend-like

p *mf* *cres.* *f*

Tran -quil Free-dom, gen - tle Con-cord Hov - er, hov - er, friend-like

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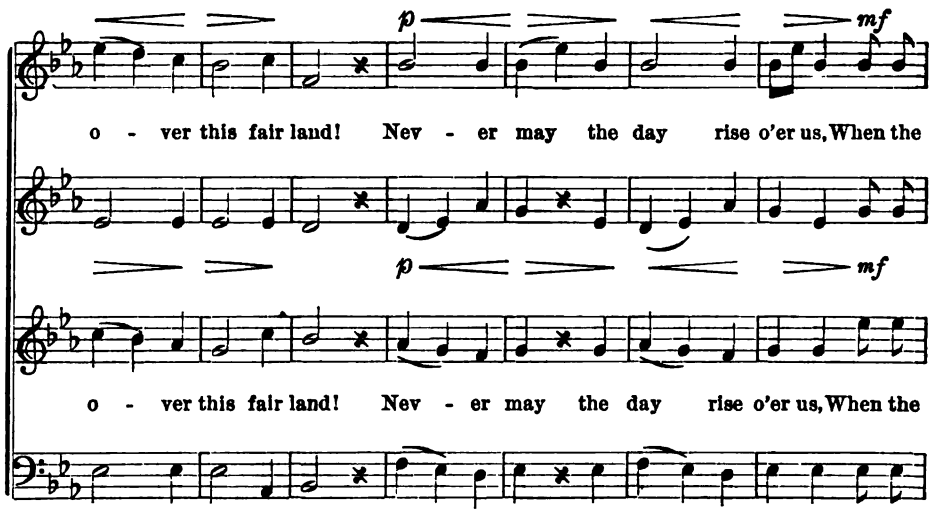

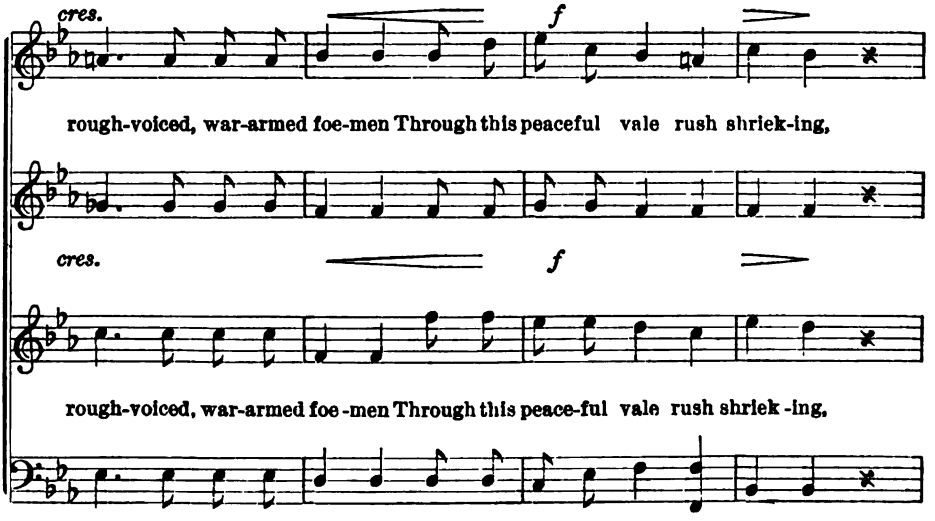

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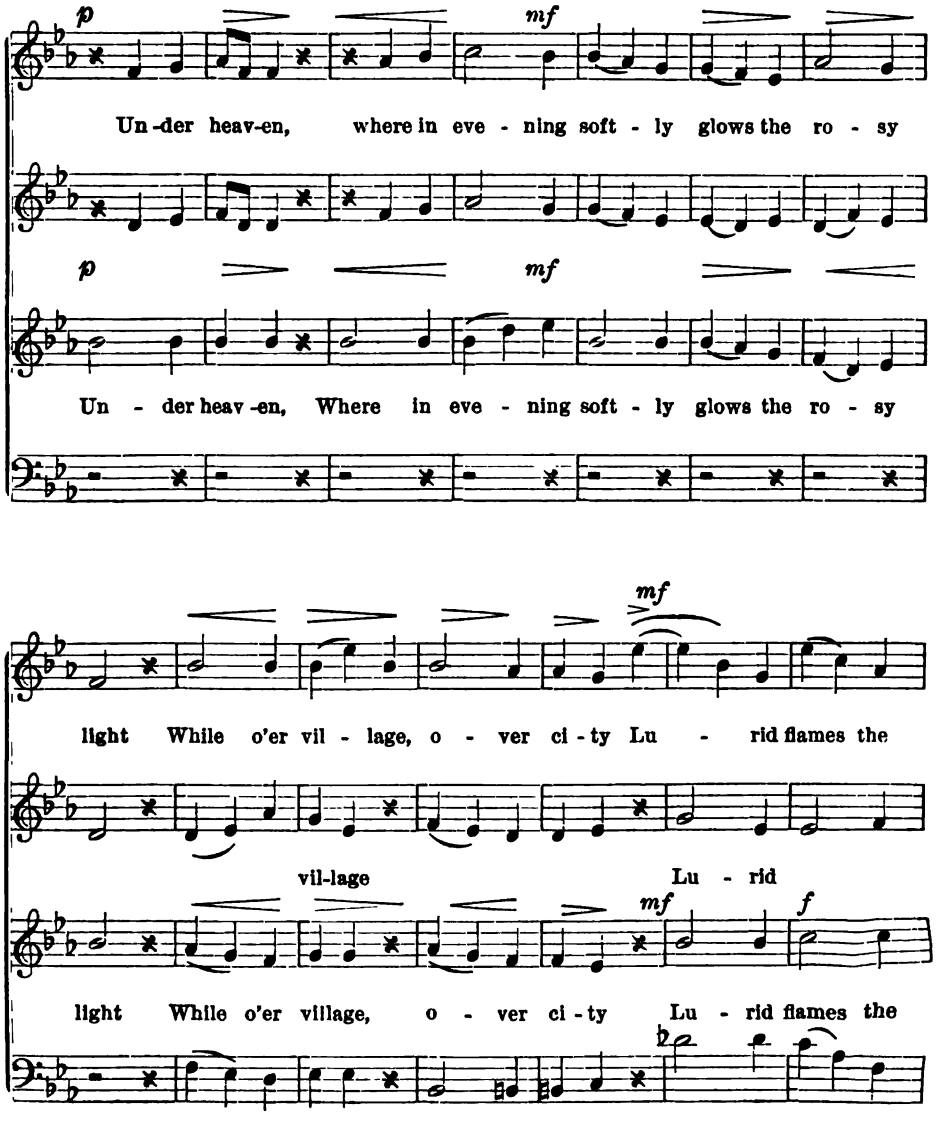

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mf

eyes af-fright Tranquil Freedom, gen-tle Concord, Hov-er friend-like

mf

eyes af-right Tranquil Freedom, gen-tle Concord, Hov-er friend-like

CHORUS.

p *p*

Tran - quil Free-dom, gen - tle Con-cord, Hov - er, hov - er friend -like

p *p* *pp*

Tran - quil Free-dom, gen - tle Con-cord, Hov - er, hov - er friend - like

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mf *f*

ov - er hov - er friend-like o - ver this fair land.

o-ver this fair land, hov-er o - ver this fair land.

mf *mf* *f*

o - ver, o - ver,

cres. *mf* *p* *cres.* *f*

o - ver, this fair land, friend -like o - ver this fair land.

mf *f*

friendlike over this fair land, hover over this fair land.

SCHILLER'S SONG OF THE BELL.

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No. 20. LIGHTLY TREAD.

BERG.

Allegretto.

Light - ly tread, 'tis hal - lowed ground; Hark! a -

Light - ly tread, 'tis hal - lowed ground; Hark! a -

bove, be - low, a - round, Fai - ry bands their

bove, be - low, a - round, Fai - ry bands their

vig - ils keep, While frail mor - tals sink to sleep;

vig - ils keep, While frail mor - tals sink to sleep;

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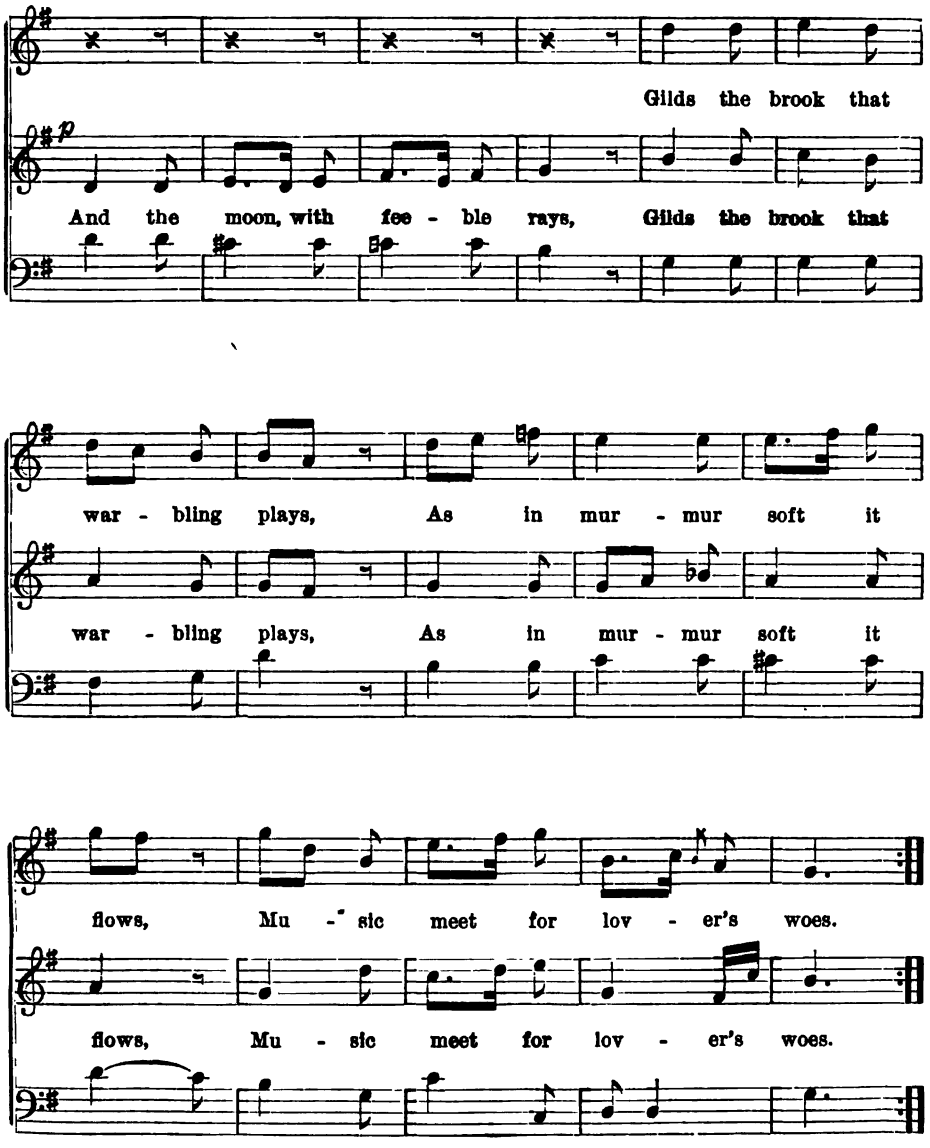

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No. 21. In young May.

Arr. from Fr. Abt.

Allegro.

Sweet, mer - ry birds, so free, so gay, I greet like you with

Sweet, mer - ry birds, so free, so gay, I greet like you with

f

song the day, And though I be with - out your wings, My song with your's through

f

song the day, And though I be with - out your wings, My song with your's through

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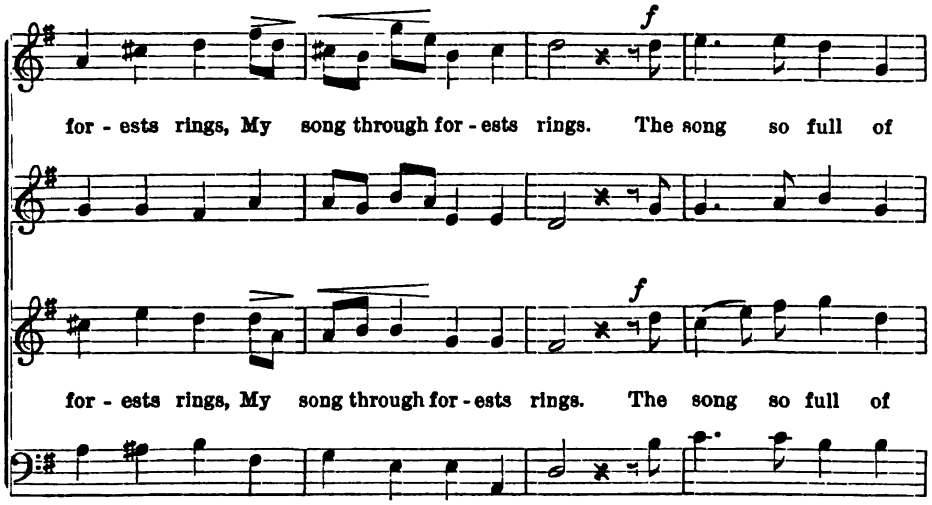

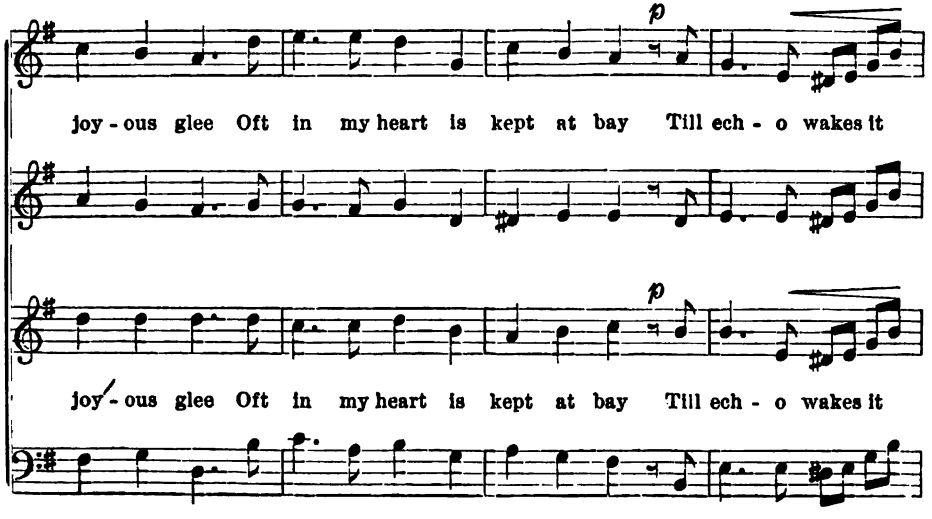

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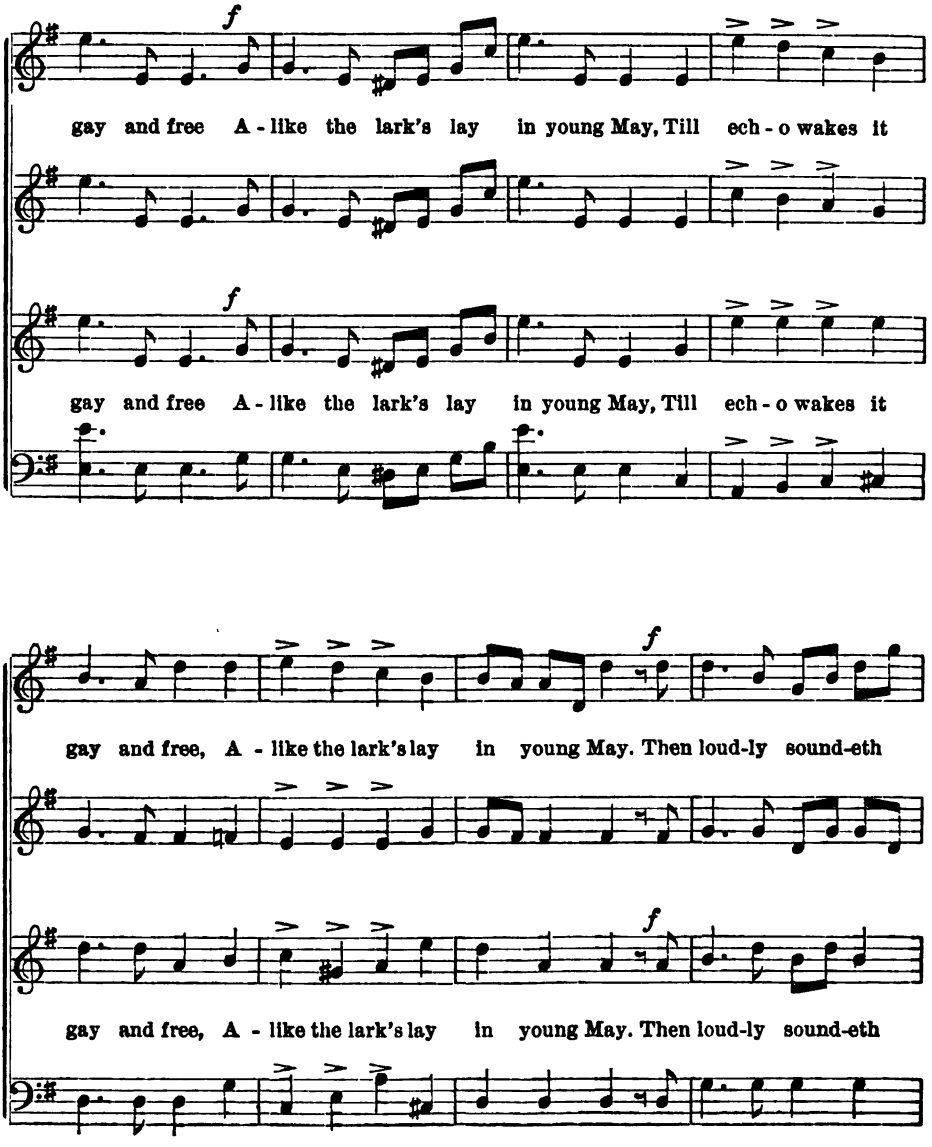

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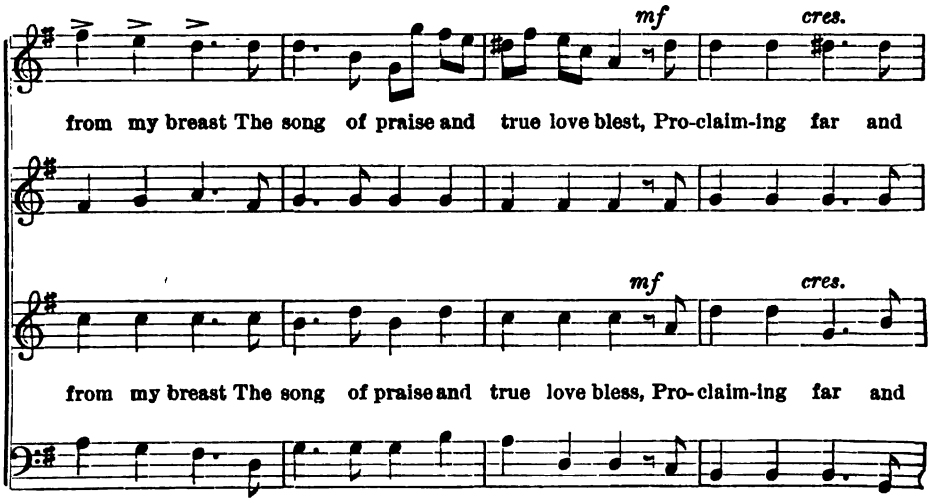

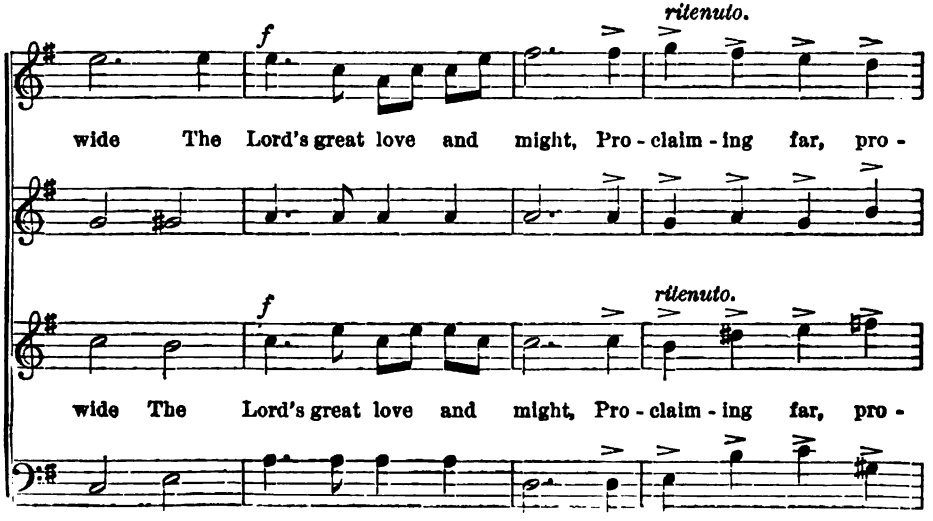

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claim - ing wide The Lord's great love and might, great might, Pro -

claim - ing wide The Lord's great love and might, great might, Pro -

poco rit.

claim - ing far, pro - claim - ing wide The Lord's great love and might.

poco rit.

claim - ing far, pro - claim - ing wide The Lord's great love and might.

W. CZERNY.

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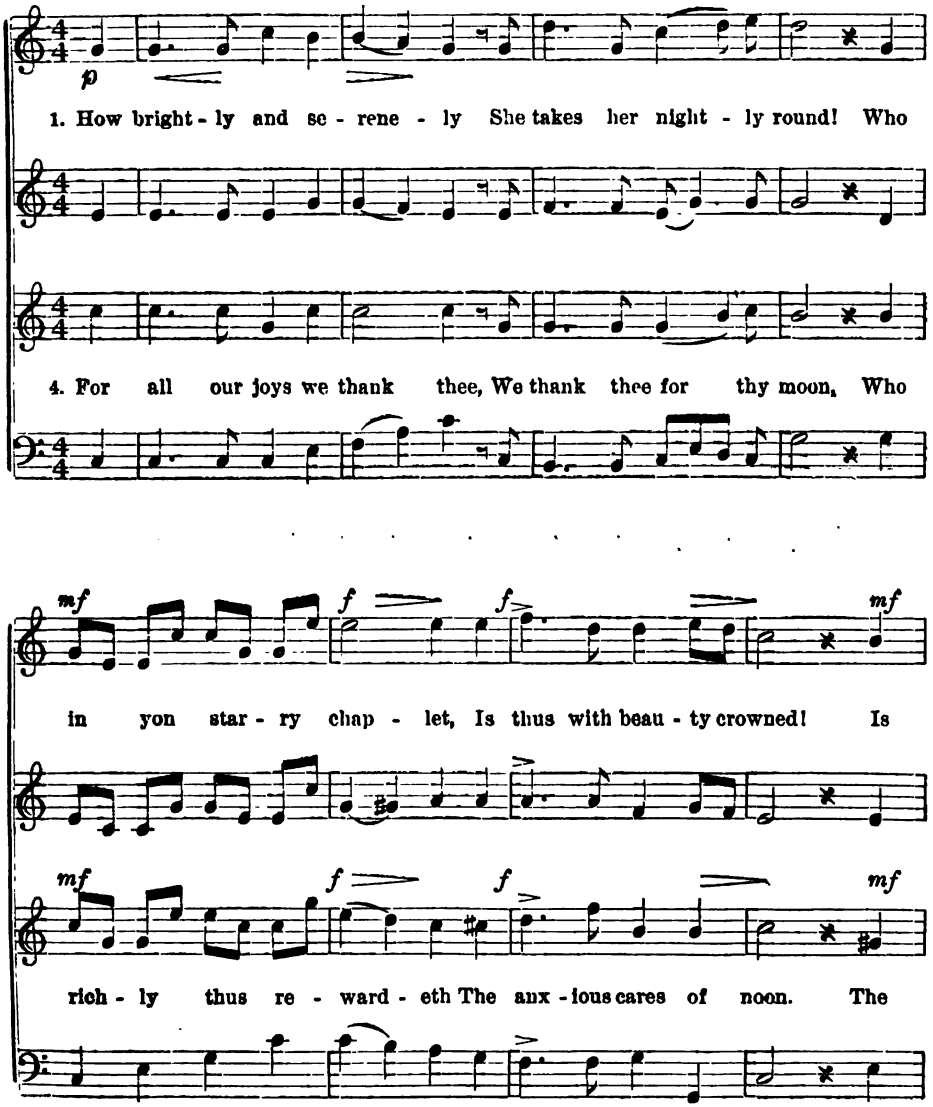
No. 22. THE MOON.

FÜCHS.



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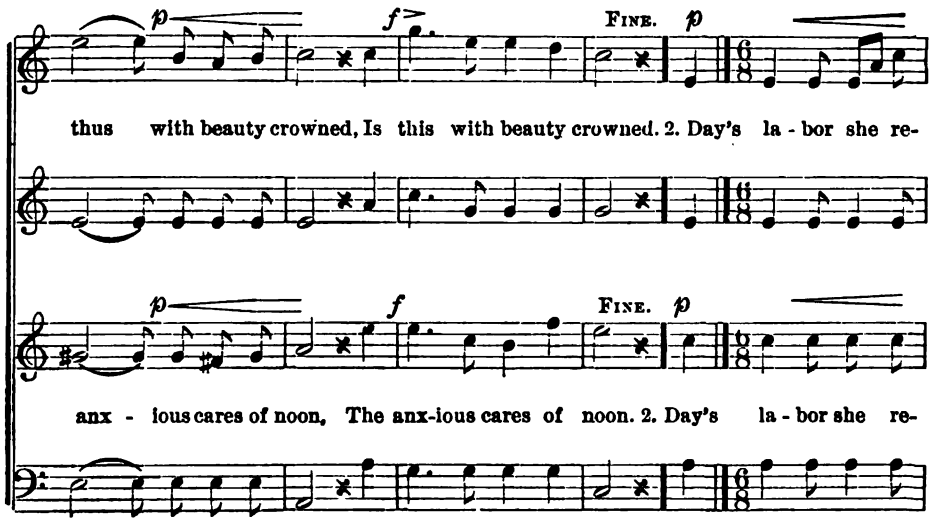

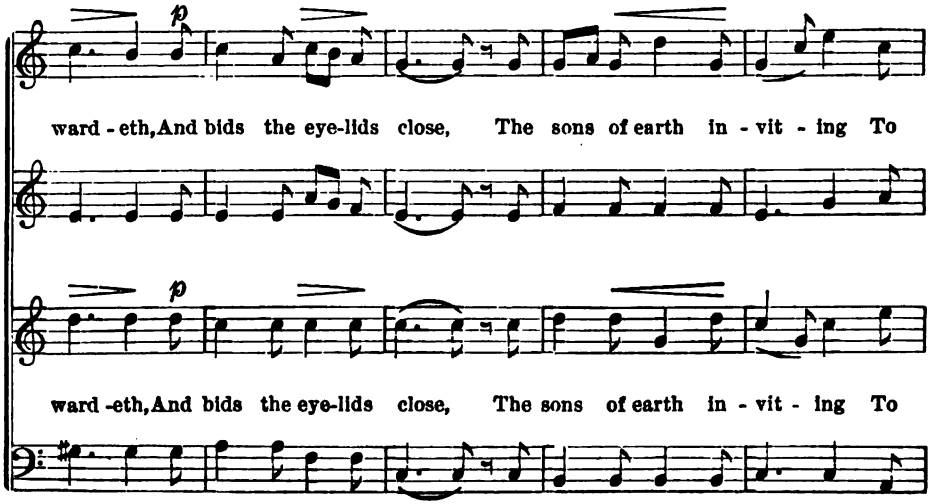

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pp *cres*

si-lent night's re - pose. 3. She fills the soul with glad-ness, When evening's breath is

pp *cres*

si-lent night's re - pose. 3. She fills the soul with glad-ness, When evening's breath is

cen - - *do.* *f* *dim. e ritard.* *pp* *D.C.*

chill; Doth pure and ho - ly feel - ings In - to our hearts in - still.

cen - - *do.* *f* *dim. e ritard.* *pp* *D.C.*

chill; Doth pure and ho - ly feel - ings In - to our hearts in - still.

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No. 23. THE VISION.

LUDWIG BERGER, 1825.

Andantino.

1. On grass - y bank re - clin - ing, I watched the brook - let's
2. When sud - den in a shad - ow Ap - peared a maid - en
3. A - round her red lips hov - ered A sweet and ten - der
4. I start - ed to em - brace her But vain is my ad -
5. Fare - well, fare - well, sweet vis - ion, Fare - well! I know thee

flow, While through the shad - ing fir - trees The cool winds on me
fair, A veil of snow - y white - ness O - ver her nut - brown
smile, And on her lash - es trem - bled The pearl - y tears the
vance! I see her slow - ly fad - ing, More mist - y grows her
now! I see thy part - ing ges - ture, And to its mean - ing

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blow. A dream - y sad -ness filled me, As o'er and o'er I

hair. Her love - ly eyes were beam - ing With heaven's soft - est

while I thought on me her glanc - es Were bend -ing lov - ing -

glance. She gazed on me re - prov - ing, Yet kind - ly still I

bow:— "No love, no com - men - da - tion, De-serve earth's tri - fles

thought How man - y of life's long - ings With

blue, Up - on her round ckeeks glow - ing The

ly,— Who could be more mis - tak - en? Who

knew,— To Heav - en raised her fin - ger, Then

here! On - ly a - bove shines bright - ly Our

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me had come to naught— With me had come to naught.

ros - e's blush - ing hue— The ros - e's blush - ing hue.
hap - pi - er than I? Who hap - pi - er than I?

van - ished from my view— Then van - ished from my view.
Fa - ther-land so dear!— Our Fa - ther- land so dear!"

L. T. KOSEGARTEN, 1787.
tr. by W. W. C.

NO. 24. EVENING SONG.

p Andante tranquillo. MENDELSSOHN, arr.

1st SOPRANO.

1. When I on my couch re - clin - ing And veiled in night Then

2nd SOPRANO.

p

ALTO.

2. And when in si - lent slum - ber, Just closing mine eyes do seem, Then

BASS.

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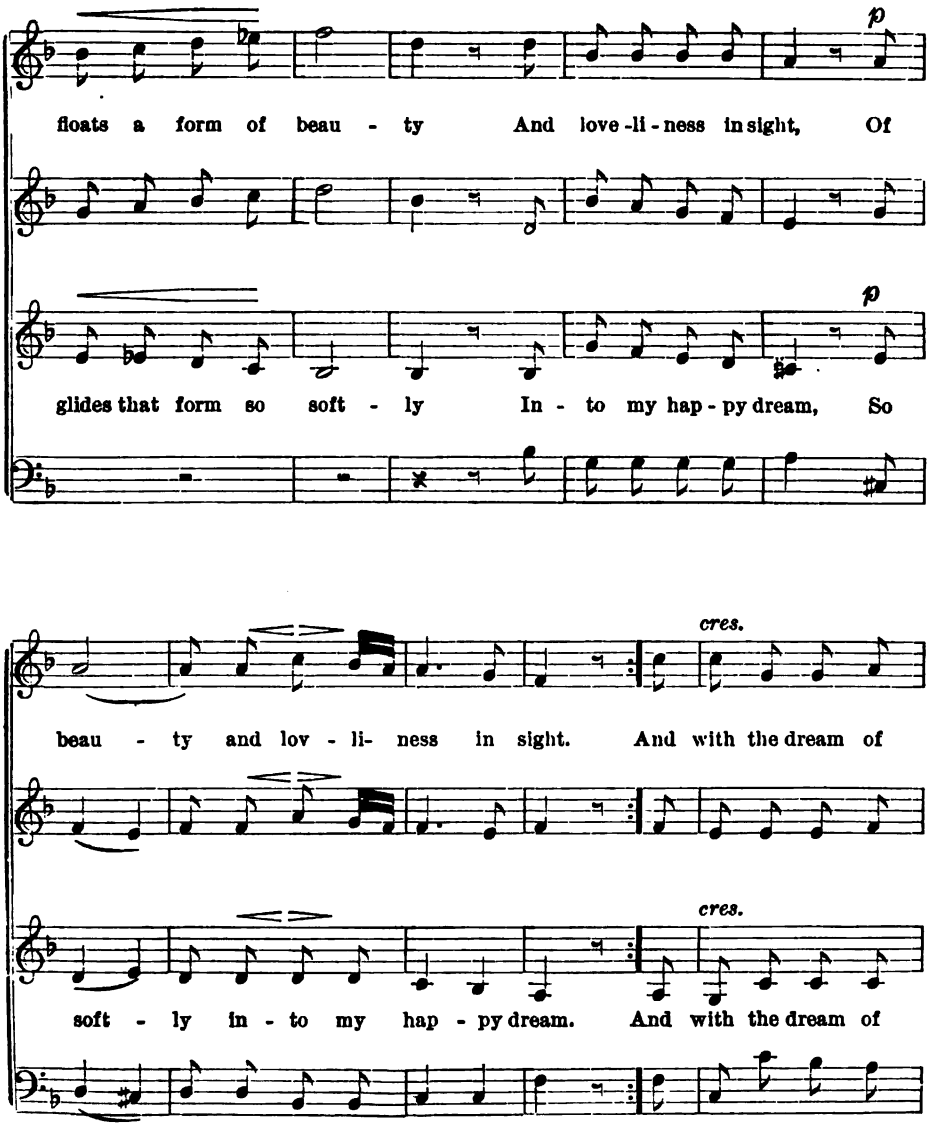

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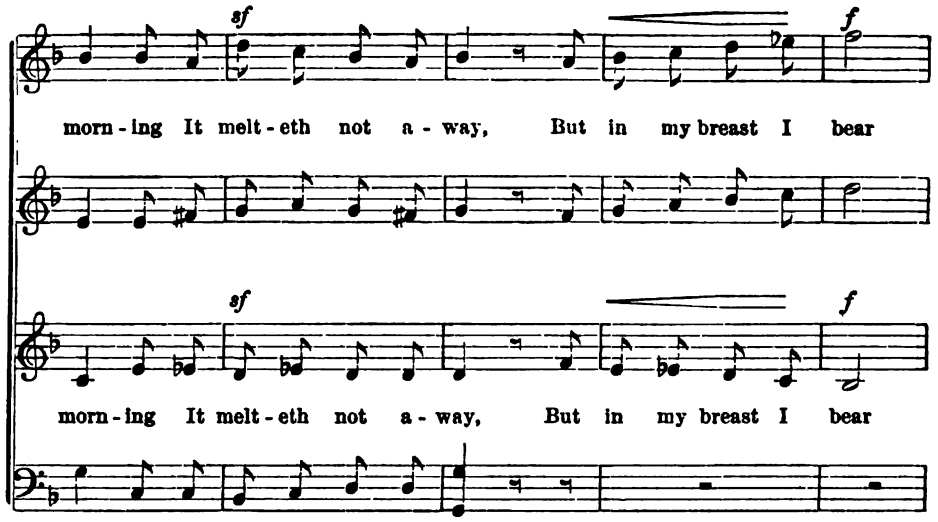

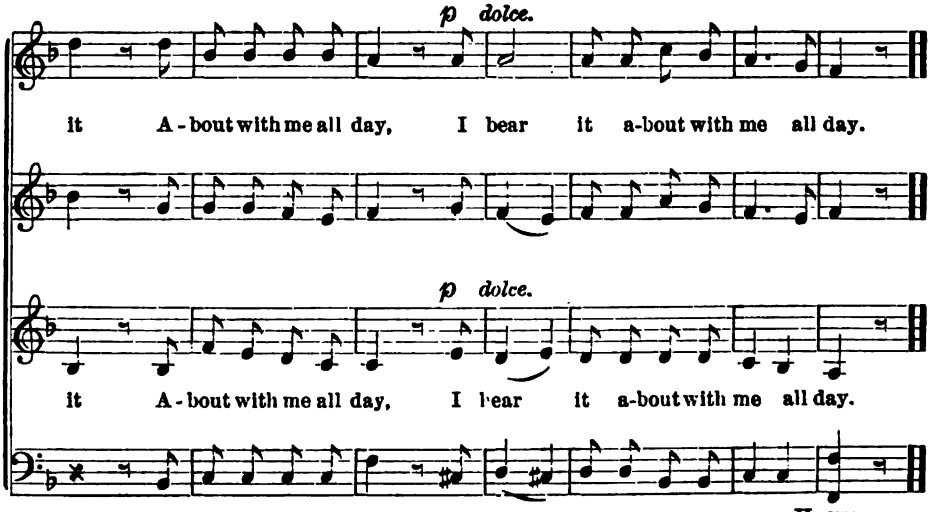

HEINE.

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No. 25. O'ER BLOOMING MEADOWS.

J. B. WEKERLIN, ARR.

Allegro moderato.

p

1. Comes the bright sum - mer day, Hail, smil-ing month of May, Tripping so

p

2. Bright is the sum - mer sheen, E'en so our youth hath been, Col-ored with

light - ly, Shin - ing so bright - ly, O'er bloom - ing mead - ows,

pleas - ure, Heightened in meas - ure, Oh, love - ly time of May,

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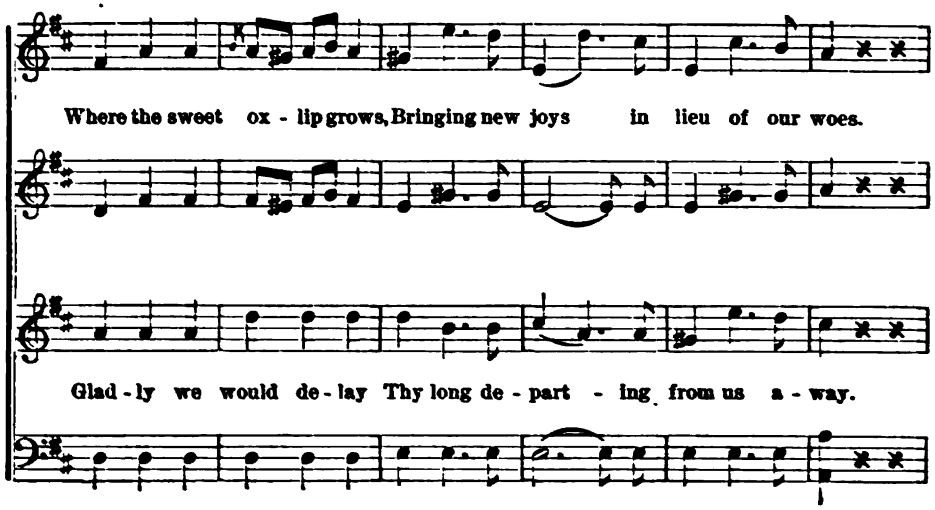

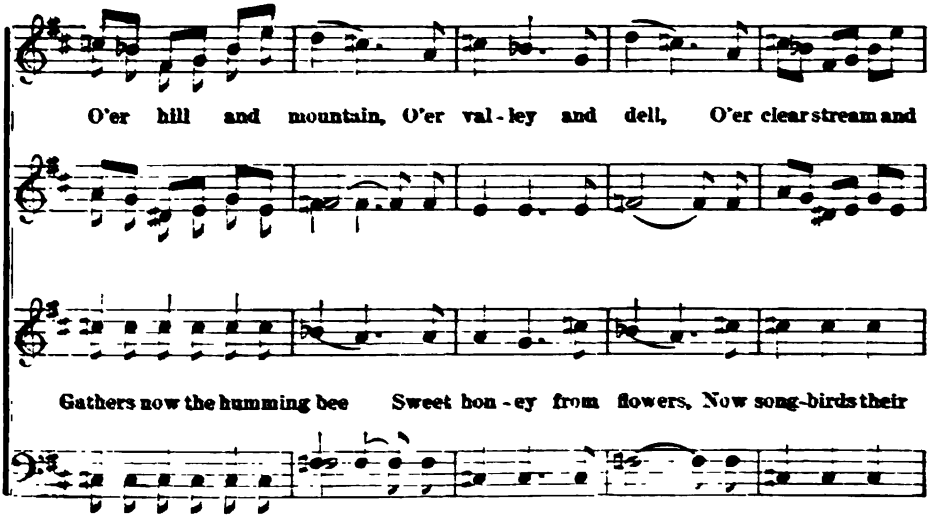

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foun-tain, Thy sweet mag-ic spell Sheds glo-ry and lus-tre On gems that fast

mel-o-dy Trill thro' long hours, And pleasures e-lat-ing On sad hearts a-

cres.

clus-ter Round na-ture's gay man-tle, That suits her well.

wait-ing Still fol-low bright sunny May In-to her bowers.

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dim. e rit. *a tempo.*

Ah ah ah Comes the bright sum - mer day, Hail, smiling

Ah . . . . . .

dim. e rit. *a tempo.*

Ah . . . . . Comes the bright sum-mer day Hail, smiling

month of May, Trip-ping so light - ly, Shin - ing so bright - ly, O'er blooming

month of May, Trip-ping so light - ly, Shin - ing so bright -ly, O'er blooming

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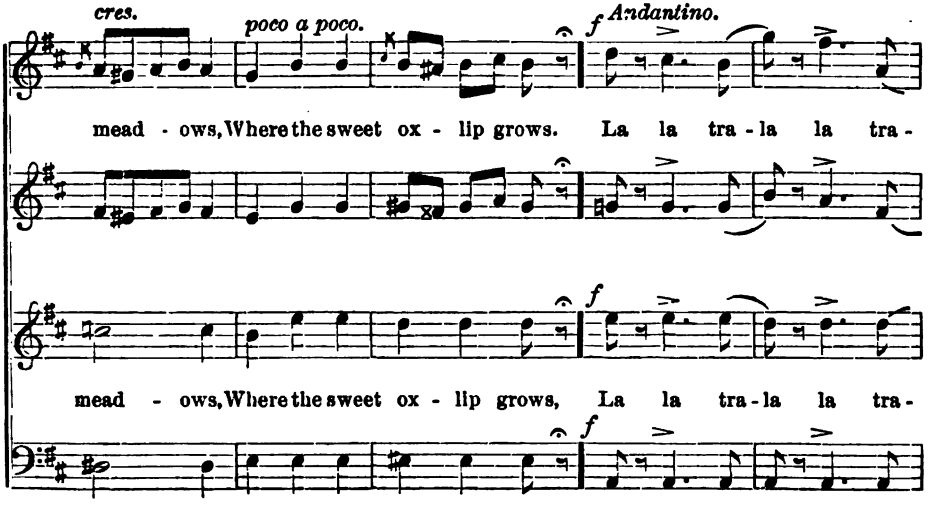

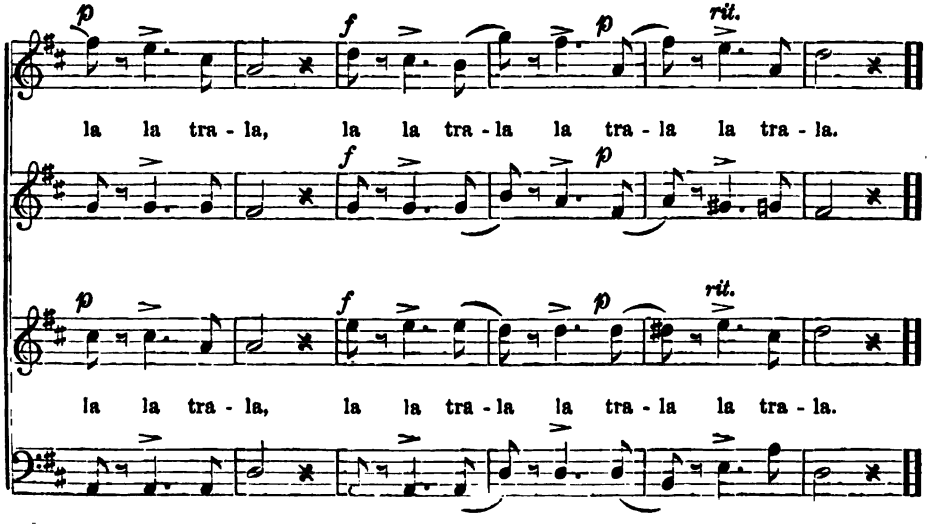

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No. 26. Love of the Country.

J. Haydn. 1782.

Allegro.

1. With - out a pain or sor - row, I wake on ev - ery

2. Here rest I from my walk - ing, To hear the brook - let

3. So, free from pride and sad - ness, With love to all, and

mor - row, Af - ter a qui - et night Of slum-ber, soft and

talk - ing, As half in boughs con - cealed, It prat - tles through the

glad - ness, And mind se - rene as day, I pass the time a -

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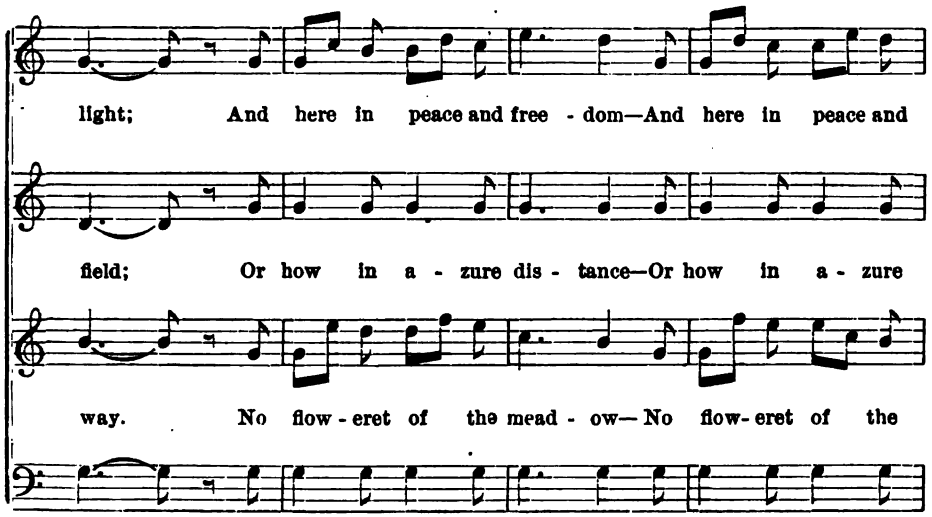

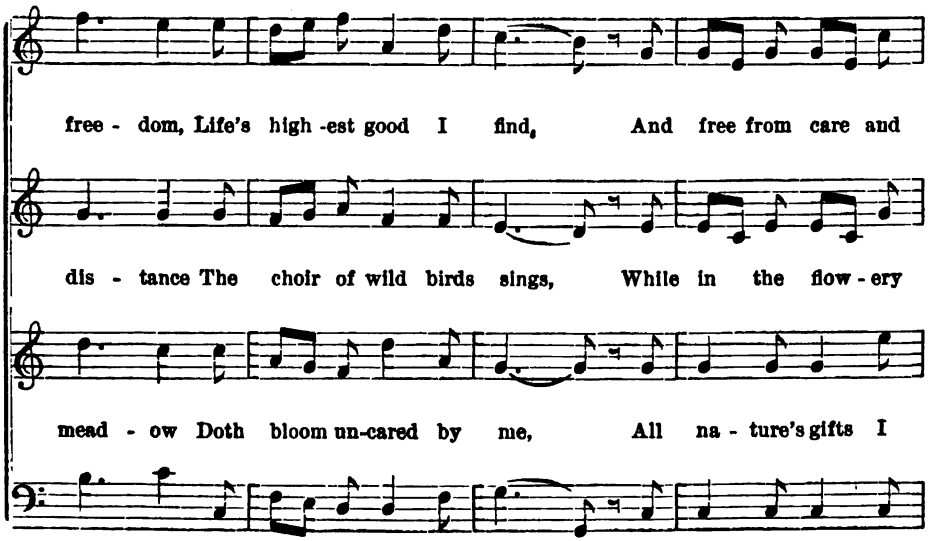

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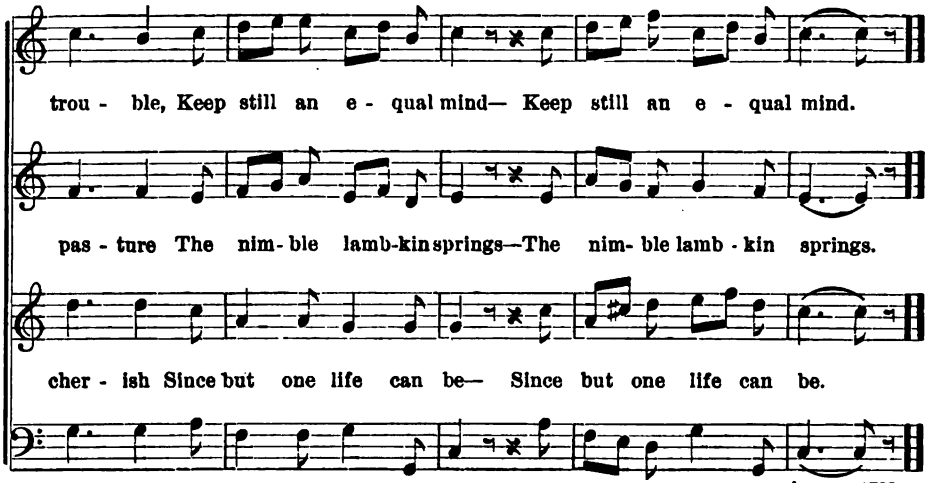
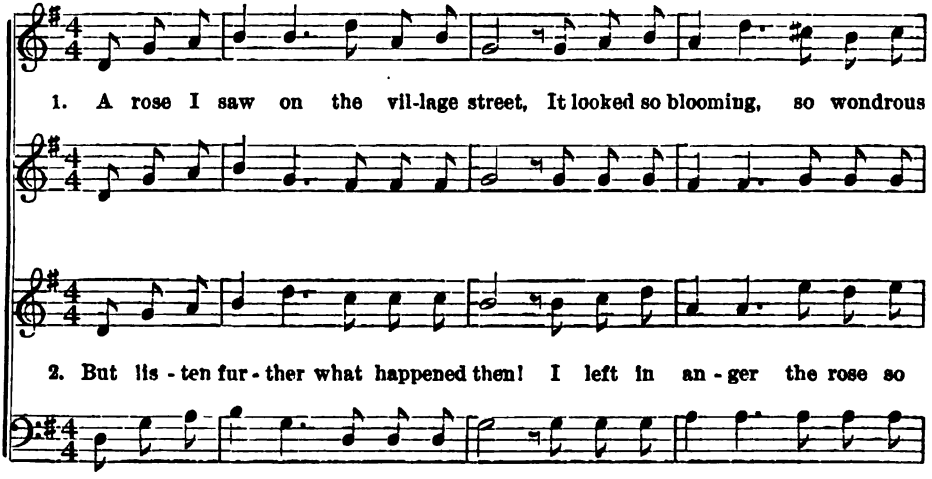


ANON. 1782.

NO. 27. THE ROSE BY THE WAY.

C. M. VON. WEBER. 1809.



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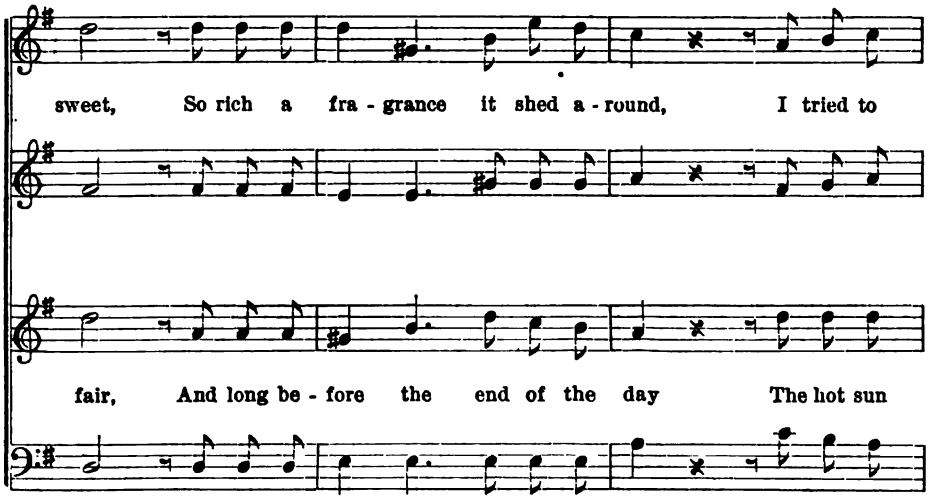

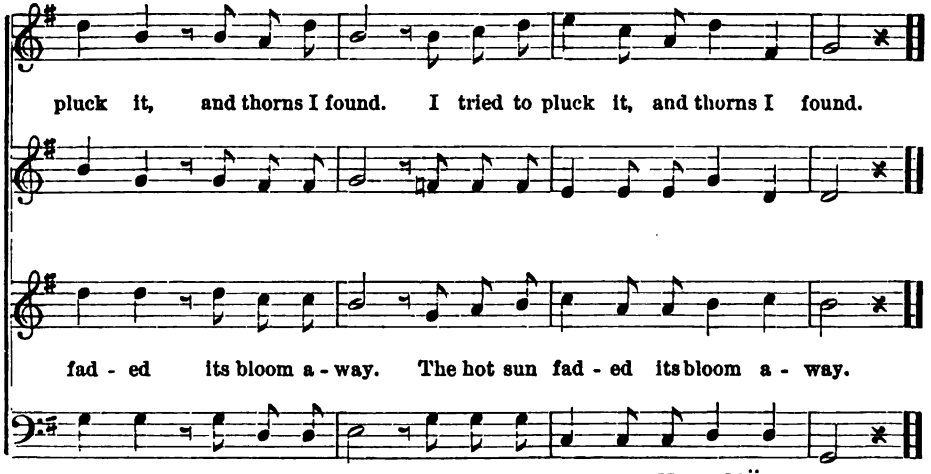

KARL MÜCHLER. 1786.

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No. 28. Winter Song.

A. Harder.

Andante. dolce.

1. Why rest - est thou so stil - ly, In rai - ment white and chill - y, Thou Moth - er - land so dear? Where now is May's sweet giv - en, And watch - es day and night. Then peace-ful slum - ber

2. In peace se - rene thou sleep - est, Nor sheep nor lamb - kin keep - est On hill or val - ley bare! No bird his song trills

3. The twigs and branch - es shim - mer, And bright lights glance and glim - mer, Where-e'er we turn our sight; Who makes thy bed up turn - ing In life so won - drous fair! Its warm winds o'er thee

4. The Fa - ther up in heav - en Thy win - ter dress hath

5. Soon in the Spring-time's yearn - ing Thou'lt find thy bliss re -

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poco cres.

sing - ing, Or sum - mer birds' swift wing - ing? And where the

nigh us, No bee 'goes hum - ming by us, Yet still art
dai - ly, And spreads it o'er so gai - ly With cov - er -

poco cres.

tak - ing, Rest on, till thy a - wak - ing To strength re -
blow - ing Till hills and vales are glow - ing With leaf and

cres. *sf* *dim.*

flower - ets far and near? And where the flower-ets far and near?

thou in slum - ber fair— Yet still art thou in slum - ber fair.
lid of hoar - frost white. With cov - er -lid of hoar-frost white?

cres. *sf* *dim.*

newed and clear - er light. To strength renewed and clear - er light.
blos - som ev - ery - where. With leaf and blos - som ev - ery - where.

F. A. KRUMMACHER.

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No. 29. SWEET AND LOW.

J. Barnby.

Larghetto. ♪ = 100.

pp *sf*

Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west-ern sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,

pp *sf*

Sweet and low, Sweet and low, Wind of the west-ern sea, Low, low, breathe and blow,

p *mf*

Wind of the west-ern sea. O-ver the roll-ing wa-ters go,

O-ver the wa-ters go,

p *mf*

Wind of the west-ern sea. O-ver the roll-ing wa-ters go,

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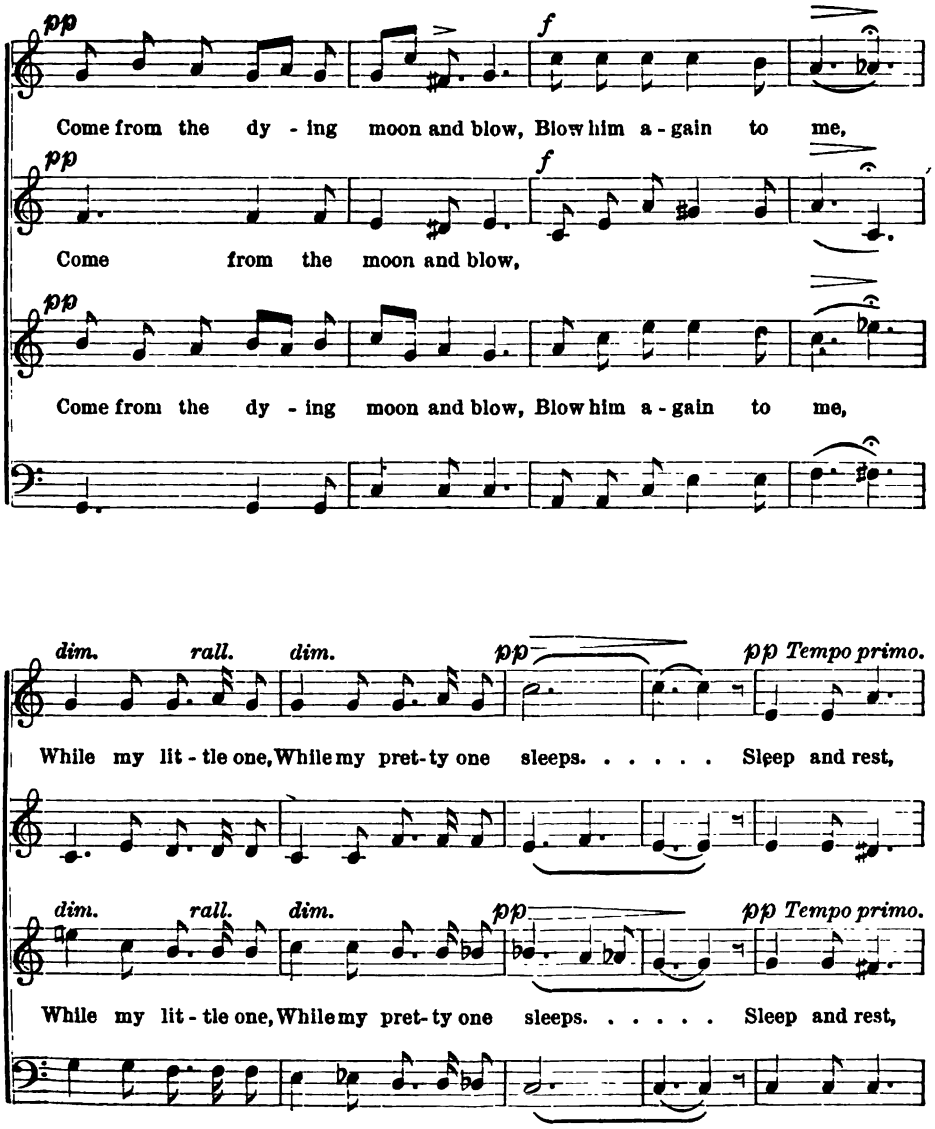

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sf

Sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on moth-er's breast,

sf

Sleep and rest, Fa-ther will come to thee soon. Rest, rest on moth-er's breast.

p *mf*

Fa-ther will come to thee soon, Fa-ther will come to his

Fa - ther will

p *mf*

Fa-ther will come to thee soon, Fa-ther will come to his

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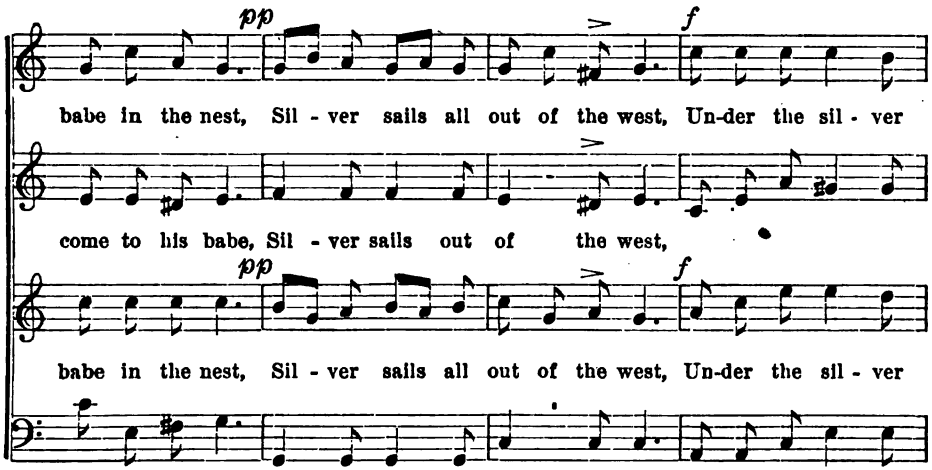

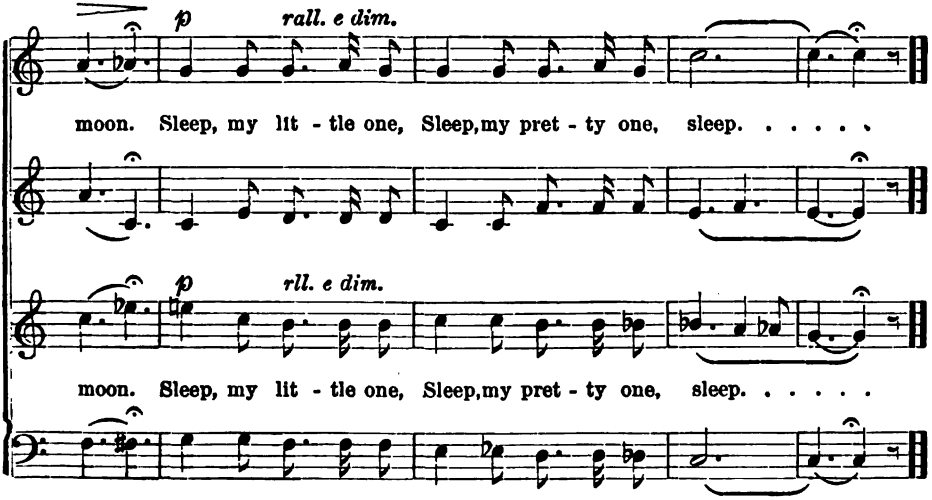

TENNYSON.

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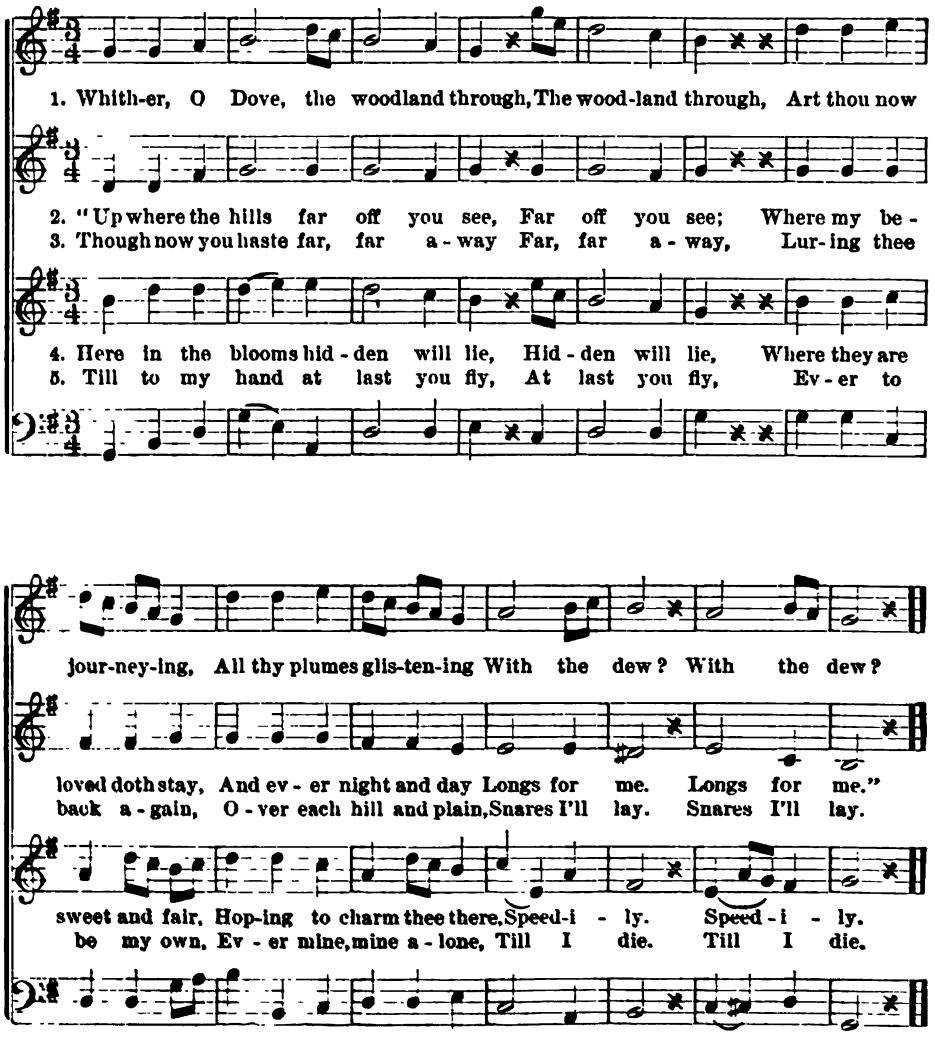
No. 30. THE DOVE.

AUS BÖHMEN'S GAUEN.

KÖMGGRATS.



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No. 31. AWAY, AWAY!

ESSER.

mf *p* *pp* *p*

1. A - way, a - way, to yon - der height! A - way! A - way! There

2. What joy, what bliss, my soul doth fill, What joy! What joy! When,

mf *pp* *p*

3. Thank God, such hap - pi - ness I find! Thank God! Thank God! That

mf *p* *pp* *p*

all is love - ly to the sight, A - way! A - way! Where

stand - ing on this breez - y hill, What joy! What joy! I

mf *p* *pp* *p*

beau - ty blooms for all man - kind! Thank God! Thank God! It

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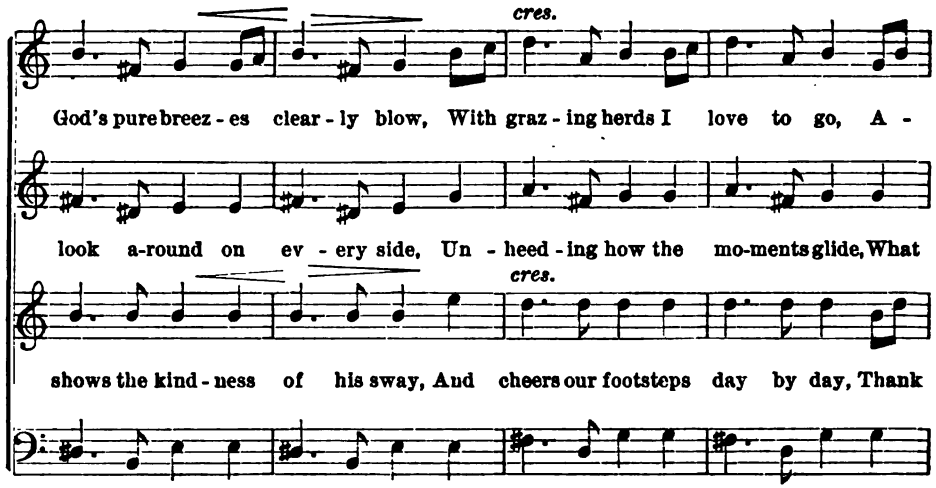

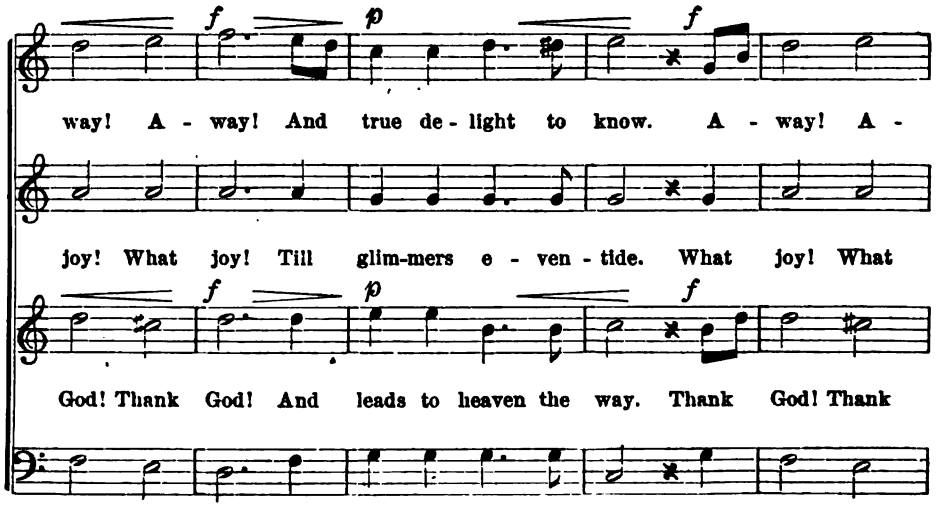

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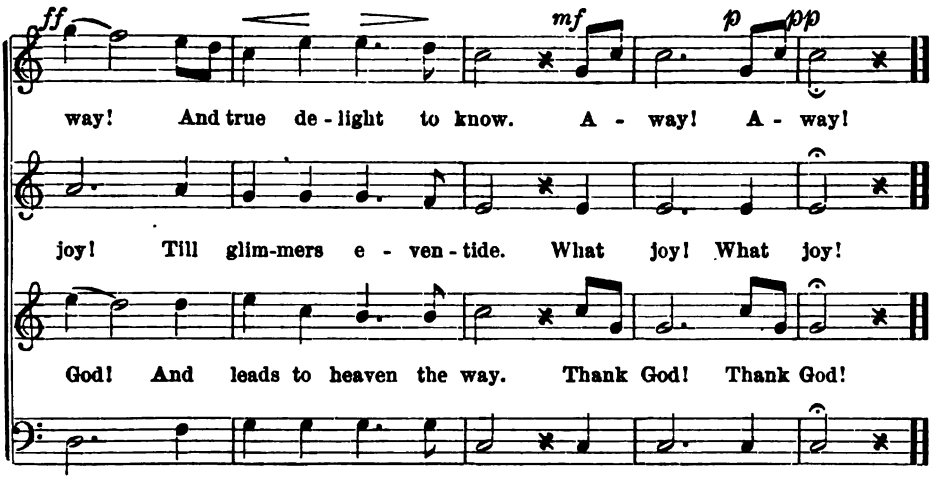
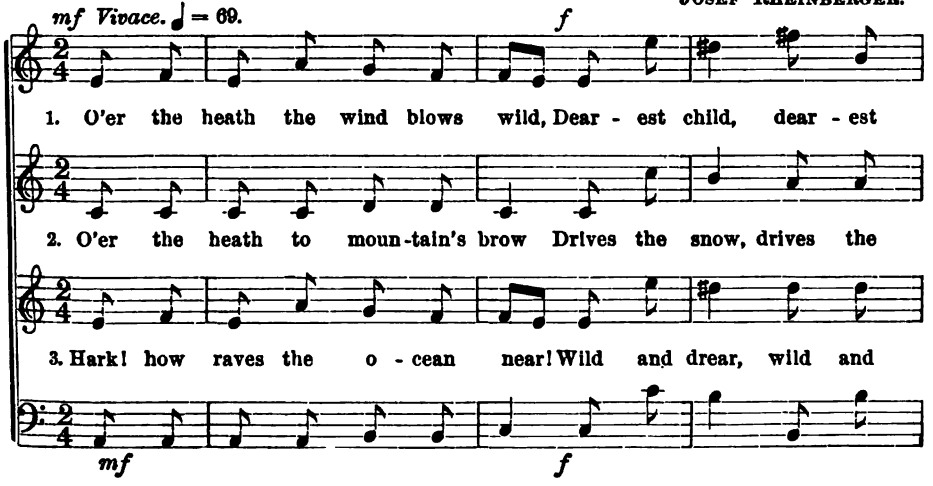


GERMAN. TR.

NO. 32. ON THE HEATH.

JOSEF RHEINBERGER.



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mf

child, Wills't thou that in storm and stress Through the dark-ness I should

snow, Fill-ing street and vale and pool, With the white-winged flakes so

mf

drear; In the pas-ture sits a Fay, And the path runs just that

p *pp*

press? Dost thou bid me go, me go?

pp

full; Dost thou bid me go, bid me go?

p *pp*

way— Dost thou bid me go, bid me go?

C. LEMCKE.

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No. 33. Sing on, ye little Birds.

Nater.

Moderato.

p

Sing on, ye lit - tle birds, sing on, Sing till your glad, brief

p

Sing on, ye lit - tle birds, sing on, Sing till your glad, brief

p

life is gone! Sing of the glo - ries of the Spring! Of

p

life is gone! Sing of the glo - ries of the Spring! Of

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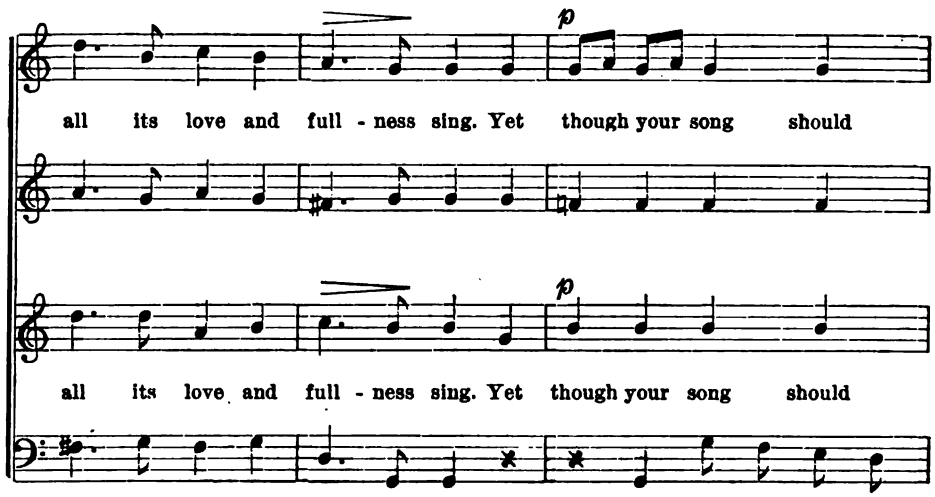

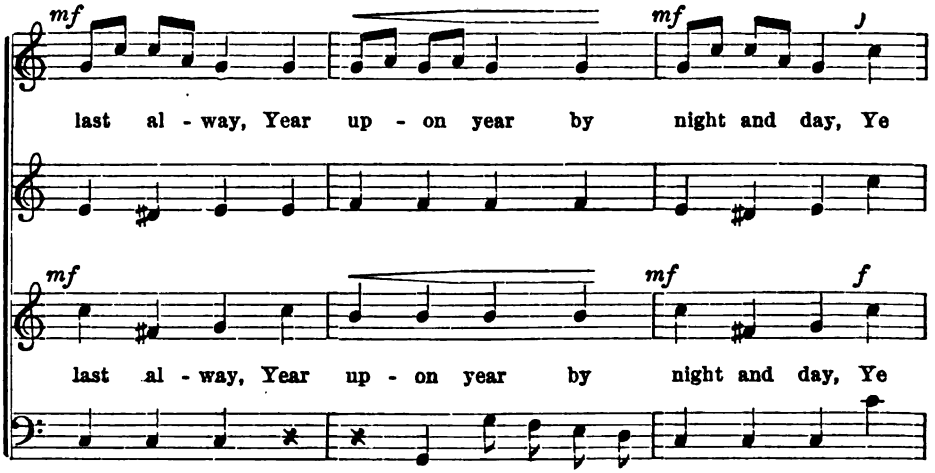

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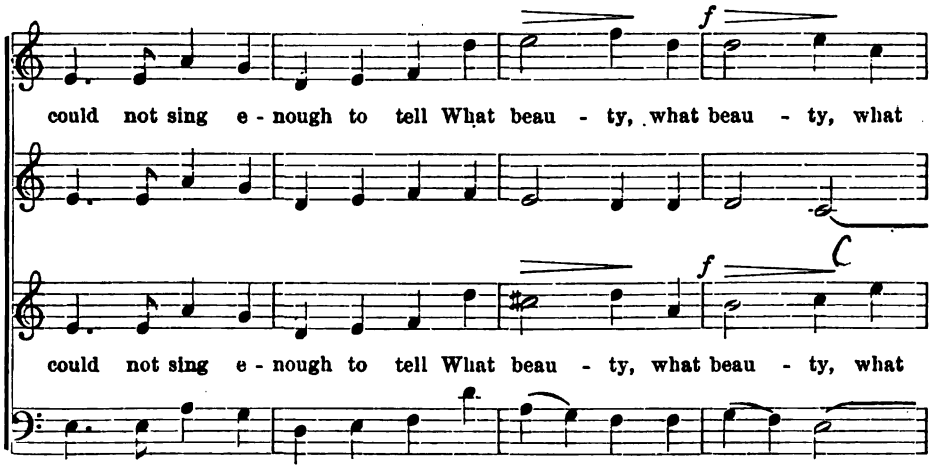

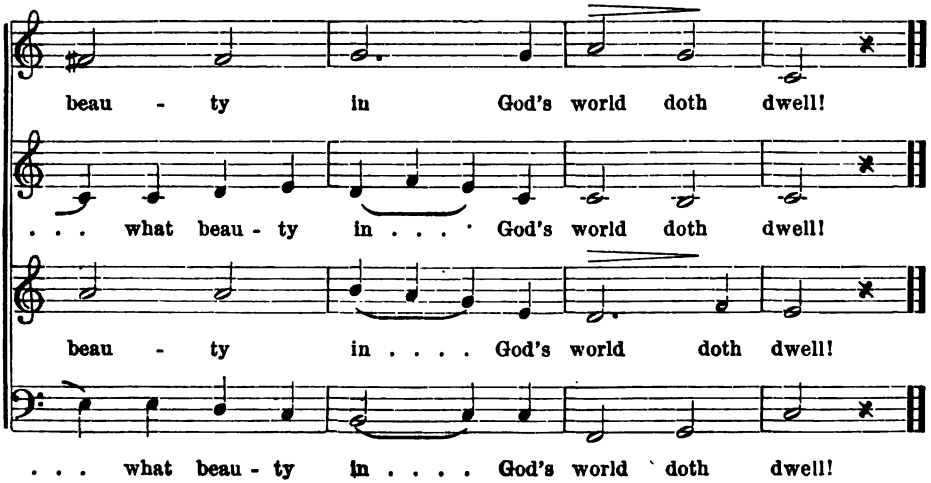

GERMAN, TR.

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No. 34. The Nightingale.

A. Alibieff.

1. Night - in - gale, O night - in - gale, Ev - er tune - ful

2. Ah, what tears be - dimmed my sight, Lis - tening thro' the

3. When my lov - er left my side, "Take this gold - en

night - in - gale! Whith - er fly - est thou, I pray, Where wilt

wea - ry night, While thy song rung thro' the air, Sweet - ly

ring," he cried, "Guard it well, re - mem - ber me, All my

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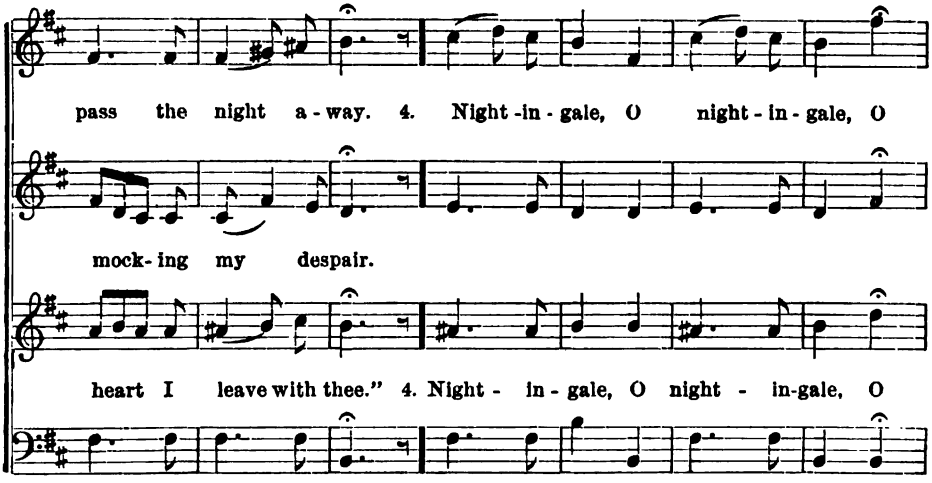

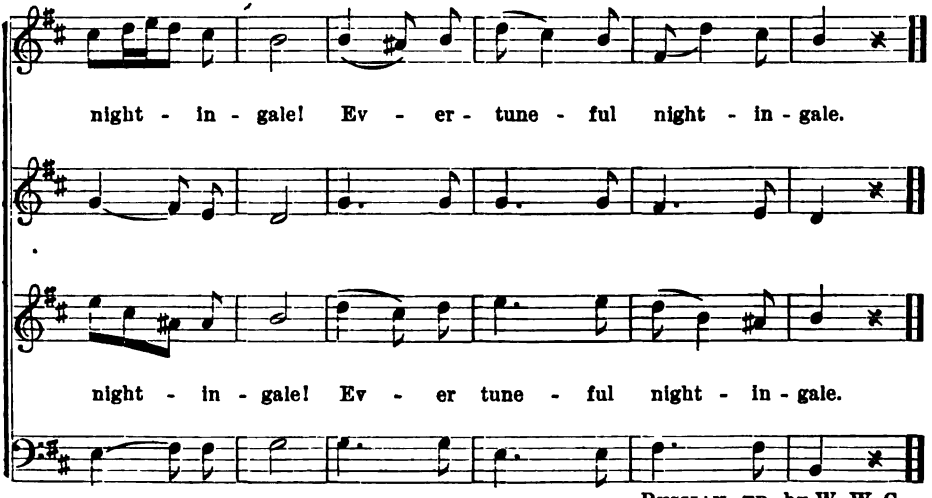

RUSSIAN, TR. by W. W. C.

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No. 35. The Wild Duck.

Bohemian Folk-song.

Andante.

1. Sea-ward the wild duck flew, Ah, me, sad fate he knew,
2. As now his plum - age gay All torn and shat - tered lay,

3. "Ah, God, I lit - tle knew On - ly to death I flew.
4. Swim down the brook - let's wave O - ver my wa - tery grave,

Cru - el the hun - ter's aim, Quick - ly the red blood came.
Down drops he in the sea, Thus moan - ing bit - ter - ly.

All my poor chil - dren see, Now must for - sak - en be,—
In - to the world so wide, No one their course to guide."

Aus Boehmens Gauen.
Bydzov.
tr. by W. W. C.

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No. 36. IT ORDERED IS.

MENDELSSOHN,
arr. by HEIM.

mf TUTTI. *p* *p*

1. It or - dered is by God's de-cree, For those who love a time must be For

2. A lit - tle bud is given to you, In wa - ter placed it grows a - new, Yet

mf *p* *p*

3. And has God sent thee one so dear, No oth - er one can seem so near Thine

p SOLI. TUTTI.

part - ing, for part - ing; And noth - ing that the heart can know Of

tru - ly, yet - tru - ly, Though in the morn it blooms a rose, At

on - ly, thine on - ly? 'Twill seem but lit - tle time to thee, Ere

UofM

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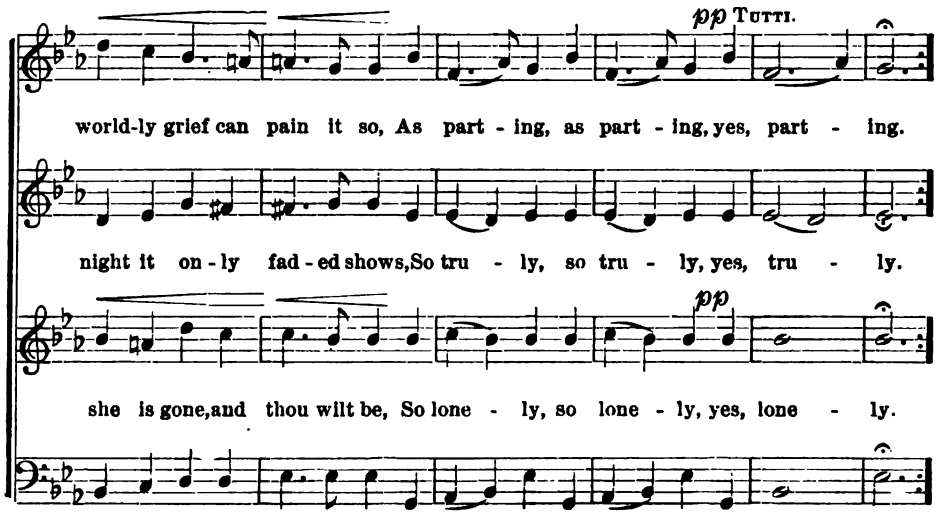

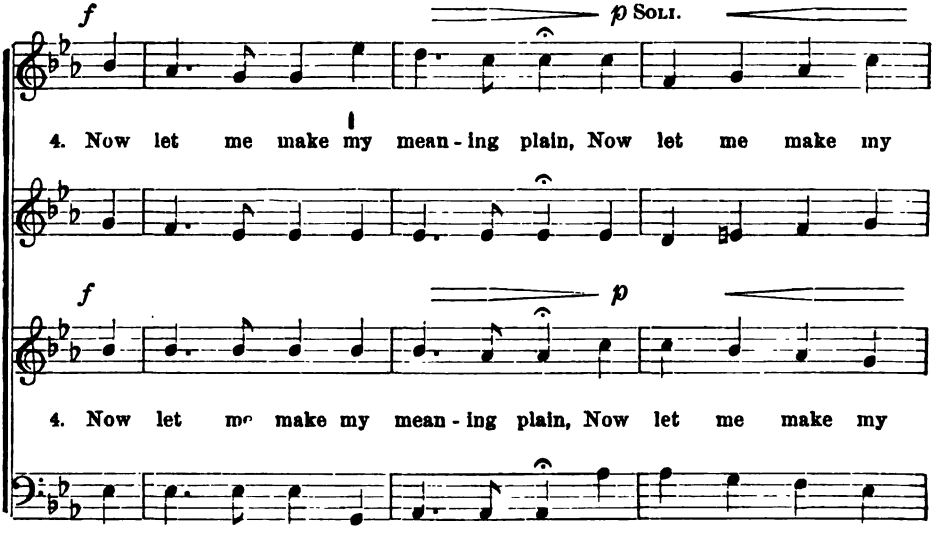

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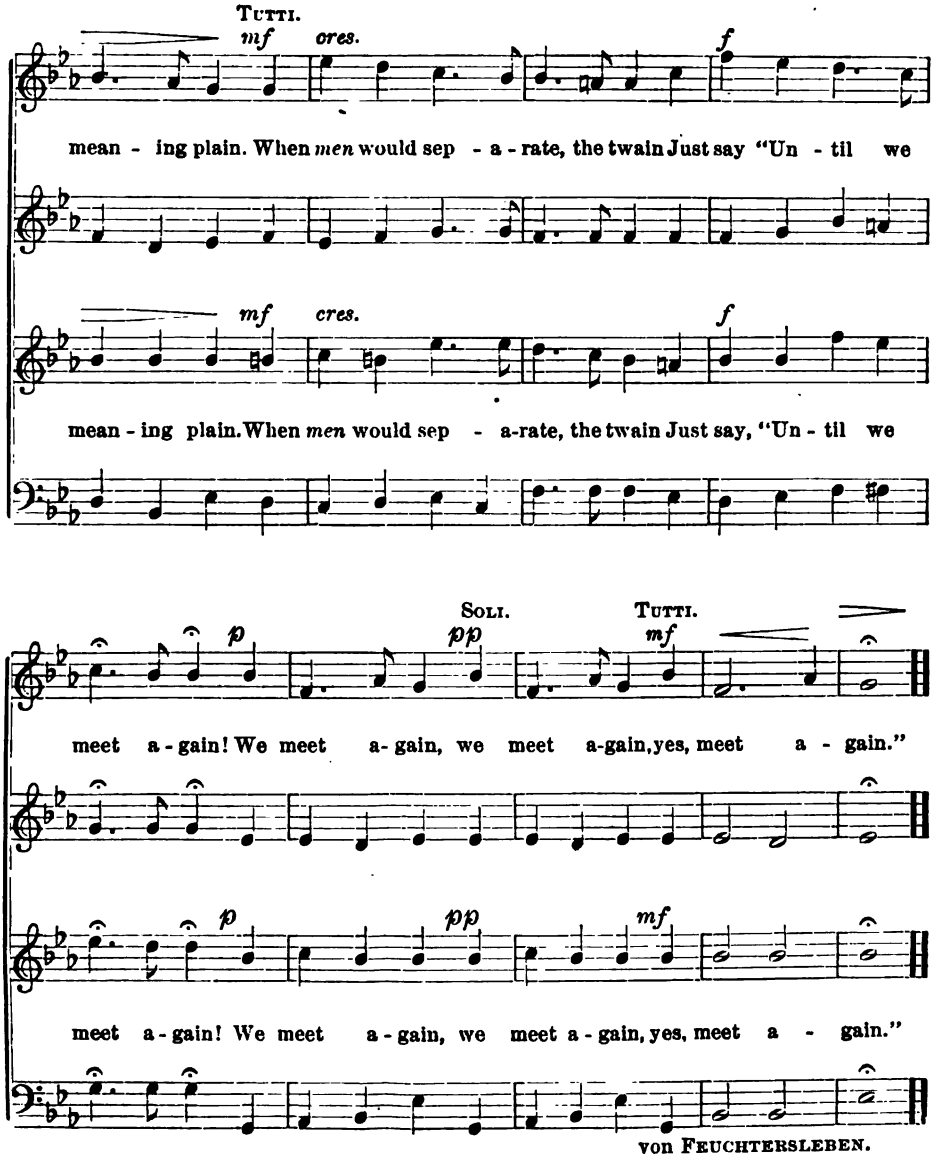

von FEUCHTERSLEBEN.

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No. 37 FRIENDSHIP.

K. G. KÖNIG. 1788.

Lento—ucice.

1. Not on - ly for this low - er world The ties of friend- ship
2. A - bove, where friendship has its source, No grief, no sor - row

3. Con - ge - nial souls, like ours that here The bliss of lov - ing
4. Come, bless - ed hope,—to meet a- gain, And with us ev - er

be, Soon as the cur - tain falls a - way, Its val - ue we shall see.
moves, There the full heart with joy o'erflows, And ev - er, ev - er loves.

know, Will in the bet - ter land a - bove With pur - er rap-ture glow.
stay, And when we see our loved ones go, Wipe ev - ery tear a - way.

J. T. HERMES. 1783.

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No. 38. Evening Chorus.

Konradin Kreutzer. 1783–1849.

Moderato.

pp

1. Now the eve - ning chimes are peal - ing, Soft the world in

2. See, from yon - der heav - en shin - ing Bright the moon - light's

pp

3. Slum - ber sweet, and ev - ery morn - ing Wake calm in the

dim. *mf*

slum - ber lies; And the stars their light re - veal - ing,

friend - ly glow, And the gold - en light re - flect - ed

dim. *mf*

sun - rays bright; Slum - ber soft, all free from trou - ble,

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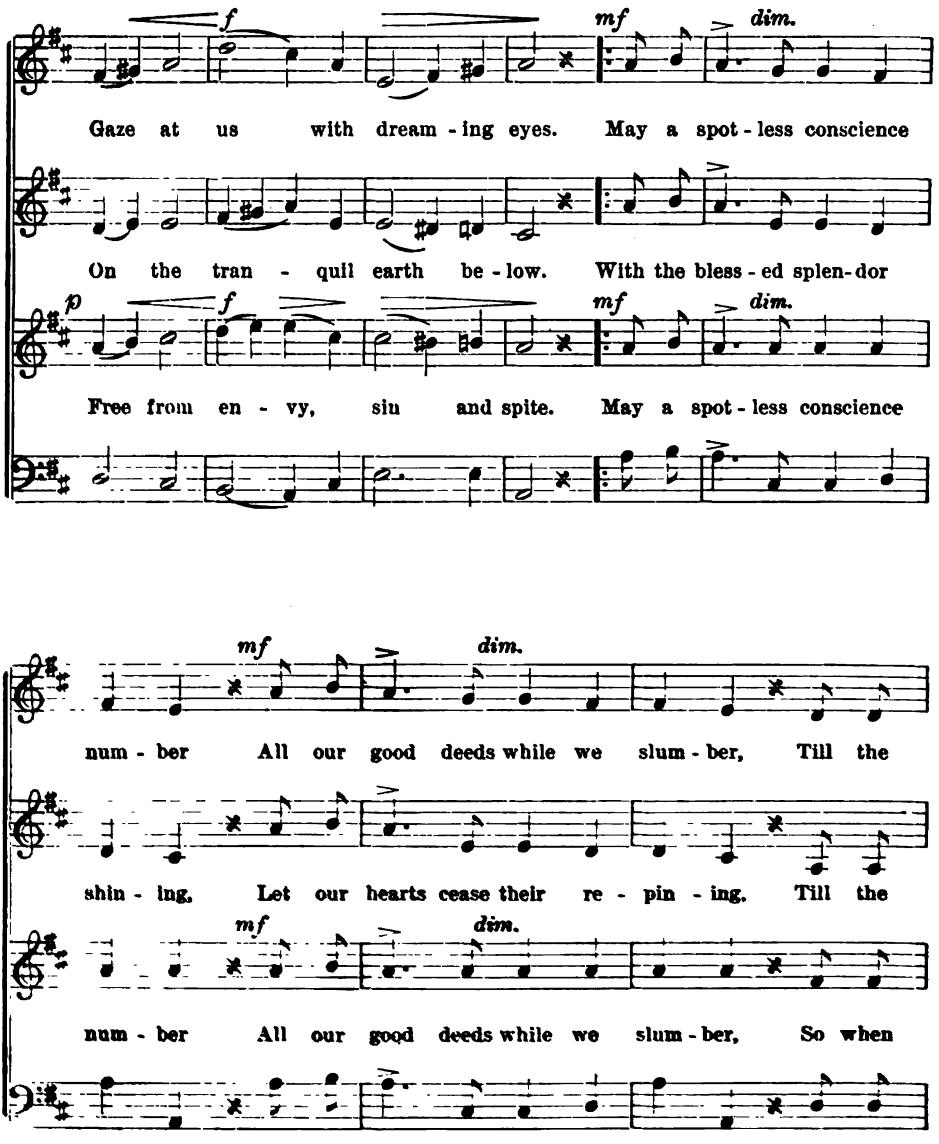

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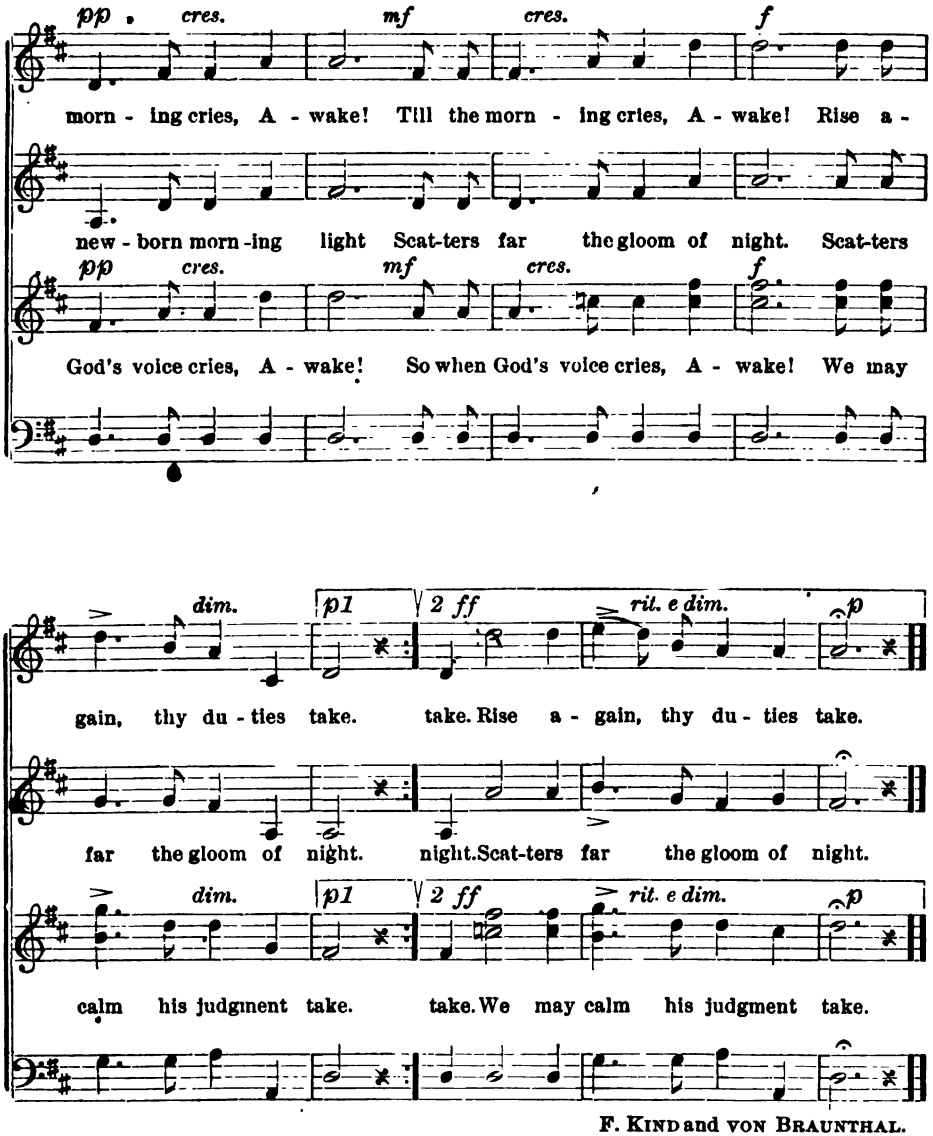

F. KIND and VON BRAUNTHAL.

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No. 39. It is so still.

Dolce e moderato. Old German Folksong.

1. It is so still and peace - ful, Pain smiles to dream of mirth; And
2. Night calms the world of rev - el, All e - vil thoughts are vain; It

3. To - day hast thou been trou - bled? Re - pen - tance ne'er is late; Look
4. Now rise in heav - en's a - zure The star - ry hosts of night; A -

an - gel feet are tread - ing The path from sky to earth, And through the deep - ning
stills the shout of laugh - ter, And calms the sigh of pain. It crowns the brow with

out - wards to the fu - ture For high - er, no - bler fate, Yet all the err - ing
long the glitt - 'ring path - way The gold - en moon glides bright, And stars and all are

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f *mf*

shad - ows I hear night's gen - tle voice: Cheer up, O heart, do not
ros - es; It gives to faith the voice: Cheer up, O heart, do not

mf

pi - ty, Who are deaf to the voice: Cheer up, O heart, do not
guid - ed, By one ma - jes - tic voice: Cheer up, O heart, do not

f

fal - ter, Cheer up, O heart, and in hope re - joice.
fal - ter, Cheer up, O heart, and in hope re - joice.

f

fal - ter, Cheer up, O heart, and in hope re - joice.
fal - ter, Cheer up, O heart, and in hope re - joice.

GOTTFREID KINKEL.

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No. 40. THE LOST FLOWER.

SILCHER, arr.

Allegretto. *poco rit.* *a tempo.*

1. I found a love-ly flow-er, That was so wondrous fair! Then

poco rit. *a tempo.*

2. To-day I could not find it, When late in beau-ty shone, The

f *mf*

went I ev-ery hour To gaze up-on it there. I lin-gered in the

f *mf*

lit-tle flower had vanished. And left me all a-lone. Yo birds a-mong the

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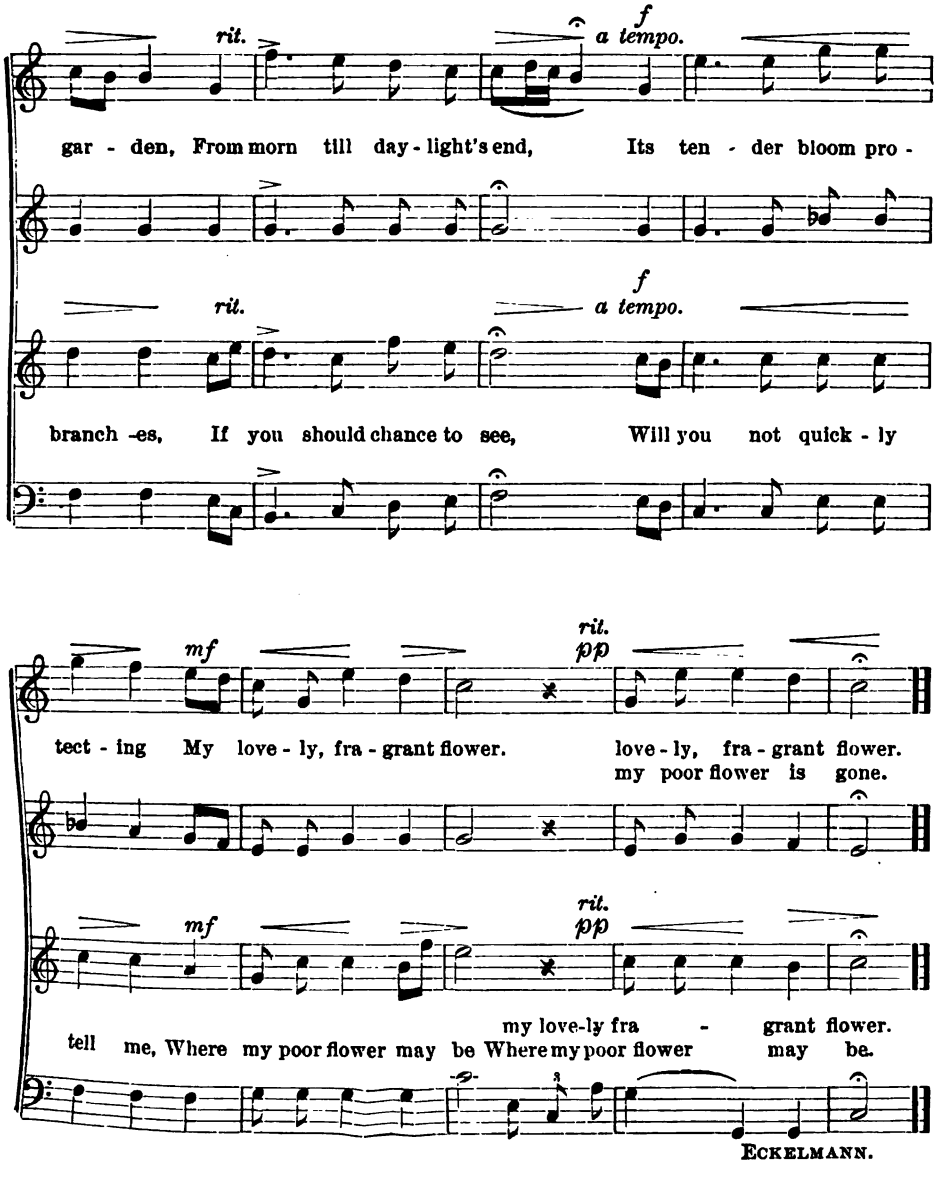

ECKELMANN.

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No. 41. The Linden Tree.

Franz Schubert, arr.

Moderato.

p

Be - fore the gate's a foun- tain, And near a lin - den tree, Be -

p

Be - fore the gate's a foun- tain, And near a lin - den tree, Be -

neath whose grate-ful shadow Came soothing dreams to me; And through its bark so

neath whose grate-ful shadow Came soothing dreams to me; And through its bark so

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man-y En-dear-ing words I traced, In rap-ture or in sor-row This

man-y En-dear-ing words I traced, In rap-ture or in sor-row This

way I'd al-ways haste And ere the moon had ris-en, I

way I'd al-ways haste And ere the moon had ris-en, I

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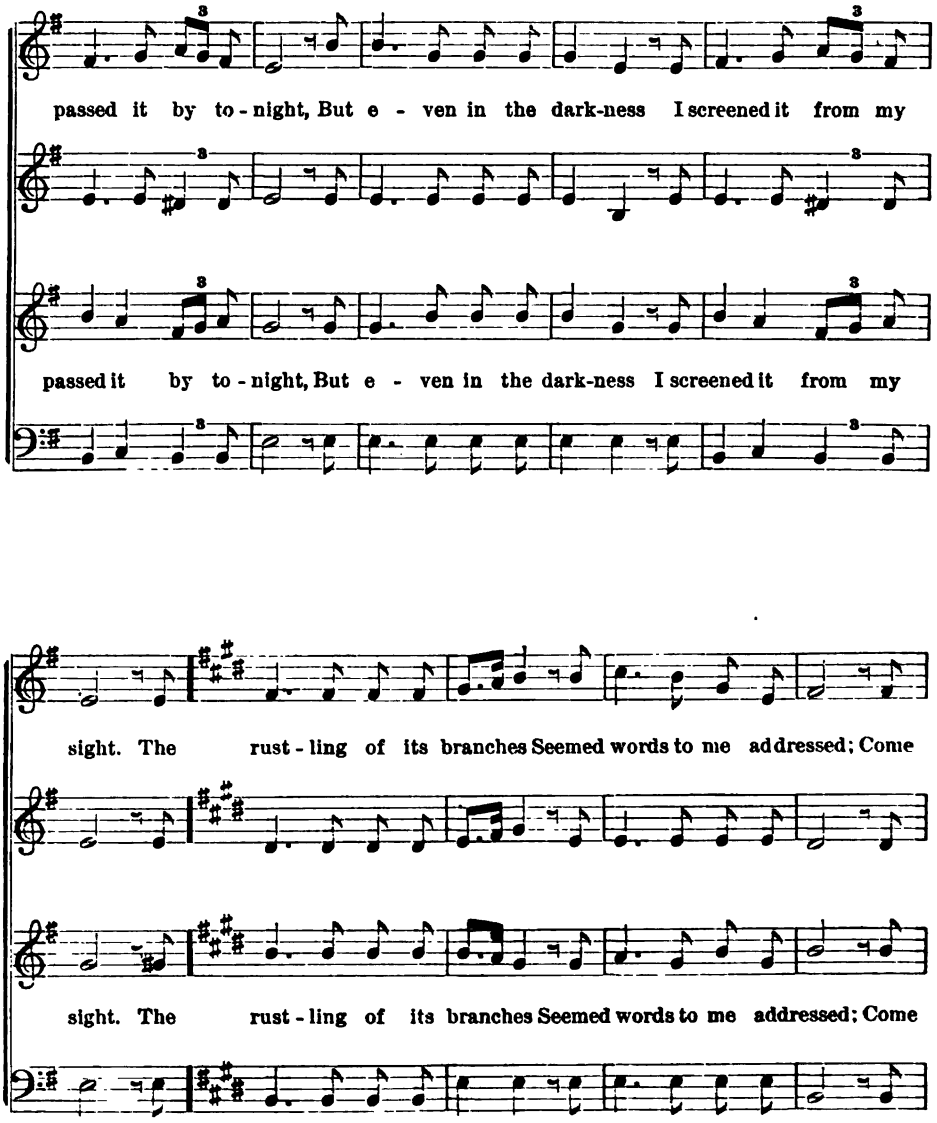

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here, come here old com-rade, And find your for-mer rest. Just then the cold winds

here, come hold old com-rade, And find your for-mer rest. Just then the cold winds

beat - ing Di - rect - ly in my face But

beat - ing Di - rect - ly in my face Off flew my hat, I turned not, But

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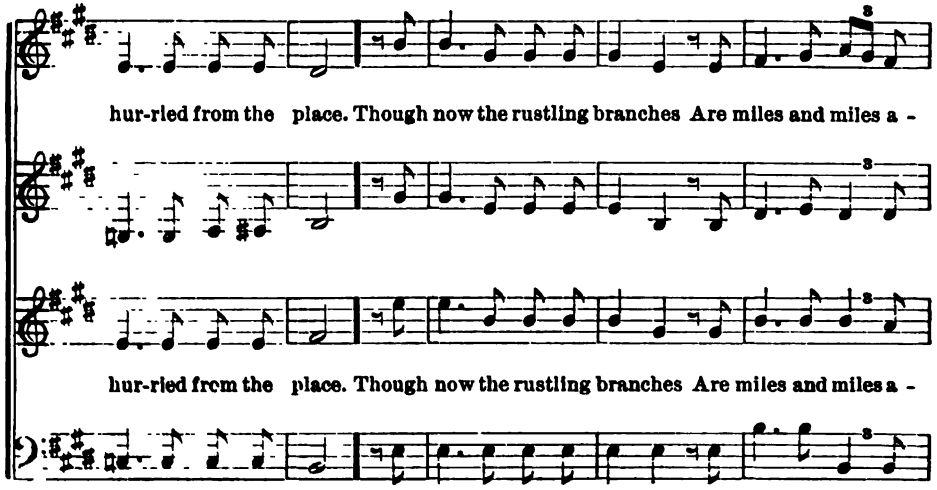

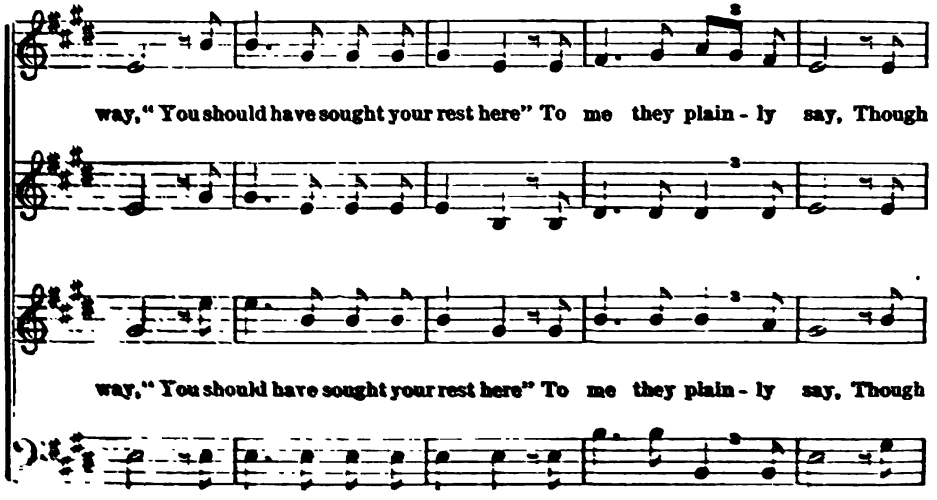

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now the rust-ling branches Are miles and miles away, "You should have sought your

now the rust-ling branches Are miles and miles away, "You should have sought your

rest here," To me they plain-ly say, To me they plain - ly say.

rest here," To me they plain-ly say, To me they plain - ly say.

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No. 42. Home Sickness.

Müller. 1811.

p *Larghetto.*

1. When from the mountain The val - ley I see,
2. Mem - ory a - wak - ens And joys that are dead
3. When through the for - est Morn breaks in - to song,
4. When far a - bove us Shines night's star - ry dome,
5. Home and its pleas - ures, A - las! they are gone!

Home seems so dis - tant Yet love - ly to me.

p

Bring to my eye - lids The tears long un - shed.
Then in my bos - om Sad long - ings will throng.

p

Still my heart look -eth And sigh - eth for home.
And of the grave now I'm think - ing a - lone.

Peter Müller. 1811.

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NO. 43. THE WICKED BROOK.

FOLK-SONG of the 18th CENTURY.

Andantino.

1. Thou brook with the sil-ver-y rip - ples, How smooth is thy cur- rent to -day! No

2. Thou brook with the silver-y rip - ples, Why hast thou in-jured me so? My

3. Thou brook with the silver-y rip - ples, Once flow - ers up - on thee I threw, But

lon -ger of e - vil thou dream - est, In qui-et con-tent to stay.

beau -ti - ful gar-den is ru - ined, And all the meadow be - low.

now on - ly tears and com- plain - ings Have I, wicked streamlet, for you.

HOFFMANN VON FALLERSLEBEN.

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No. 44. Farewell to the Forest.

Mendelssohn.

p Andante, non lento.

1. Oh, for - est deep and gloom - y, Oh, wood-land, vale and hill, Of

2. The for - est soft - ly whis - pers In tones of truth - ful might, It

p *f*

3. The tran -quil glades now leav - ing, To dis - tant lands I roam, Life's

p *cres.*

all my joys and sor - rows The gen - tle wit - ness still, When I Though

When sick of

speaks of ear - nest du - ty, Of what is wrong and right; I lis - ten Though far from

p *cres.*

When sick of

anx - ious toil per - su - ing 'Mid strang-ers seek a home; I lis - ten Though far from

Digitized by Google

cres. *f* *pp*

sick of world-ly pleas - ures, lis - ten to its teach - ing, Leav - ing the bus - y town I
far from hence re - pin - ing,

world - ly pleas - ures, to . . . its teach - ing, With pa - tient hum - ble ear, To
hence . . . re - pin - ing,

world - ly pleas - ures to . . . its teach - ing, Thrown a - mong worldlings cold, Fond
hence . . re - pin - ing,

When sick of world - ly pleasures, I lis - ten to its teach-ing, To
Though far from hence re - pin - ing, Fond

f

seek thy qui - et shad - ows, And, wea - ry, lay me down; I

me the beau-teous lan - guage Shall be for - ev - er dear; To

mem - 'ry still shall charm me, My heart shall ne'er grow old, Fond

seek thy qui - et shad - ows, I seek thy qui - et
me the beau -teous lan - guage To me the beau-teous
mem -'ry still shall charm me, Fond mem -'ry still shall

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f *dim.*

And, wea - ry, lay me down.
seek thy qui - et shad - ows, Shall be for ev - er dear.
My heart shall ne'er grow old.

And, wea - ry, lay me down.
me the beau-teous lan - guage Shall be . . . . for ev - er dear.
My heart . . . shall ne'er grow old.

And, wea - ry, lay me down.
mem-'ry still shall charm me, Shall be for ev - er dear.
My heart shall ne'er grow old.

shad - ows.
lan - guage
charm me,

NO. 45. OUT OF THE DISTANCE.

BAUMGARTNER.

p

1. I'll rest me un - der the branch -es here, So sweet the wild birds are

p

2. Here by this brook -let my rest shall be, Where fra - grant flow - ers are

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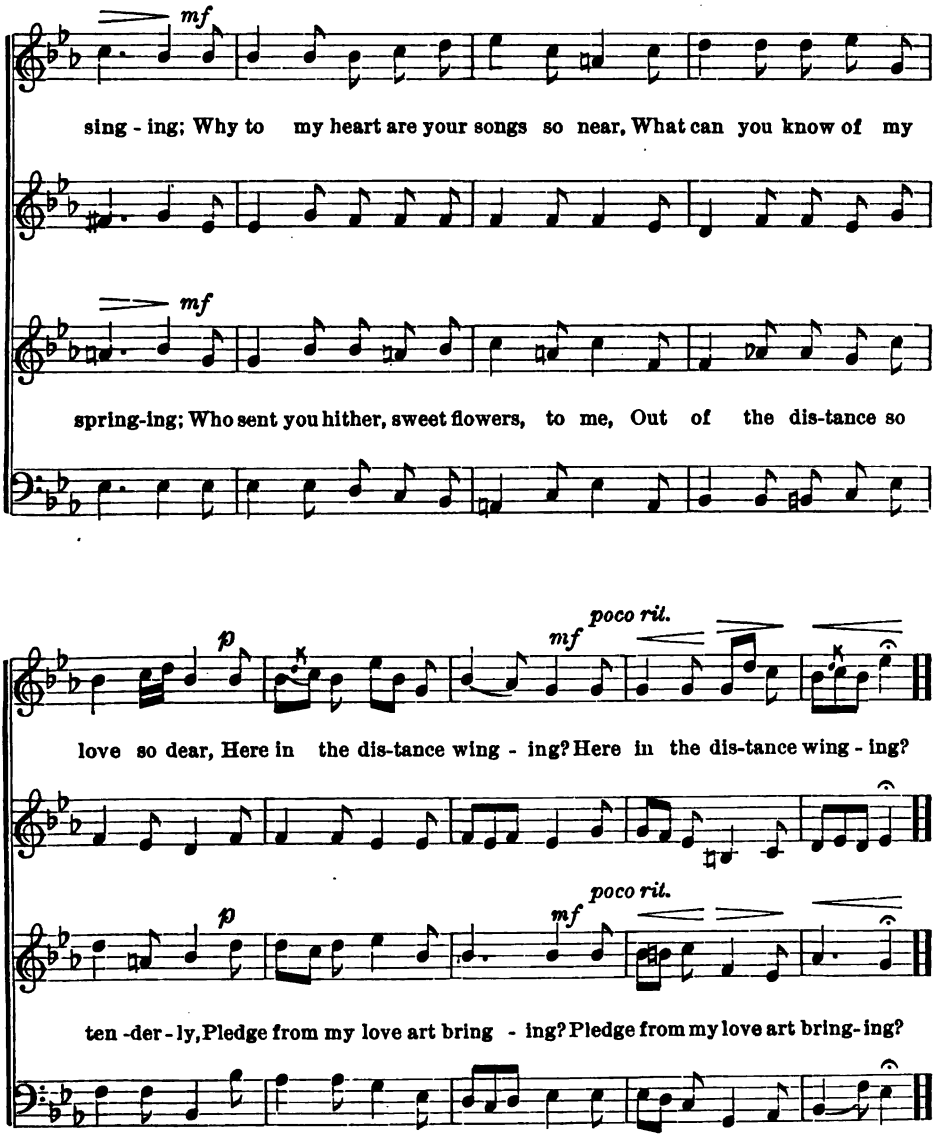

LUDWIG UHLAND. 1787—1862.

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No. 46. Glee. Here in cool Grot.

Earl of Mornington.

Largo. 56 = ♩

p

Vivace.

Here in cool grot and moss - y cell, We ru - ral fays and

p

Here in cool grot and moss - y cell, We

fair - ies, we ru - ral fays, we ru - ral fays and fair - ies dwell;

ru - ral fays and fair - ies, we ru - ral fays and fair - ies dwell;

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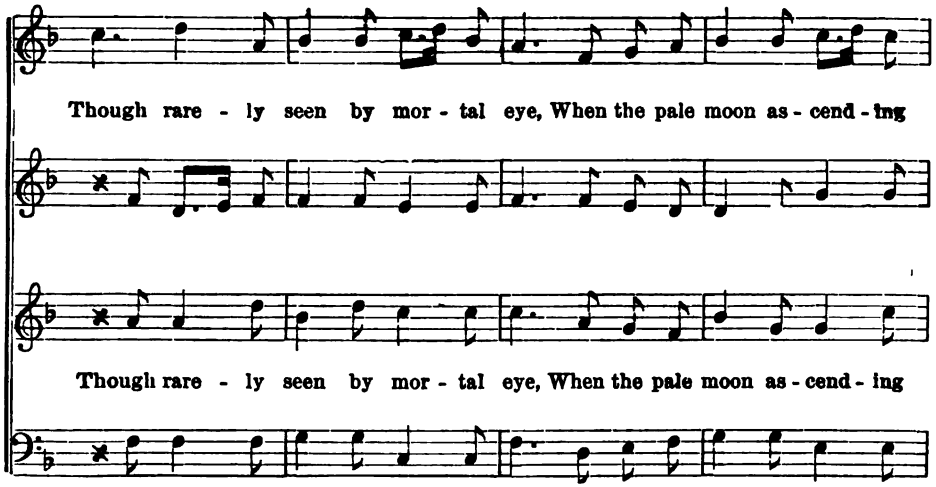

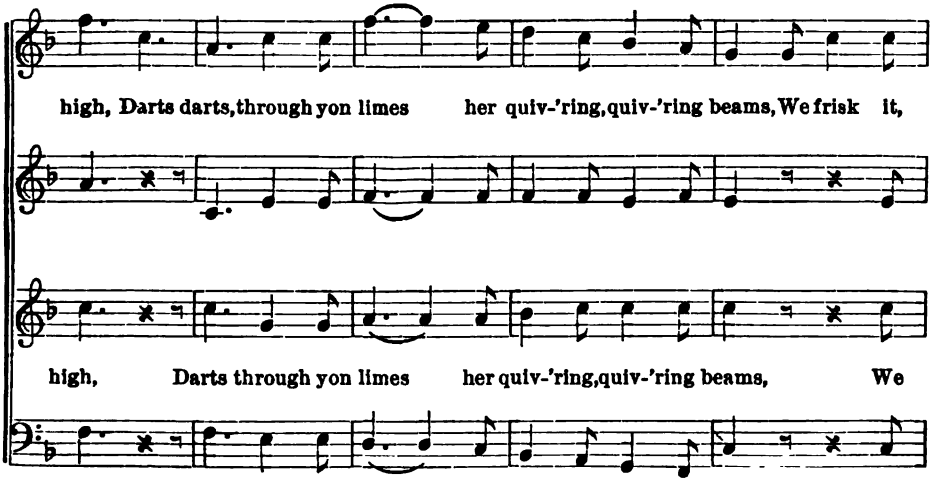

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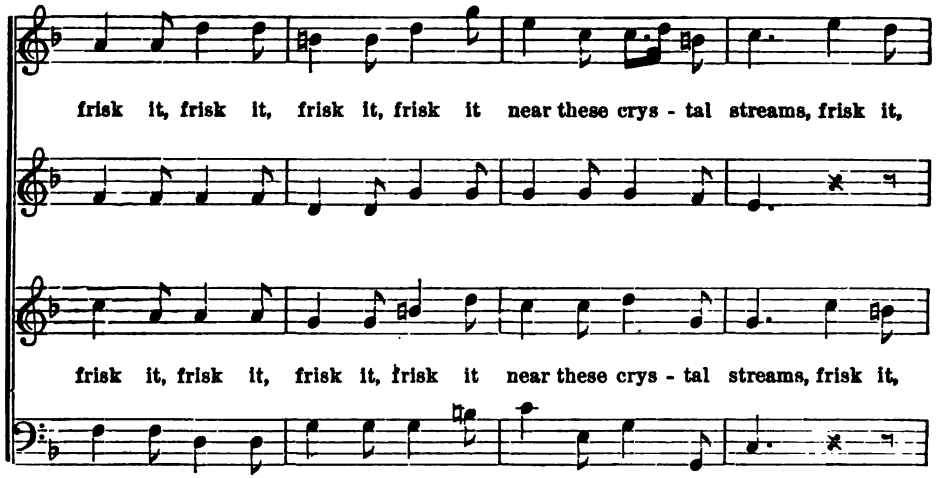

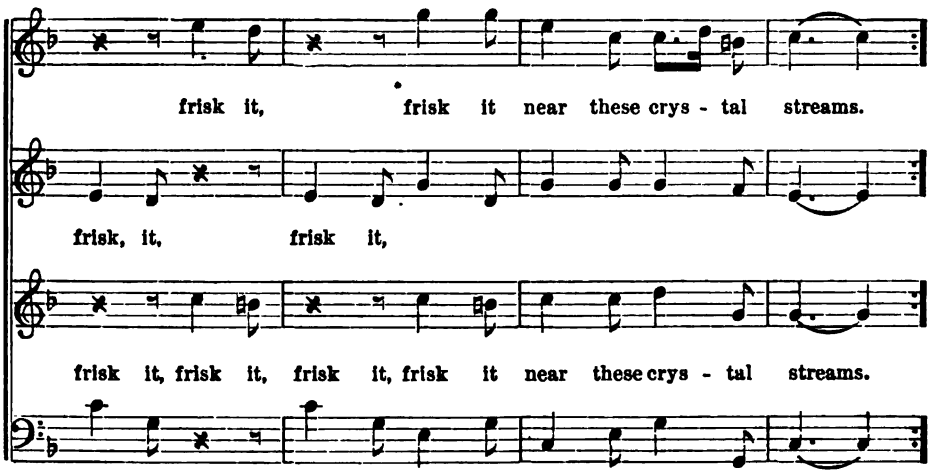

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Her beams, re - flect - ed from the wave, Af-ford the light our rev - els

Her beams, re - flect - ed from the wave, Af-ford the light our rev - els

crave; The turf, with dais- ses broid-er'd o'er, Exceeds, we wot,

Ex - ceeds, we wot, the

crave; The turf, with dais- ses broid-er'd o'er, Ex - ceeds, we wot, the

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Pa - rian floor. Nor

Nor yet for art - ful strains, nor

Pa - rian floor. Nor yet for art - ful

Nor yet for art - ful strains, we call, for

yet for art - ful strains we call, we call, we call, *p* But lis - ten,

strains we call, we call, we call, we call, *p* But lis - ten,

art - ful strains we

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lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten, to the wa - ter - fall,

lis - ten, lis - ten, lis - ten, to the wa - ter - fall,

pp *2nd time Largo.*

lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten to the wa-ter - fall.

pp

lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten, lis-ten to the wa-ter - fall.

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No. 47. NIGHT.

Arr. from Rossini.

Andante grazioso.

p

1. The night her veil is throw - ing O'er val - ley, mount and

p

2. The vil - lage seems re - pos - ing In calm and tran - quil

stream; The cres - cent moon is glow - ing With soft re - ful - gent

sleep, A - bove, with light im - pos - ing, The stars in si - lence

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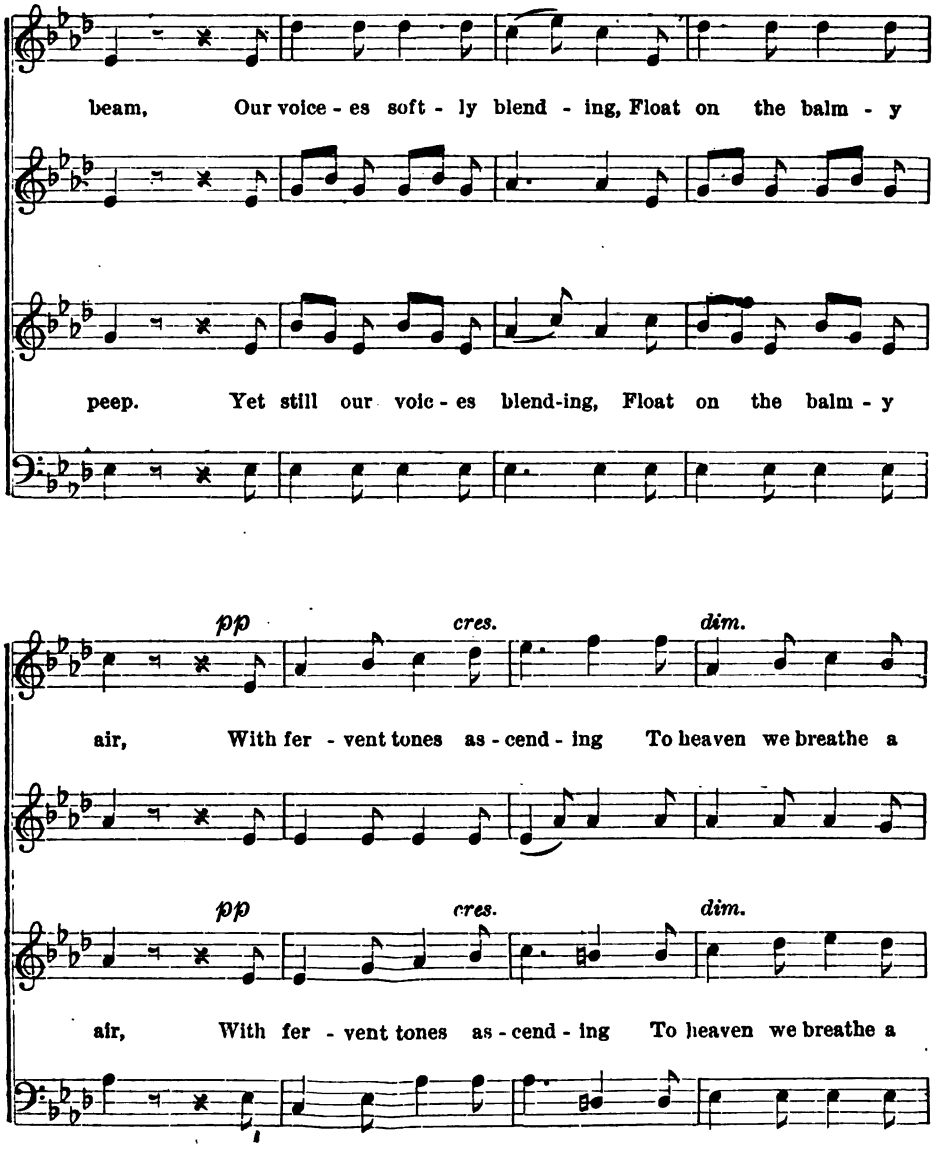

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pp

prayer, And vig - ils fond - ly keep For friends far o'er the

pp

prayer, And vig - ils fond - ly keep For friends far o'er the

cres. *dim. e rall.*

deep, And vig - ils fond - ly keep For friends far o'er the deep.

cres. *dim. e rall.*

deep, And vig - ils fond - ly keep For friends far o'er the deep.

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No. 48. The Wood-thrush.

J. L. Hatton, arr.

Allegro.

f *p*

Whith-er hath the woodthrush flown, From our greenwood bowers? Wherefore builds he

f *p*

Whith-er hath the woodthrush flown, From our greenwood bowers? Wherefore builds he

p *f*

not a - gain, Where the white-thorn flow - ers? Where the white-thorn flow - ers?

p *f*

not a - gain, Where the white-thorn flow - ers? Where the white-thorn flow - ers?

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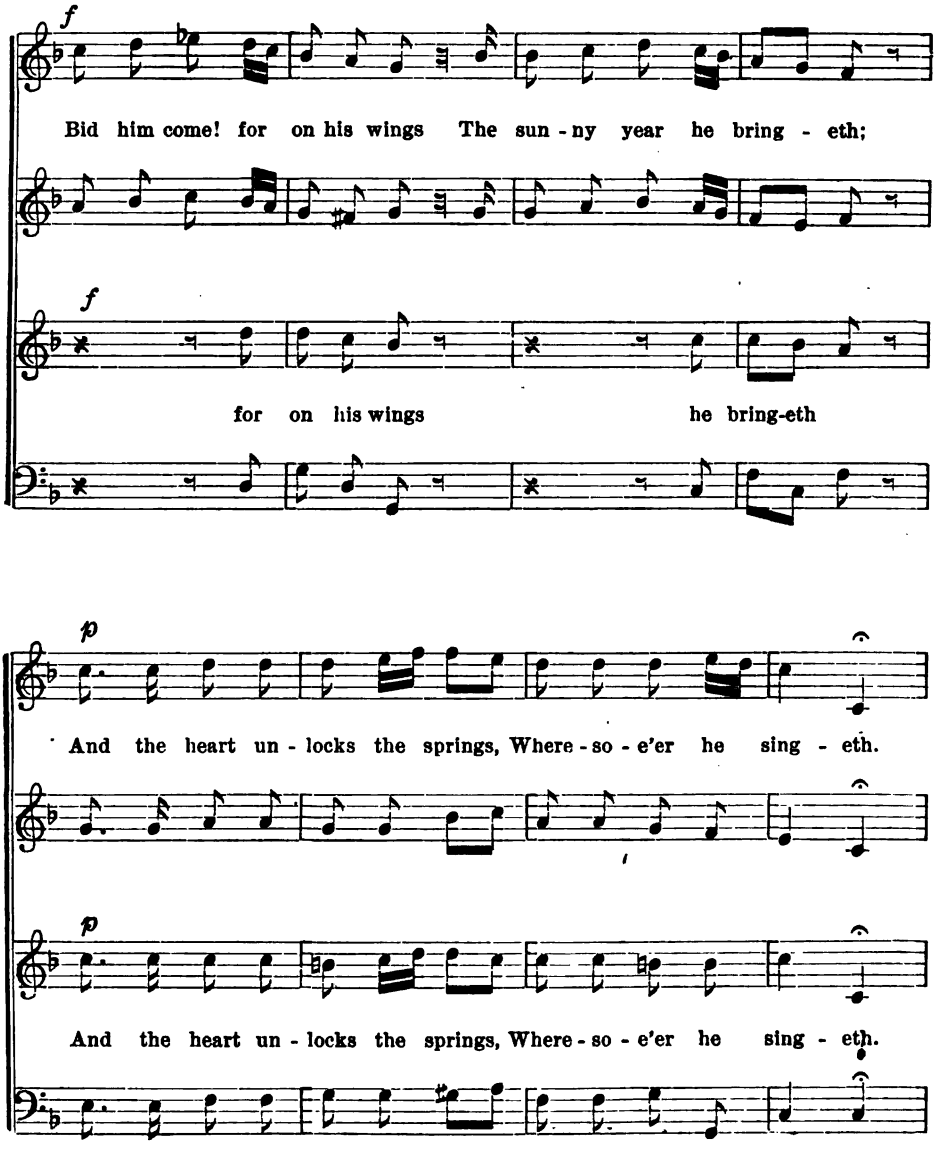

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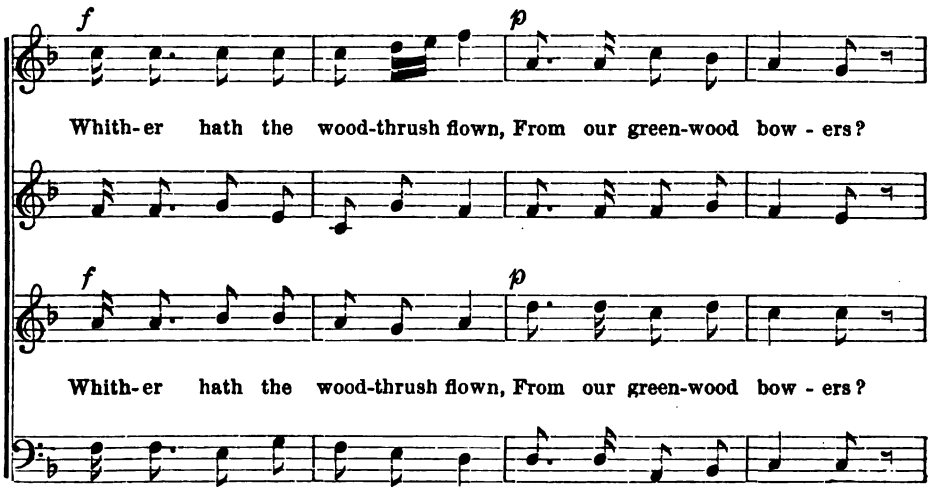

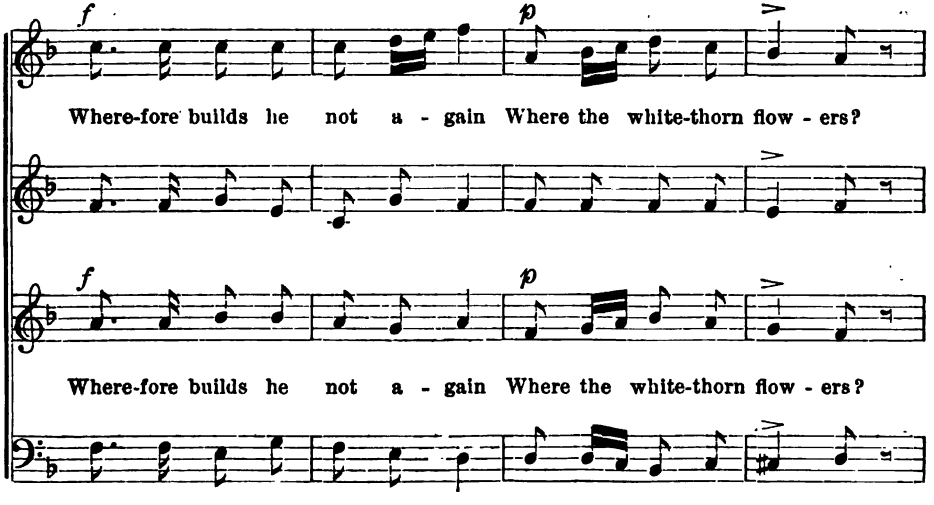

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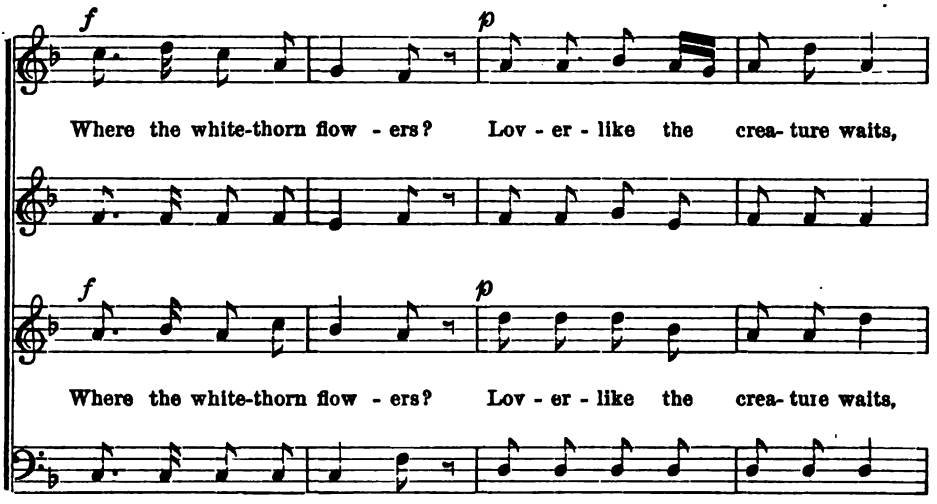

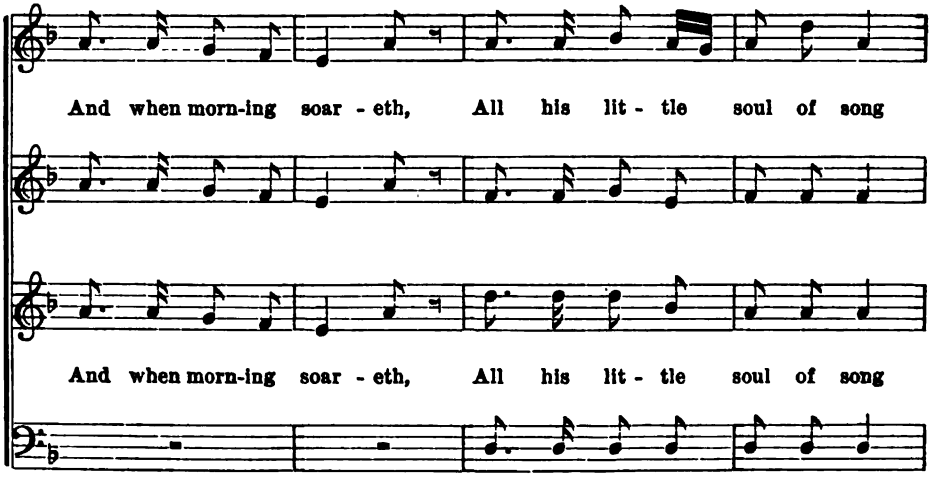

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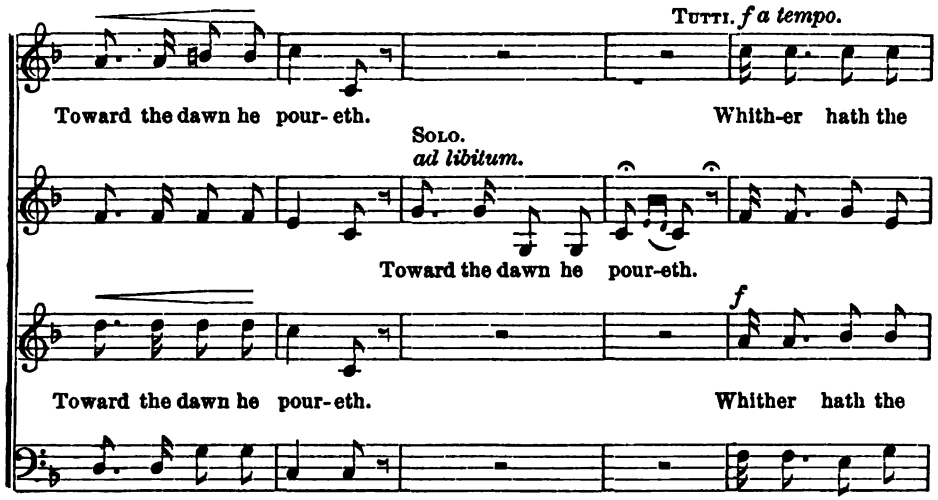

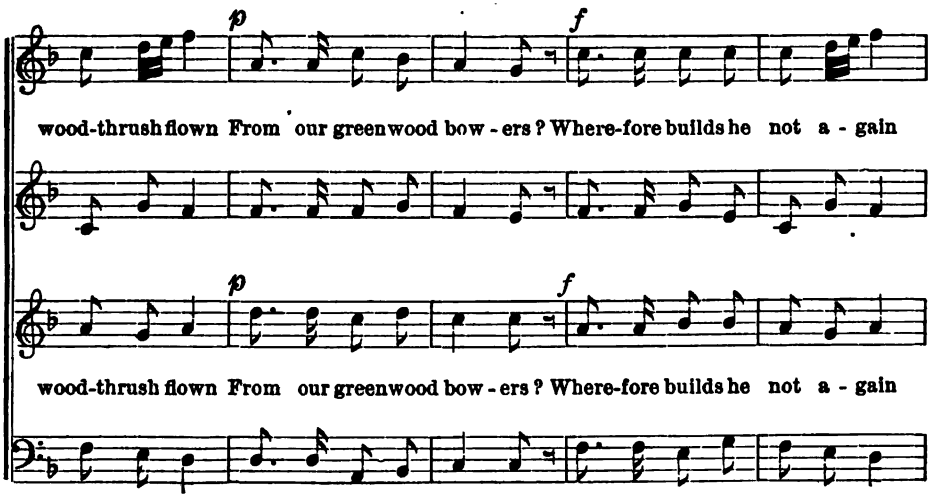

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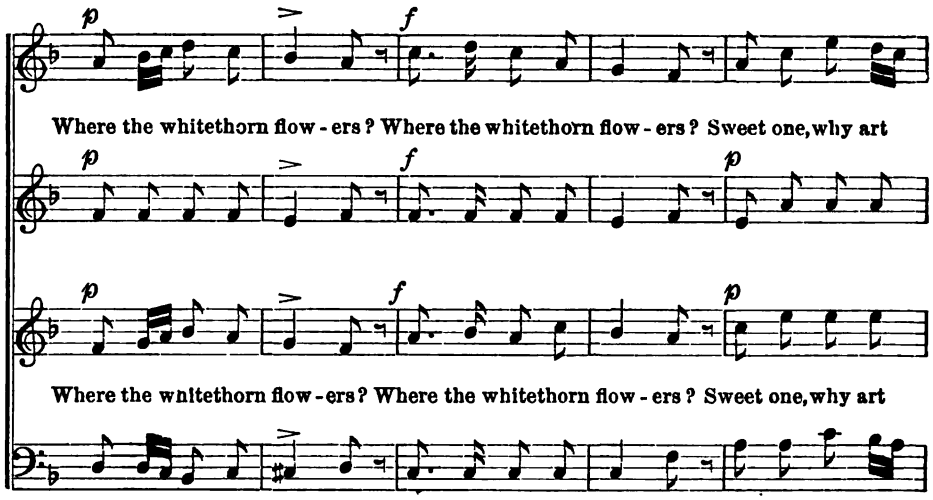

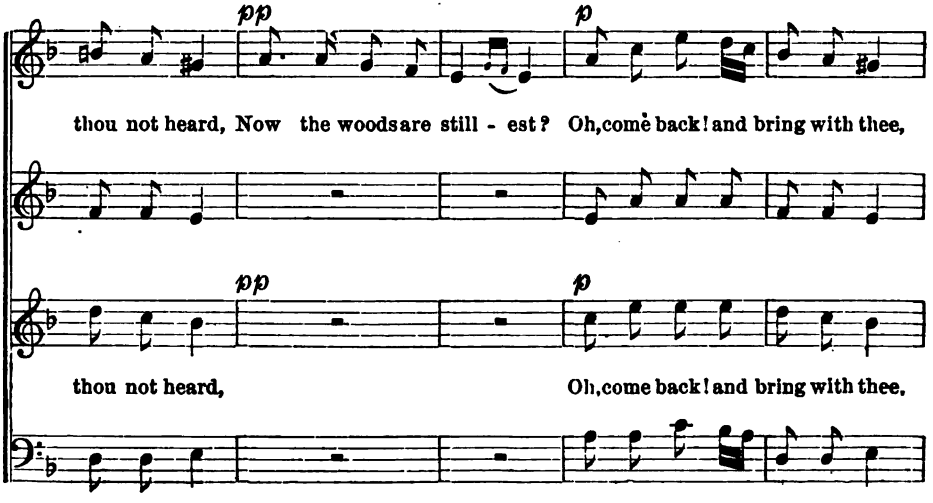

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What - so - e'er thou will - est; Laugh-ing thoughts, de-light -ing songs, Dreams of

What - so - e'er thou will - est; Laugh-ing thoughts, de-light -ing songs, Dreams of

ad libitum.

azure hours, Some-thing, noth-ing; All we ask, Is to see thee ours!

ad libitun.

azure hours, Some-thing, noth-ing; All we ask, Is to see thee ours!

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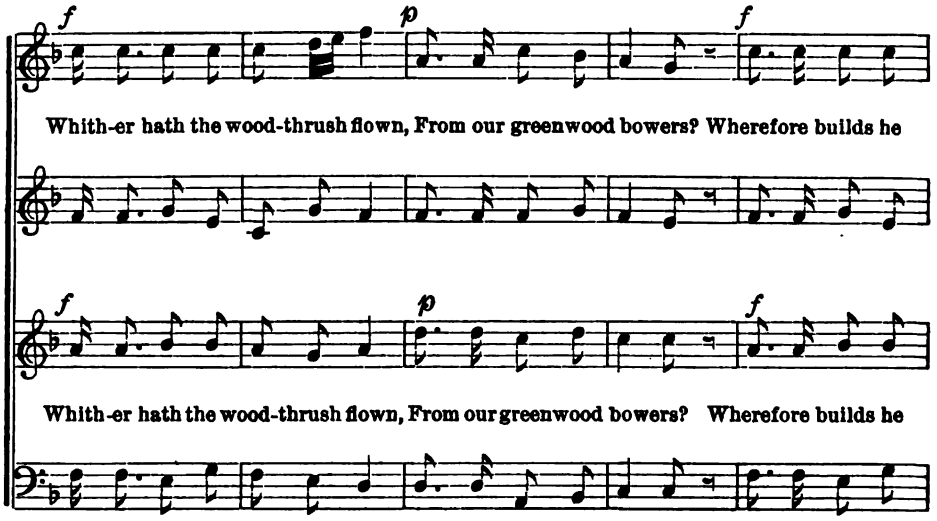

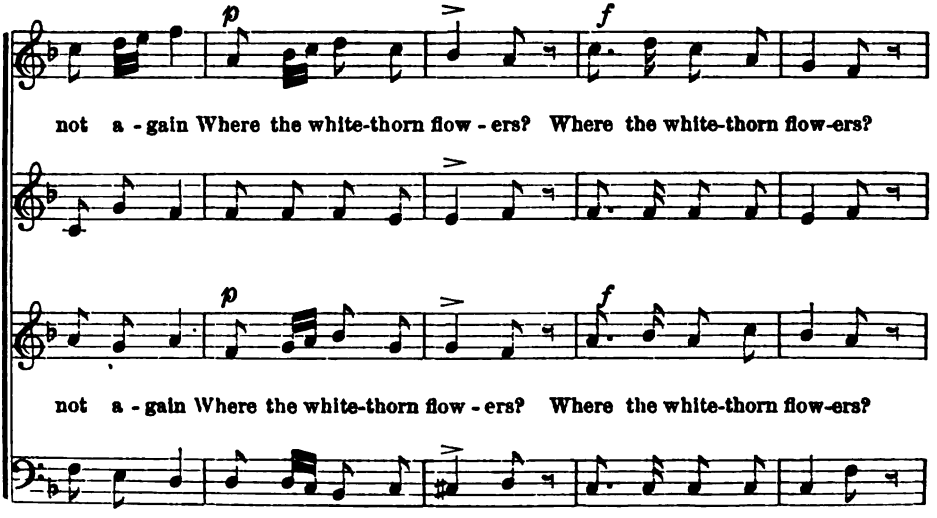

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pp *f*

Where-fore builds he not a - gain Where the white - thorn flow - ers?

pp *f*

Where-fore builds he not a - gain Where the white - thorn flow - ers?

pp *f* *ad libitum.*

Where-fore builds he not a - gain Where the white-thorn flow - ers?

pp *ad libitum.*

Where-fore builds he not a - gain Where the white-thorn flow - ers?

BARRY CORNWALL.

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No. 49. The Garden.

Aus Böhmen's Gauen.
Beraun.

Andante amoroso.

1. Pros - pers my gar - den well, Nought bet - ter could I tell!

2. Ah, but it looks so fair, With leaf and blos - som there!

Let but my ap - ple tree Full - fruit - ed be:

When grass in spring - time shows, How fast it grows!

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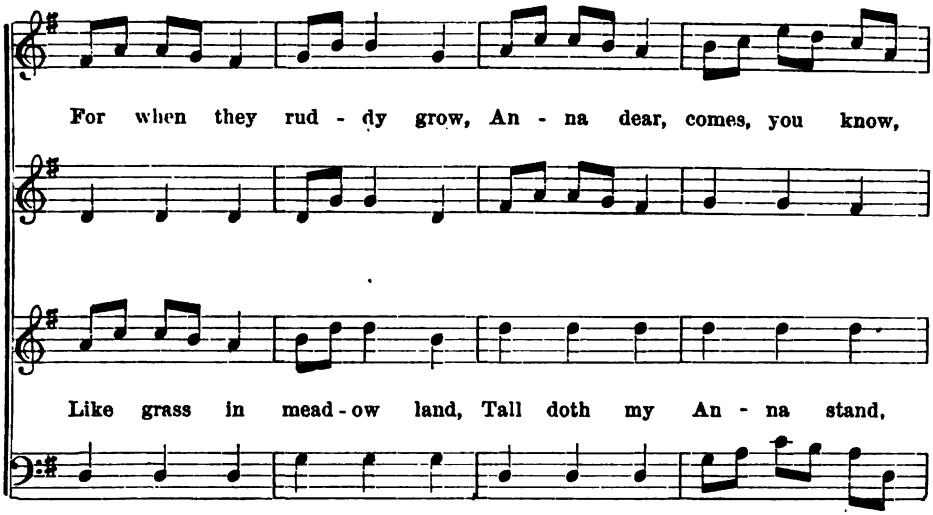

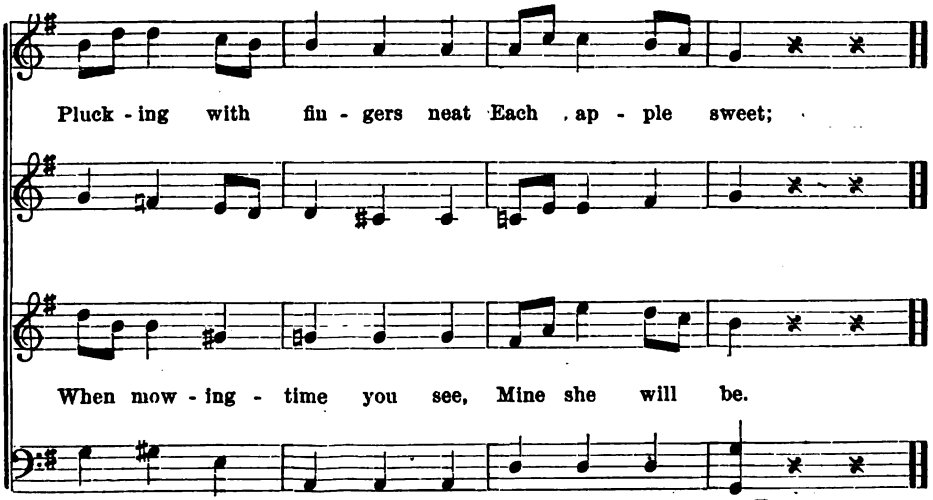

FOLK-SONG.

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No. 50. Like the Sunshine.

Salvator Rosa, arr.

Andante cantabile.

1. Like the sun - shine the flow - er ca - ress - ing.

2. Price - less treas - ure Fate grants us when giv - ing,

3. What though youth's ra - diant glo - ry be ours,

Is the smile of the one we love best;

Love and friend - ship, both pure and sin - cere;

And the world's choic - est pleas - ures we share?

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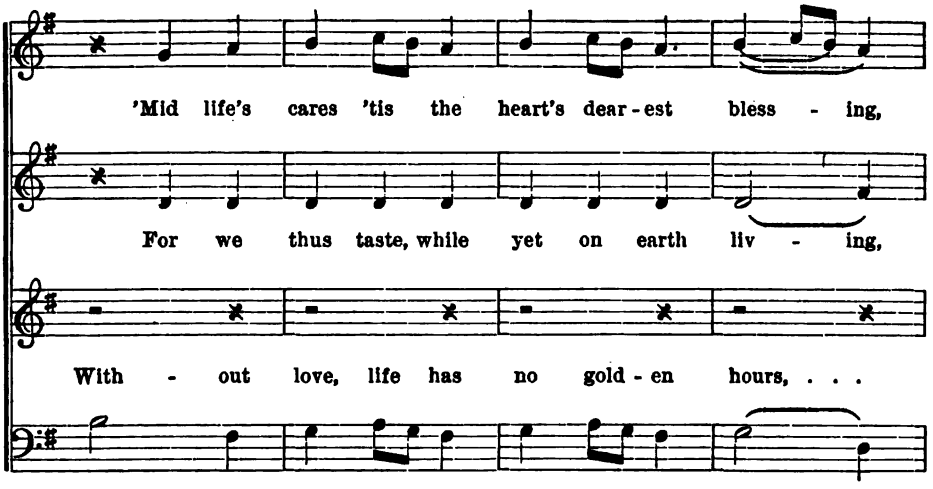

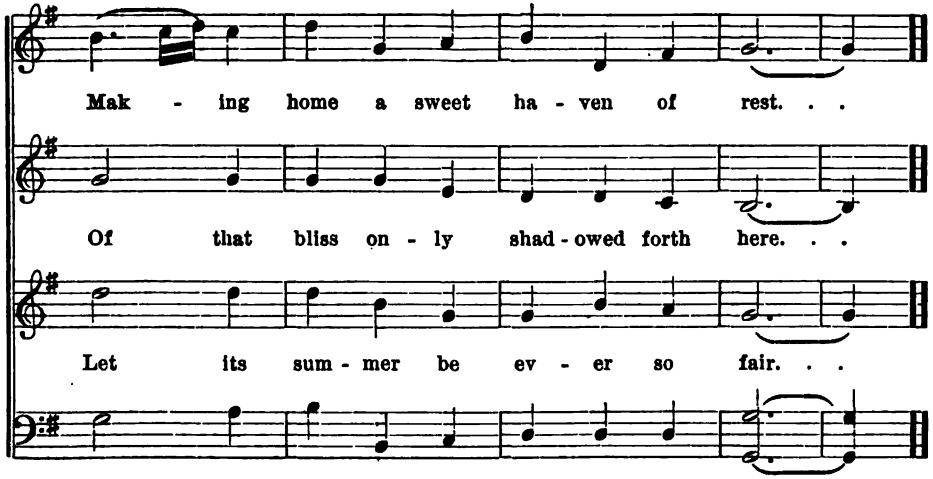

Eng. version by LACY.

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No. 51. FORSAKEN!

KOSCHAT.
Arr. for Mixed Voices.

1. For - sak - en, for - sak - en, for - sak - en am I! Like a

2. A tree shades the hill - ock, where wild flow - ers creep, And

stone by the way - side my shat-tered dreams lie; To the graveyard I

there ne'er to wak - en, my be - lov - ed doth sleep; And there my heart

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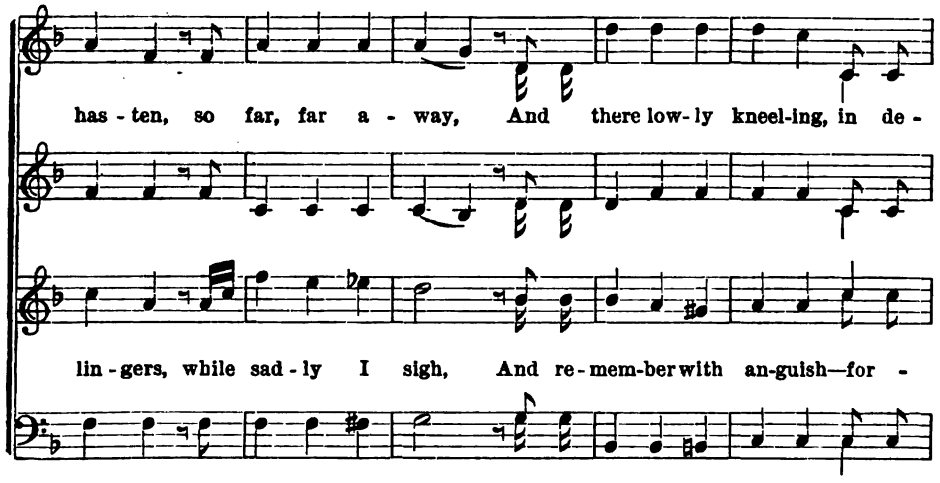

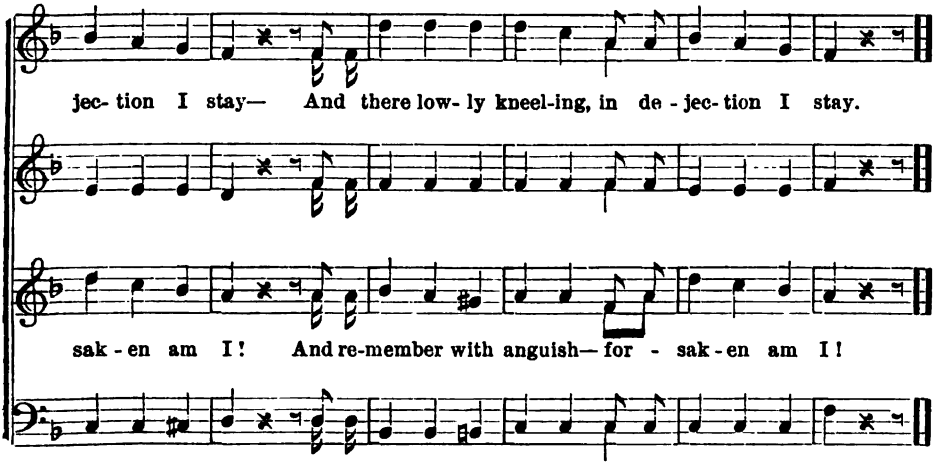

Tr. by W. W. CALDWELL.

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No. 52. MAY SONG.

MENDELSSOHN.

Allegro.

f *p*

1. The snow's a - way, Now comes fair May, And blos-soms thick-en On trees that

2. Then gay - ly dance, With beam- ing glance, Ye maid-ens smil- ing, The hours be -

f *p*

4. Be hap - py still, 'Tis Heav - en's will, Life's greatest treas-ure Is joy - ous

cres. *sf* *p*

1. The snow's a - way, Now comes fair
quick-en; The snow's a-way, Now comes fair May, 2. With beaming glance, With beaming
4. Be hap - py still, 'Tis Heav-en's

p

1. Now, . . . now comes fair
gull - ing, Then gay-ly dance, With beaming glance, 2. Beam - ing, beam-ing
4. Heav - en's, Heav-en's

cres. *sf* *p*

pleas-ure; Be hap- py still, 'Tis Heaven's will,

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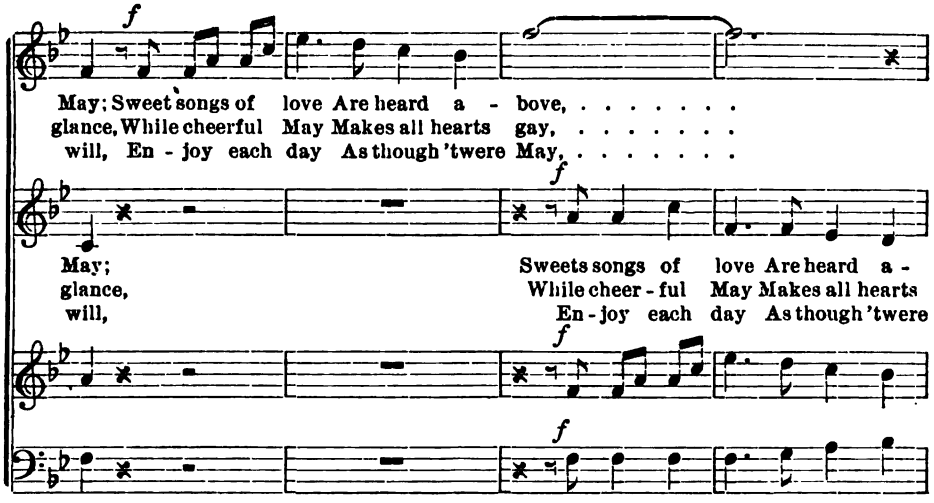

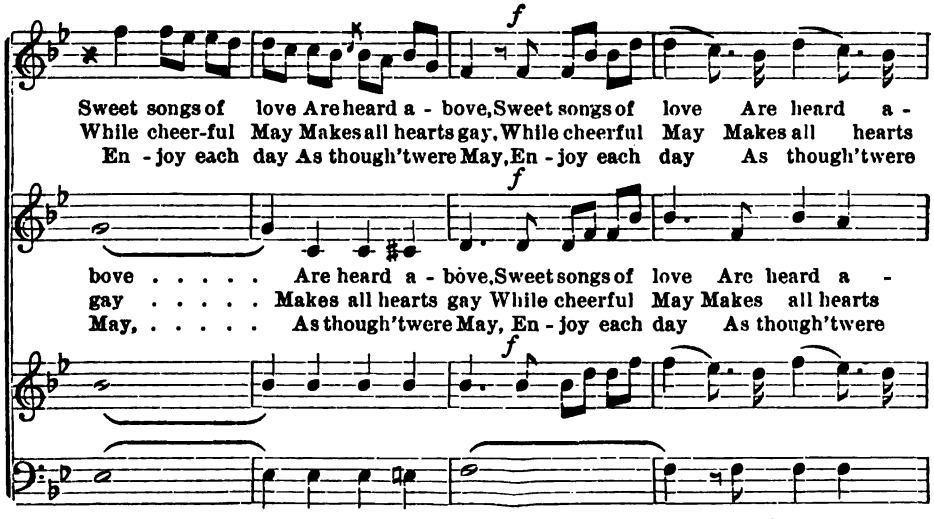

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f *ritard.*

bove, ... Are heard a - bove.
gay, ... Makes all hearts gay.
May, ... As though 'twere May.

p *pp*

bove, Are heard a - bove, Are heard a - bove.
gay, Makes all hearts gay, Makes all hearts gay. 3. Who knows for sure He may en -
May, As though 'twere May, As though 'twere May.

p

f *ritard.* *pp*

bove. . . . . .
gay. . . . . .
May. . . . . .

FINE.

pp

Who knows for sure He may en - dure Till May, that

dure, ... Till May, that cheer - eth,

Who

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cheer - eth, A - gain ap - pear - eth Who

A - gain ap - pear - eth, Who knows for sure He may en - dure, Who

Who knows for sure Who

knows for sure Who knows for sure He may en - dure, Who

D.C. to 4th stanza.

knows for sure He may en - dure! . . . . . He may en - dure!

knows for sure . . . . . He may en - dure! . . . . . .

knows for sure . . . . . He may en - dure! . . . . . .

knows for sure . . . . . He may en - dure! . . . . .

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No. 53. The Miller's Song-Wandering.

Allegro moderato. Franz Schubert, arr.

mf 1st Soprano

1. To wan - der is the mil - ler's joy, To wan - der, to wan - der; To

2nd Soprano.

2. The wa - ter long has taught us this, The wa - ter, the wa - ter, The
3. We see it in the mill-wheels too, The mill-wheels, the mill-wheels, We

mf Alto.

4. The ver - y stones, for all their weight, The mill-stones, the mill stones, The
5. To wan - der far - ther I de - sire, To wan - der, to wan - der, To

Bass.

wan - der is the mil - ler's joy, To wan - der, to wan - der; He

wa - ter long has taught us this, The wa - ter, the wa - ter; It
see it in the mill -wheels too, The mill - wheels, the mill- wheels, They

ver - y stones, for all their weight, The mill - stones, the mill-stones, Keep
wan - der far - ther I de - sire, To wan - der, to wan - der, O

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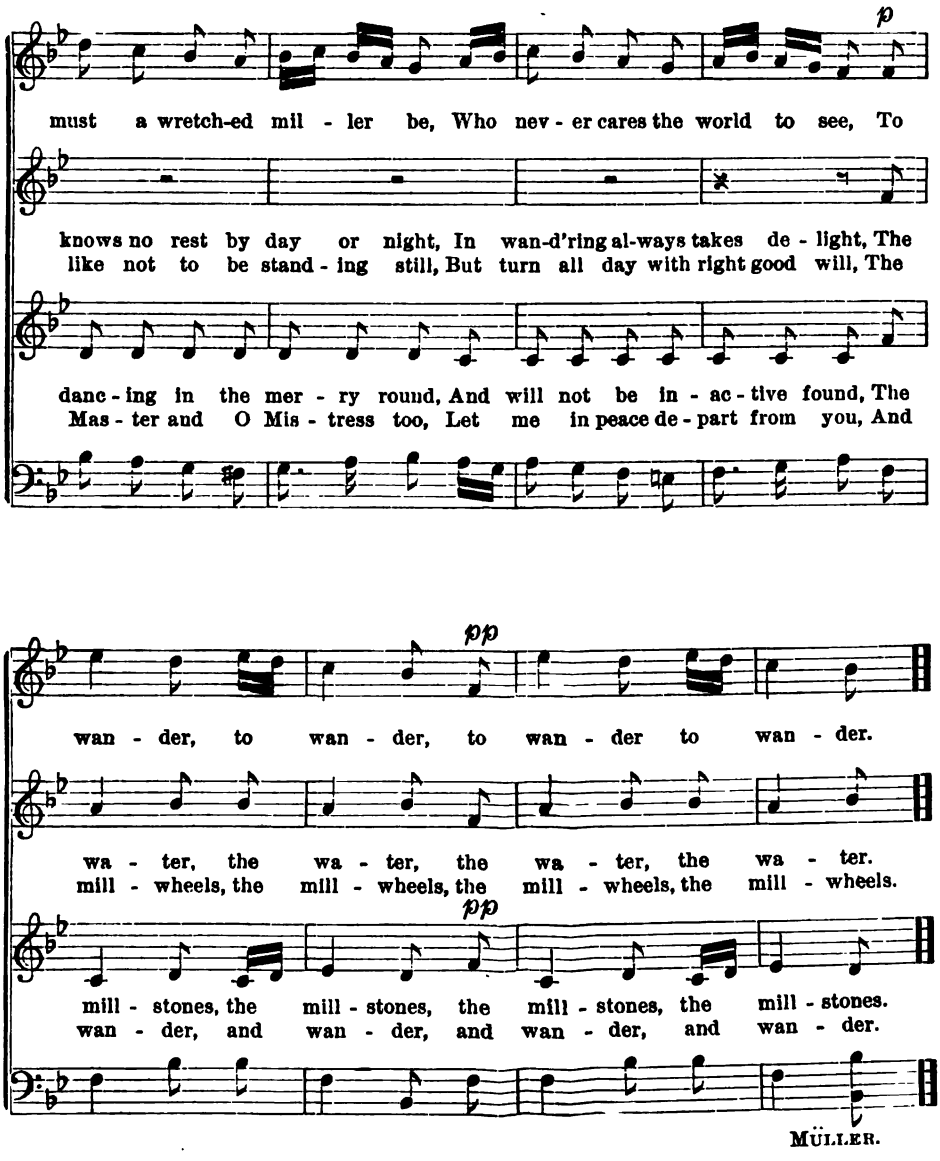

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No. 54. Far in the Wood.

Freiderich Glück.

1. Far in the wood, when May is here, And buds are soft - ly break - ing, I love to roam in sun - shine clear, My

2. There what - so - e'er my heart hath known Of pleas - ure or of sad - ness, Its fond - est hopes and dreams to own In

3. And well I know each list - tening tree Doth un - der - stand me right - ly, So lov - ing - ly they lean to me, And

4. And as each ech - o dies a - way O'er tree - tops, rocks and bush - es, The night - in - gale pours forth his lay In

5. And long - ings all my be - ing fill, A spring - time fresh - ness bring - ing,— A joy to wan - der thus at will Through

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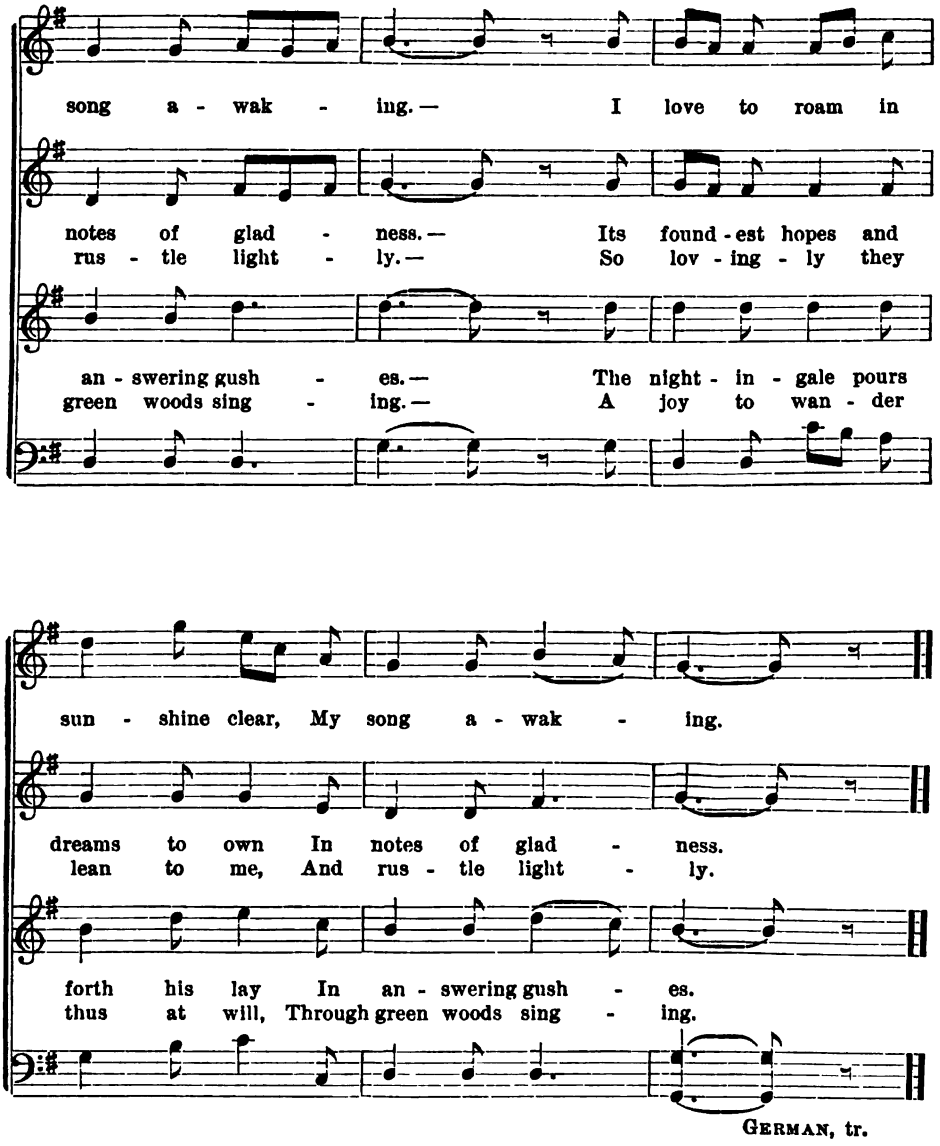

GERMAN, tr.

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No. 55. Lullaby.

Held.

1. The lin - dens rus - tle soft - ly Be - neath the qui - et
2. What they on sum - mer eve - nings From field and wood have

3. "Sleep now, O wea - ry chil - dren, Good - night, and slum - bers
4. "Sleep on, till o'er the val - ley The sun its light shall

moon, And sing the flowers be - neath them A sweet and slum - brous
caught, And what from dis - tant re - gions The winds to them have

deep! We and the night-winds o'er you Our con - stant watch will
pour, And with its warm car - ess - es Wake you to life once

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tune. They know such won - drous sto - ries, And songs so rich and
brought; And what a - mong their branch - es The hap - py wild bird

keep. "Sleep on! the stars move down - ward O - ver the mead - ows
more" The flow - ers droop with slum - ber; Sleep thou, my child, al -

rare, Which lov - ing - ly they whis - per The lit - tle flower beds there.
sings, And what from skies a - bove them Floats down on air - y wings.

near, And bring to you from heav - en The dew so sweet and clear.
so, And with them wake when ear - ly The morn-ing breez-es blow.

GERMAN, tr.

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No. 56. The Golden Ray of Morning.

Allegretto. Arr. from Winter.

1st Soprano.

The gold - en ray of morn - ing Smil - eth in the west, Now

2nd Soprano.

Alto.

The gold - en ray of morn - ing Smil - eth in the west, Now

Bass.

bud and flower a - dorn - ing Wake from dew - y rest, Wake from dew - y

bud and flower a - dorn - ing Wake from dew - y rest, Wake from dew - y

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rest, Wake from dew - y rest. The stream-let from the moun - tain

rest, Wake from dew - y rest. The stream-let from the moun - tain

Gay - ly flows a - long, While zeph - yr, bird and foun - tain Join the cho - ral

Gay - ly flows a - long, While zeph - yr, bird and foun - tain Join the cho - ral

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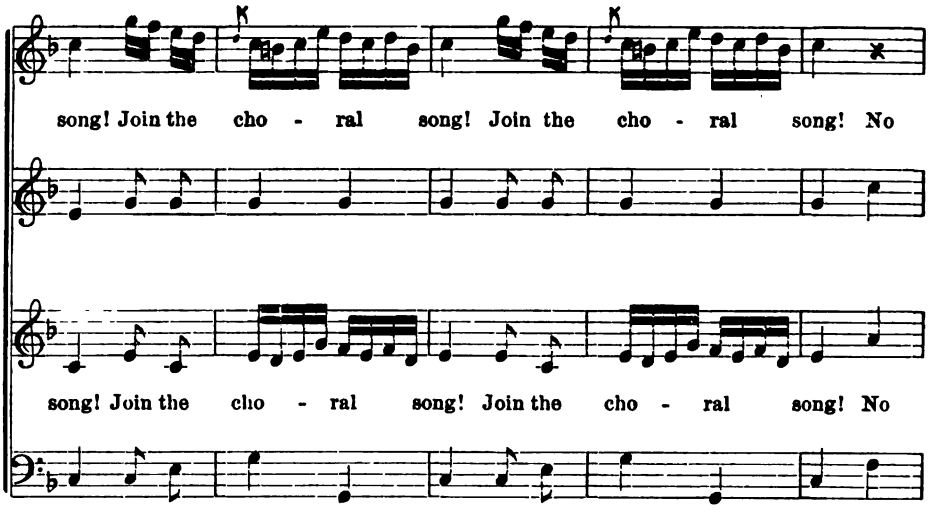

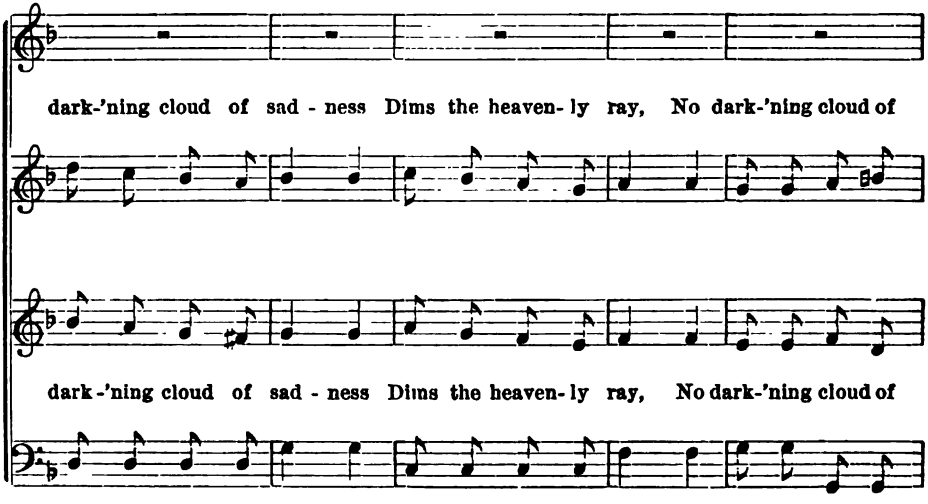

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sad - ness Dims the heaven - ly ray, But all is light and glad - ness

sad - ness Dims the heaven - ly ray, But all is light and glad - ness

On this hap- py day! On this hap - py day! On this hap - py day.

On this hap- py day! On this hap - py day! On this hap - py day.

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No. 57. GREETING.

Teneramente, non lento. MENDELSSOHN, arr.

1st SOPRANO.

p *cres.*

1. Wher - e'er my step may wan - der, Through woods and mead - ows

2nd SOPRANO.

ALTO.

p *cres.*

2. I from the gar - den gath - er Sweet flow - ers bright and

BASS.

cres.

fair, I gaze with deep e - mo - tion O'er hill and vale and

cres.

fine, And in - to gar - lands wind them, With pleas - ant thoughts I

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f *sf*

o - cean, Greet - ing thee ev - ery - where, ...
bind them, And greet - ings in - ter - twine, And

o - cean, . . Greet - ing thee ev - ery - where . . . . . .
bind them, And greet - ings in - ter - twine . . . . . .

Greet - ing thee ev - ery -
o - cean . . . And greet - ings in - ter -

f *fs*

o - cean, . . greet - ing thee, greet - ing thee ev - ery -
bind them, And greet - ings in - ter - twine, greet - ings in - ter -

sf *dim.*

Greet - ing thee ev - ery - where, greet - ing thee ev - ery-where.
greet - ings in - ter - twine, thous - and greet-ings in - ter-twine.

ev - ery - where, greet - ing thee ev - ery where.
in - ter - twine, thous - and greet-ings in - ter -twine.

where, ev - ery - where, greet - ing thee ev - ery where.
twine, in - ter - twine, thous - and greet-ings in - ter - twine.

dim.

where, ev - ery - where, greet - ing ev - ery - where.
twine, thous - and greet - ings in - ter - twine.

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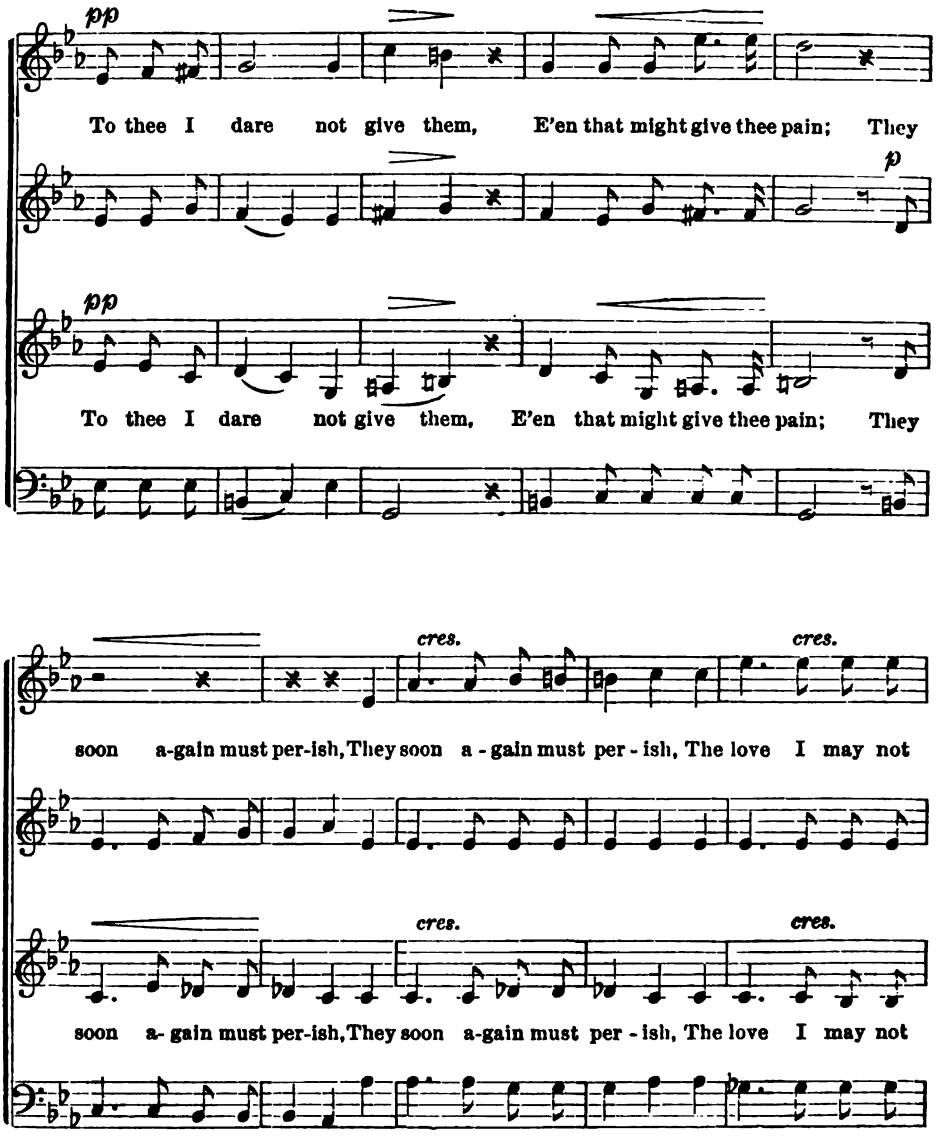

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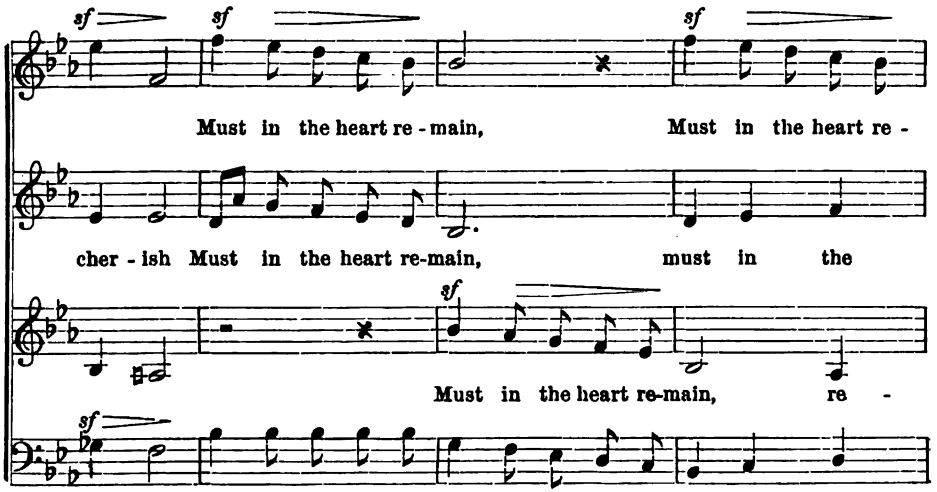

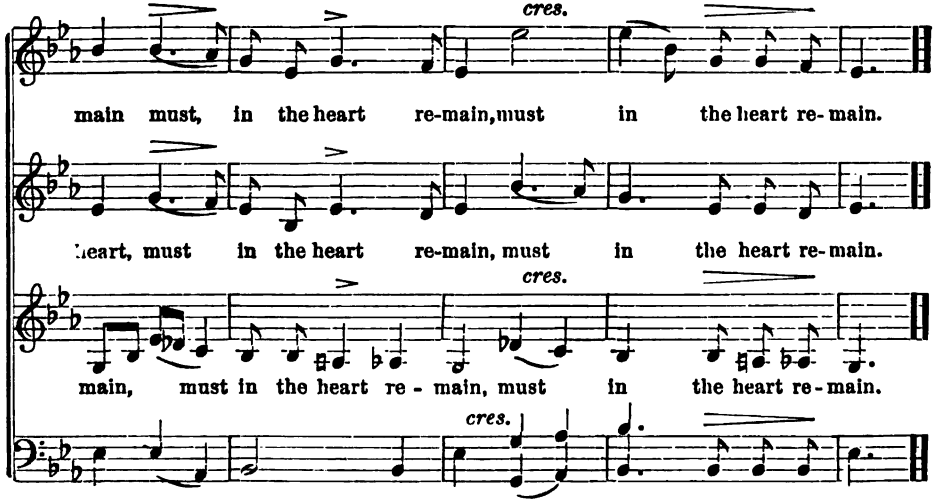

von EICHENDORFF.

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No. 58. O WILD BIRD!

J. R. WEBER.

1. "O wild bird, tell me, tell me fair, Whith-er thou speed-est through the air? O wild bird, tell me, tell me fair, Whith-

2. "Yet tell me, bird-ling, ere you go, What pleas-ing hope al-lures you so? "Yet tell me bird-ling, ere you go, What

3. "That far-off land thou ne'er didst see, And dost thou seek it trust-ing-ly?" "That far-off land thou ne'er didst see, And

4. Then flies the fear-less bird a-way O'er land and sea with-out de-lay; Then flies the fear-less bird a-way O'er

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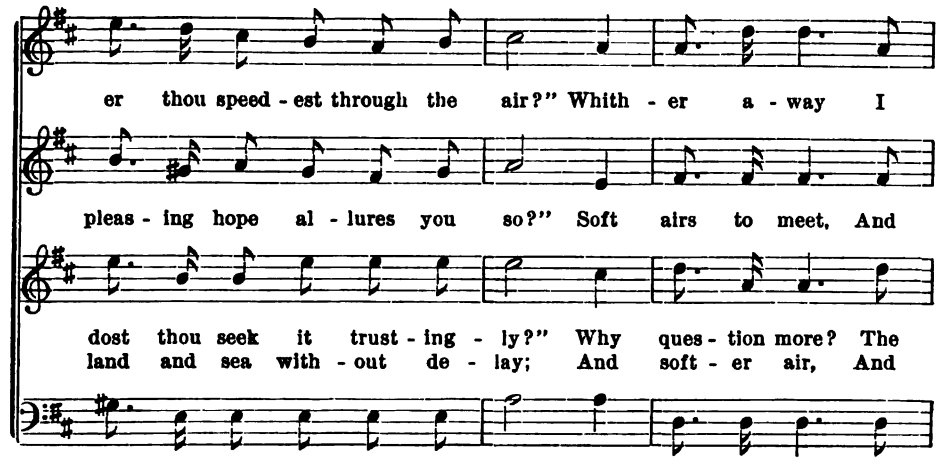

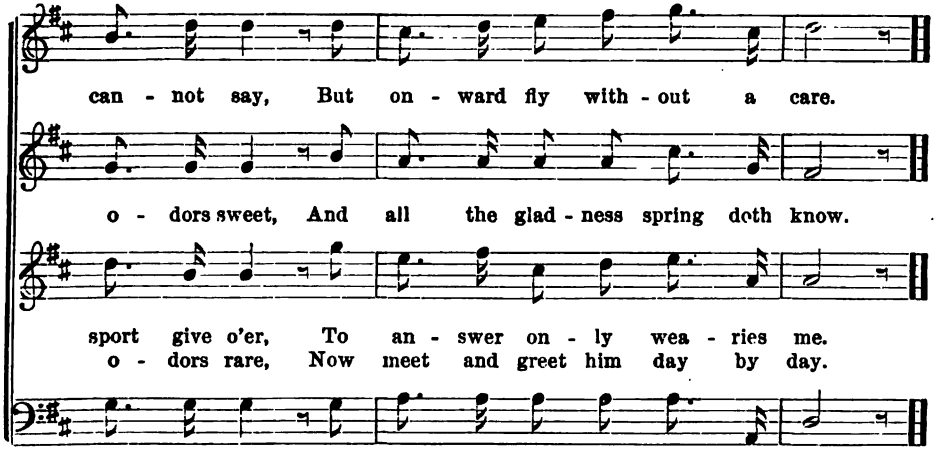

GERMAN, TR.

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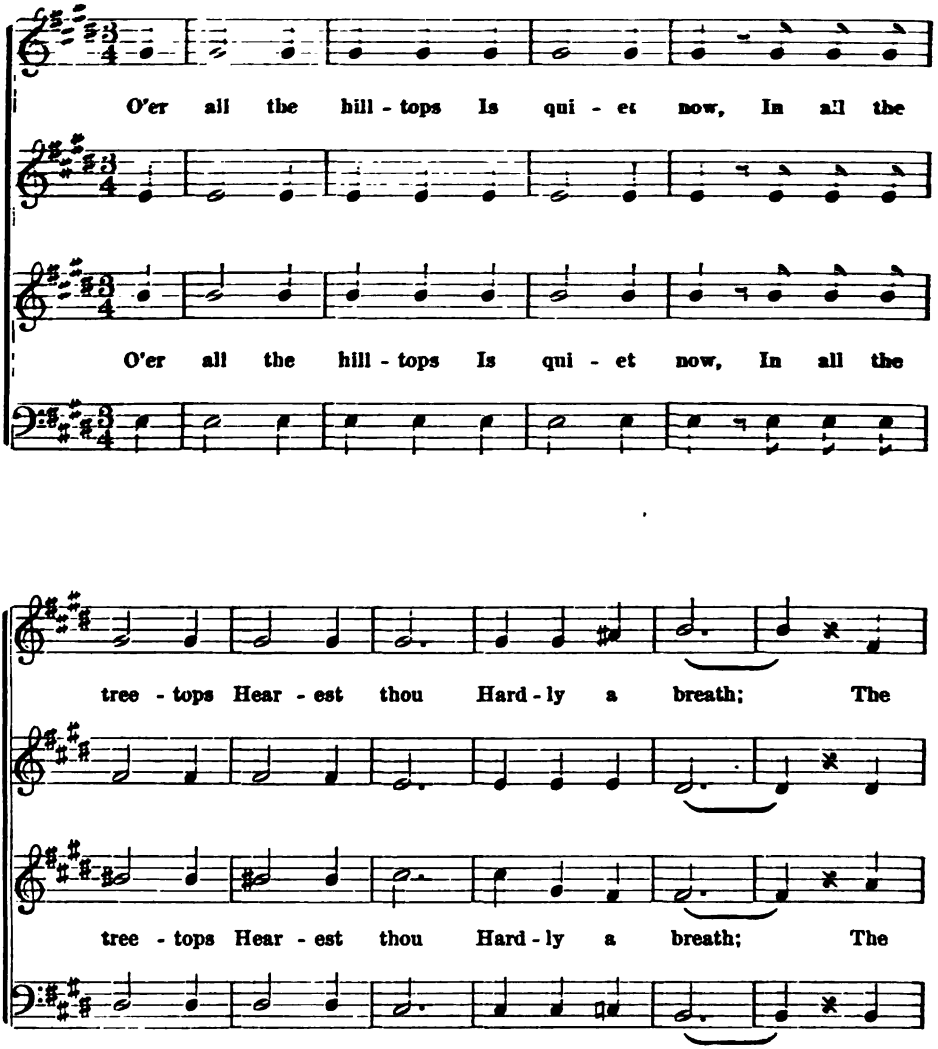
No. 59. Wanderer's Night Song.

Held.



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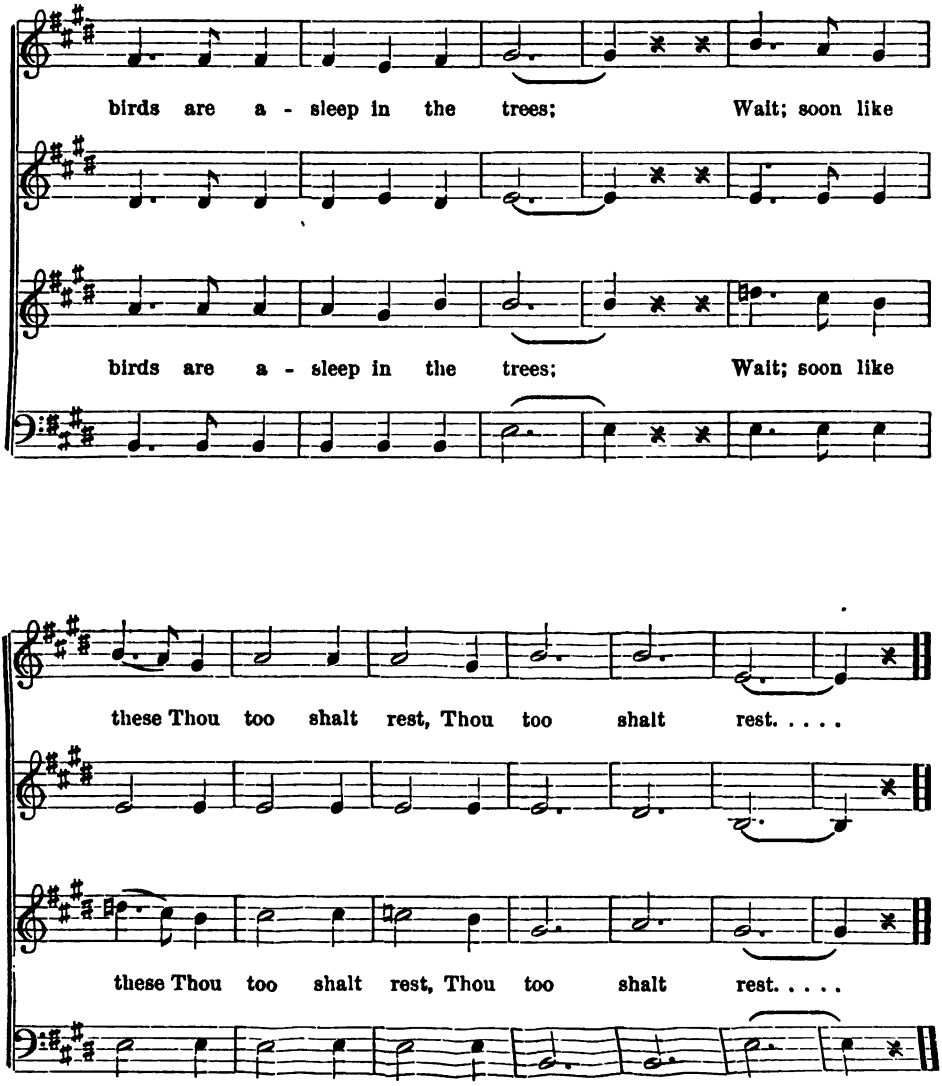

GOETHE.

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No. 60. The First Gift of Spring.

Henry Smart, arr.

Allegretto.

Soprano.

p

More gay than autumn's tint - ing, And sweet-er flow - ers far, Than

Soprano.

Alto.

p

All a - ges hail the pleas-ures The mer - ry maid doth bring, And

Bass.

poco cres. *mf* *p*

most of summer's paint-ing That deck her gor-geous car, Are Vio- lets and Prim-

poco cres. *mf* *p*

rev - el in the treas-ures That fill the lap of Spring! And for these bounties

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cres.

ro - ses That shrink from mortal gaze; Yet whose sweet breath dis-clos - es Their

cres.

ev - er Our ceaseless thanks should raise, And give the one great Giv - er, The

f

worth and our just praise! Yet whose sweet breath dis-clos - es Their worth and our just

f

God of Spring the praise, And give the one great Giv - er, The God of Spring the

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1st time p 2nd time go to sign.

f

praise! Not praise And jew - els glanc-ing lus - tre Such peaceful joys at - test As

p *f*

praise! Not praise And jew - els glanc-ing lus - tre Such peaceful joys at - test As

cres. poco rit.

spring's first mod-est clus - ter On maid-en's guileless breast, As spring's first mod-est

cres. poco rit.

spring's first mod-est clus - ter On maid-en's guileless breast, As spring's first mod-est

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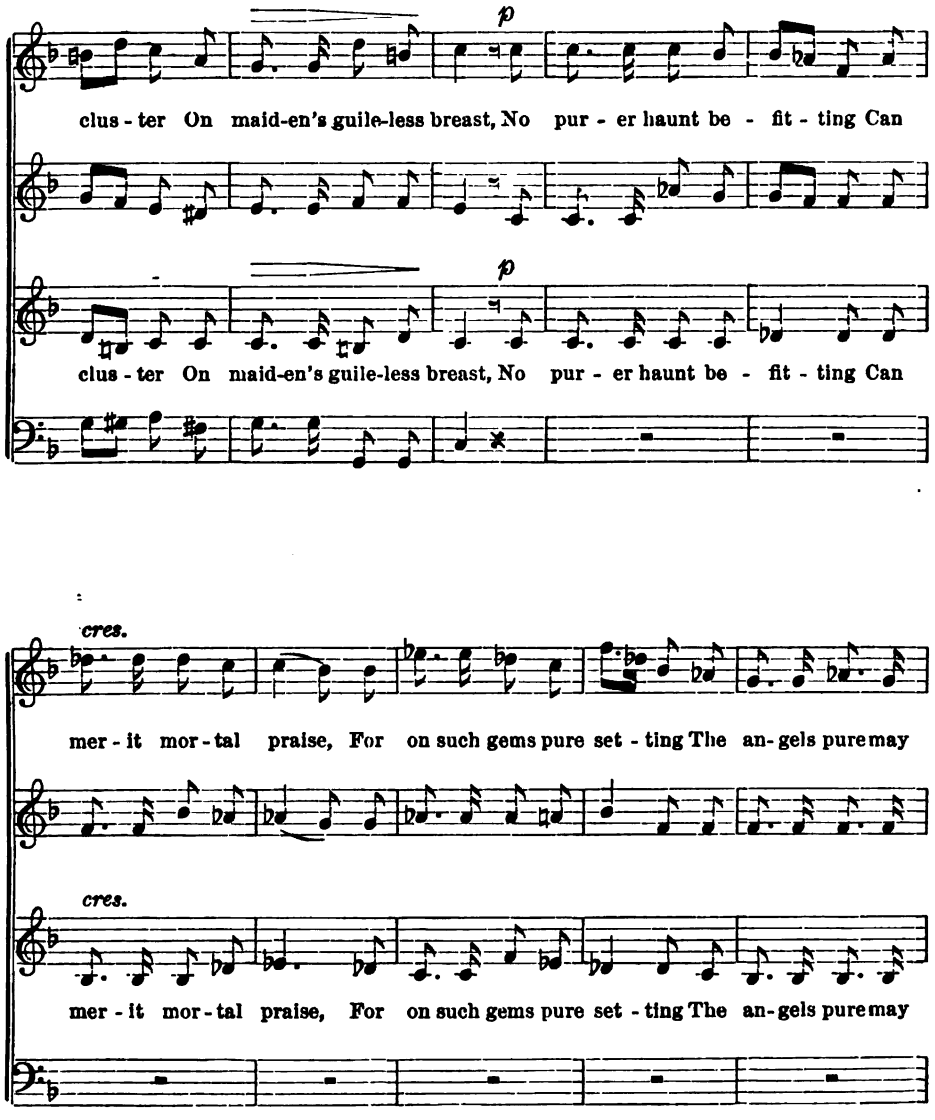

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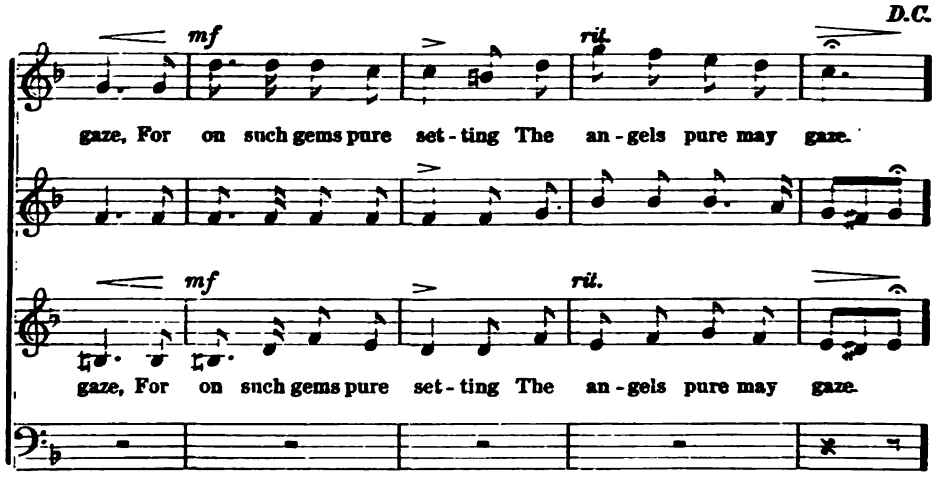

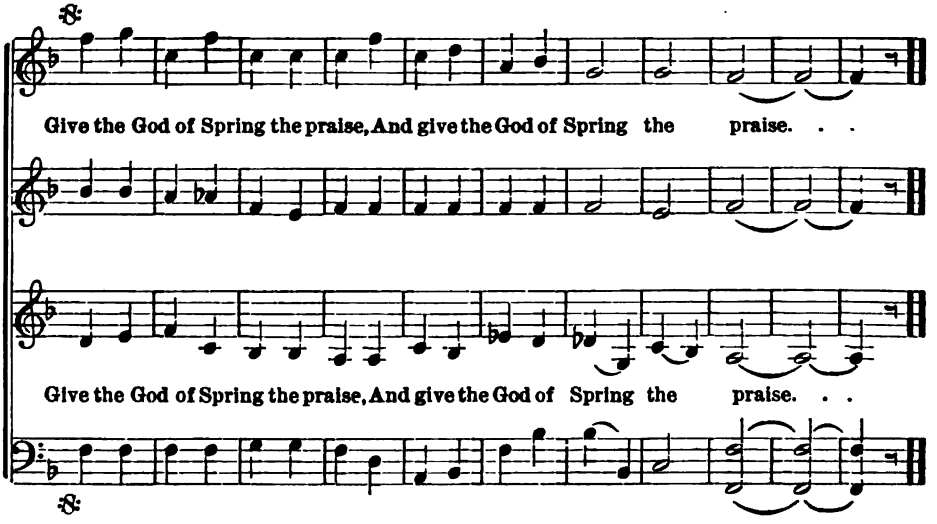

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No. 61. Rose Leaves.

C. Pinsuti, arr.

Allegretto moderato. leggiero.

p *p*

Gath - er - ing fad - ed ro - ses On a sum-mer's day, Fit no more for

p *p*

Nay, the love - ly ro - ses, They have done their best, Sum-mer's brightest

p *sf*

po - sies Fit but to cast a-way. Ro - ses, gal-lant ro - ses,

p *sf*

glo - ry Glow - ed with - in their breast. Ten - der - ly we'll pluck them,

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f *f* *dim.* *p*

Ye shall bloom no more; Glow-ing, crim-son ro - ses Your do-main is

f *f* *dim.* *p*

Ten-der-ly will store Their fragrance for the drear-y days When ro-ses are no

p *p* *cres.*

For a day you blos-som'd,
And these an - cient vas - es

o'er. For a day you blos-som'd, Blos-som'd in the
more, And these an - cient vas - es Shall be - come their

p

o'er. For a day you blos-som'd,
more. And these an - cient vas - es

p

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cres. *f* *dim.*

Blos - som'd in the sun; Fad - ed. now and droop-ing Your
Shall be - come their tomb; Stor - ing sum-mer sun - shine

sun; Fad - ed now and droop-ing, droop - ing, Your
tomb; Stor-ing sum- mer sun-shine, sun - shine,

cres. *f* *dim.*

Blos-som'd in the sun; Fad - ed now and droop-ing Your
Shall be-come their tomb; Stor - ing sum-mer sun - shine

cres. *f* *dim.*

ral - len - tan - do. *p* *p*

brief day is done!
With their faint per-fume,

brief day is done! Your brief day is done! Nev - er a word to

ral - len - tan - do.

brief day is done!
With their faint per- fume, Their faint per - fume. Gath - er - ing fad - ed

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p *cres. molto.* *f*

praise you, Nev - er a hand to save, All un-wept, un-cher - ish'd

p *cres. molto.* *f*

ros - es On a sum-mer's day. Fit no more for po - sies, But

p *p*

Fall in - to your grave, Fall in - to your grave.
But *not* to cast a - way

Fall in - to your grave, in - to your grave — your grave.
cast a - way!

p

Fall in - to your grave.
not to cast a - way! but *not* to cast, to cast a - way

p

in - to your
to cast a -

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1 *pp lentamente.* *ppp* 2 *pp semper rall. sino al fine.*

Fall in - to your grave. But *not* to cast a -

pp lentamente. *ppp* *pp semper rall. sino al fine.*

Fall in - to your grave. But *not* to cast a -

grave,

way.

morendo. *pp* *ppp*

a - way! a - way!

way, but *not* to cast a-way, but *not* to cast a - way!

morendo. *pp* *ppp*

a - way! a - way!

JETTY VOGEL.

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No. 62. CANS'T TELL ME?

JOSEF RHEINBERGER.

p Un piu moto.

1. Cans't tell me, Will - ful, what be - falls When love with - in doth
2. Thou smil - est oft - en to thy - self, Then sigh - est wea - ri -
3. Yet, dear - est heart, thou tim - id bird, Love on in se - cret

1. Cans't tell me, Will - ful, what be - falls When love with - in doth
2. Thou smil - est oft - en to thy - self, Then sigh - est wea - ri -
3. Yet, dear - est heart, thou tim - id bird, Love on in se - cret

1. Cans't tell me, Will - ful, what be - falls
2. Thou smil - est oft - en to thy - self,
3. Yet, dear - est heart, thou tim - id bird,

flame? Sub - dued is then thy will - ful - ness, Thy
ly, And tear drops glis - ten in thine eyes, With -
still! No one in - deed would say a word, Would

will - ful - ness, Thy
in thine eyes, With -
say a word, Would

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pp *ppp*

will - ful - ness, Thou art no more, no more the same.

pp

in thine eyes, Dost think no one, no one can see?

pp *ppp*

say a word, Thy per - fect bliss, thy bliss to chill.

pp *ppp*

will - ful - ness, Thou art no more, no more the same.
in thine eyes, Dost think no one, no one can see?
say a word, Thy per - fect bliss, thy bliss to chill.

C. LEMCKE.

NO. 63. INTEGER VITAE.

P. FLEMMING.

Andante sostenuto.

1ST TENOR.

1. In - te - ger vi - tae sce - le - ris que pu - rus Non e - get
2. Si - ve per Syr - tes i - ter ae - stu - o - sas, Si - ve fac -

2ND TENOR.

3. Nam - que me sil - va lu - pus in Sa - bi - na, Dum me - am
4. Qua - le por - tem tum ne - que mi - li - ta - ris Dau - ni - as

1ST BASS.

5. Po - ne me pi - gris u - bi nul - la cam - pis Ar - bor aes -
6. Po - ne sub cur - ru ni - mi - um pro - pin - quo So - lis in

2ND BASS.

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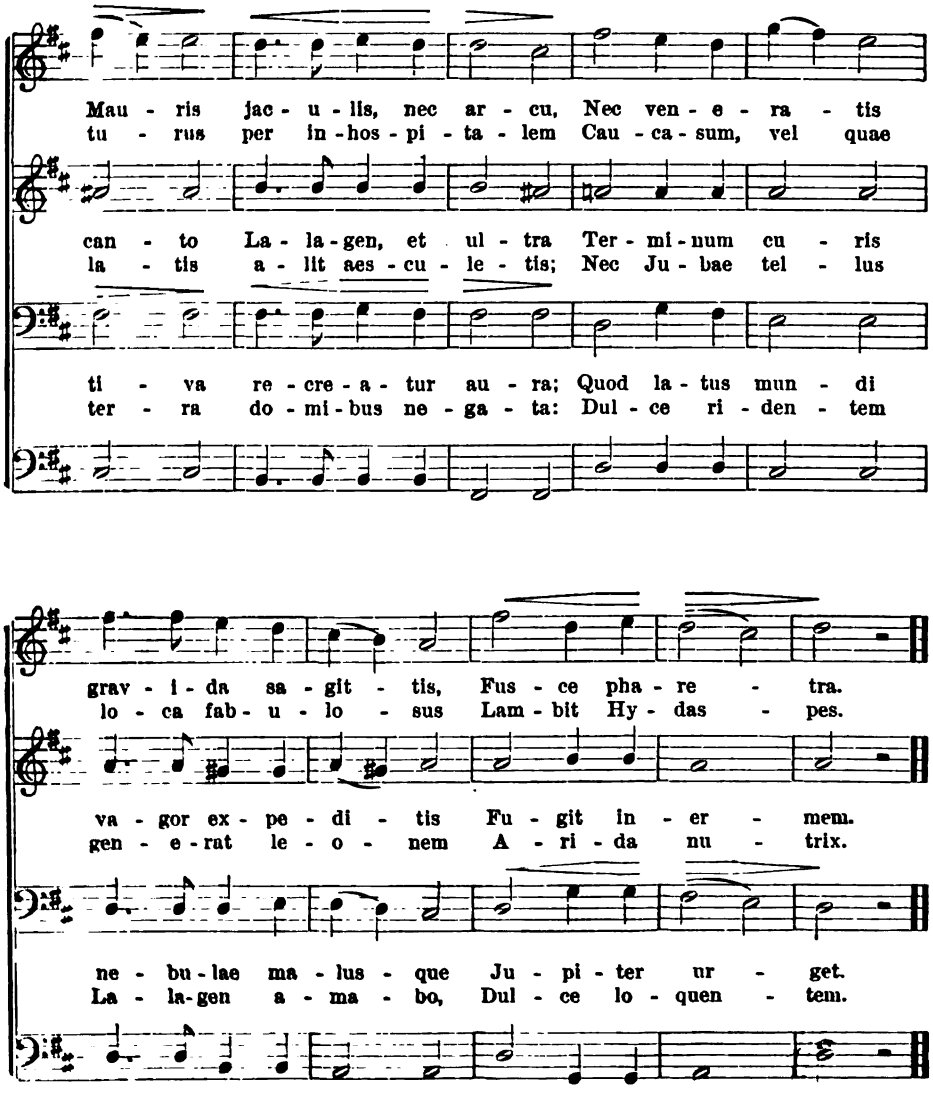

HORACE ODE I. 22.

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No. 64. Here in the Evening.

Paul Flemming.

Andante sostenuto.

1. Here in the eve - ning's sweet and peace - ful still - ness First can our

2. Con - cord and love u - nite us fast to - geth - er, As through all

3. Cheer- ful un - rest - ing, on - ward still con - tin - ue, Though now al -

life to hap - pi - ness be fash - ioned! Here where the soul to

chang - es life its way pur - su - eth; Up - ward look ev - er,

read - y from youth you have part- ed! See, in the dis - tance al -

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tune - ful con - cord yield - eth, Firm the will grow - eth.

strong in your en - dea - vor, Dan - ger a - void - ing.

lur - ing a - waits us, Sure rest for - ev - er.

CHR. SCHULTZ. 1827.

NO. 65. GOD IS MY SONG.

ARR. from BEETHOVEN.

f *mf* *cres.* *f*

1. God is my song! He is a God of pow - er,

2. His robe is light! And what is best He know - eth;
3. What is and was On land and sea and o'er us,

f *mf* *cres.* *f*

4. He sees my need, And hears each bit - ter wail - ing!
5. Is God so near? Is He my sa - vior ev - en?

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Energico.

f *mf*

Great are his deeds, his name a might - y tow - er, And all the

He rules as God, and his dom - in - ion show - eth 'Tis built on
He un - der-stands, and all his works be - fore us But wit - ness

f *mf*

He knows what good I do, each fre - quent fail - ing, And hastes with
Then ask I noth - ing more of earth or Heav - en, Nor e - ven

f *f* *ff*

worlds to Him be - long — And all the worlds to Him be - long.

truth and strict - est right — 'Tis built on truth and strict - est right.
to his per - fect laws. — But wit - ness to his per - fect laws.

f *f* *ff*

love to in - ter - cede. — And hastes with love to in - ter - cede.
hell it - self will fear. — Nor e - ven hell it - self will fear.

C. F. GELLERT.

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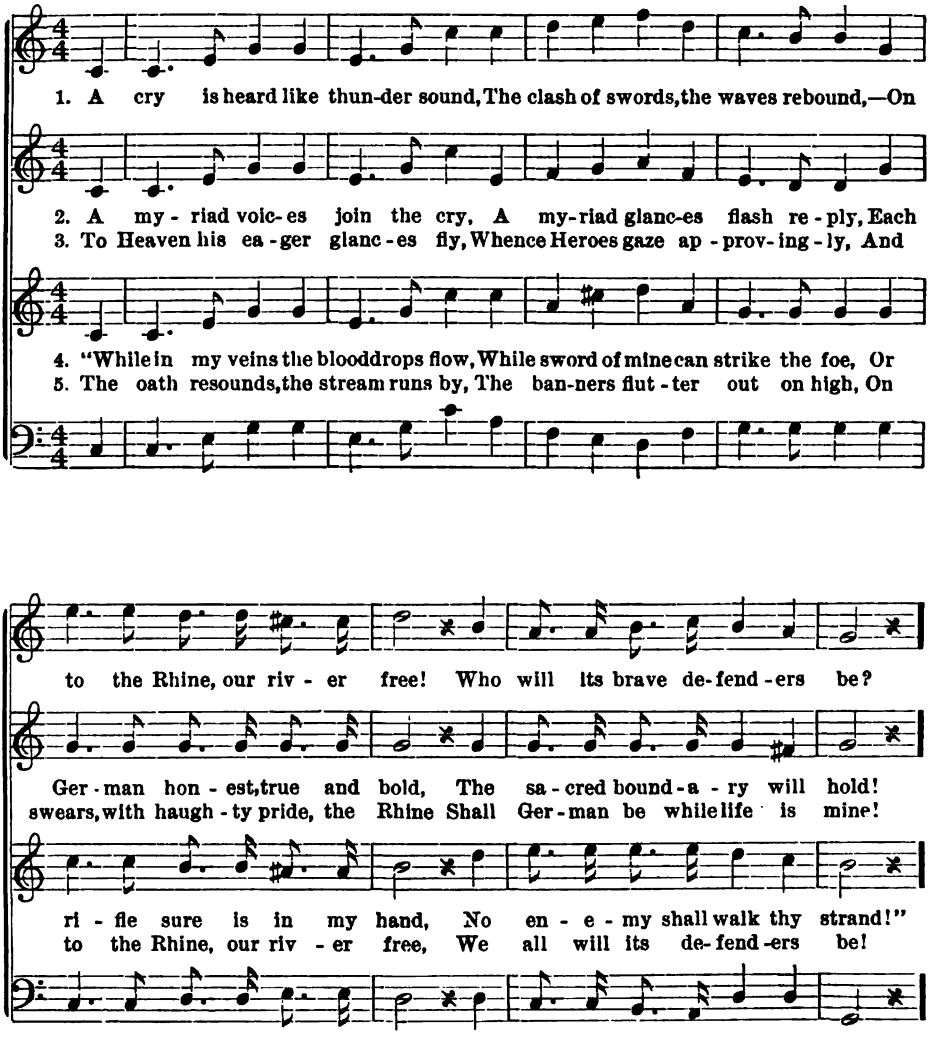
No. 66. The Watch by the Rhine.

Carl Wilhelm, 1854.



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1—5. Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine! Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine! Fast stands and

1—5. Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine! Dear Fa - ther-land, may peace be thine! Fast stands and

sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine. Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine.

sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine. Fast stands and sure, the watch, the watch by the Rhine.

MAX SCHENKENBERGER, 1839.

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No. 67. March of the Men of Harlech.

Har. by Barnby.

1. Men of Har - lech! in the hol - low, Do ye hear, like

'Tis the tramp of Sax - on foe - men, Sax - on spear - men,

2. Rock - y steeps and pass - es nar - row Flash with spear and

Hurl the reel - ing horse - man o - ver! Let the earth dead

1. rush-ing bil - low, Wave on wave that surging fol-low, Bat - tles dis- tant sound?

Sax - on bowmen,—Be they knights or hinds or yeo-men, They shall bite the ground!

2. flight of arrow, Who would think of death or sor-row? Death is glo - ry now!

foe - men cov - er! Fate of friend, of wife, of lov - er Trem - bles on a blow!

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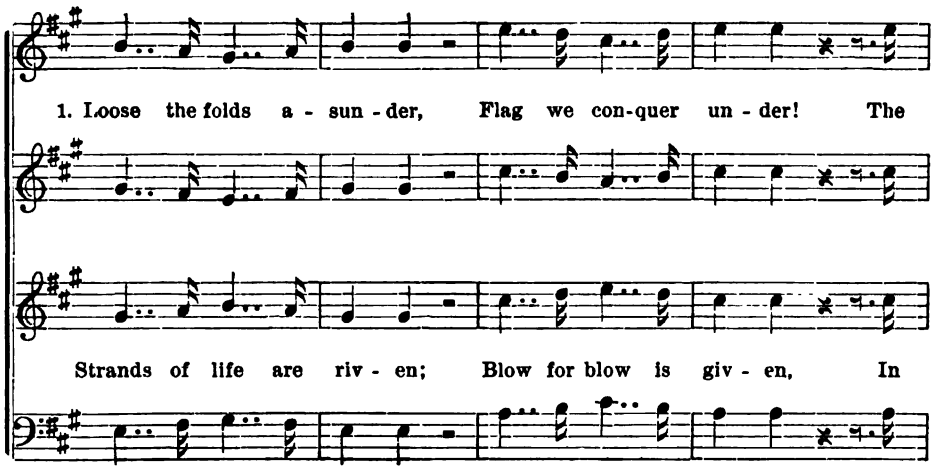

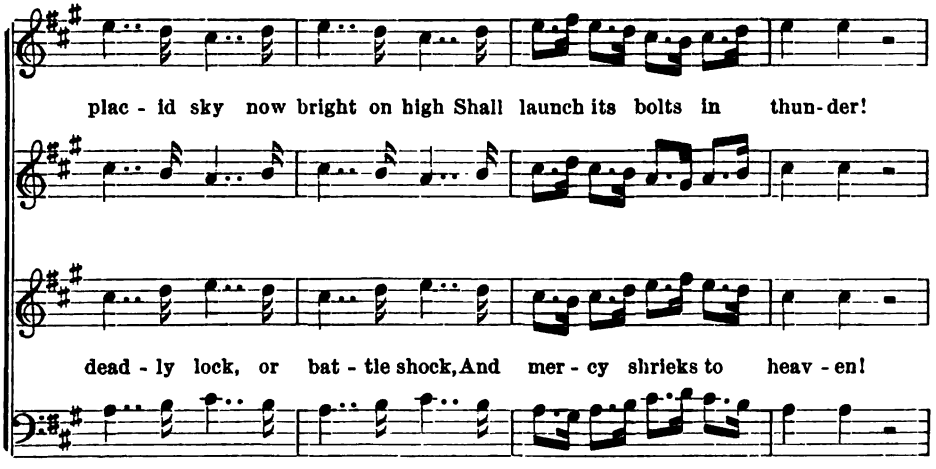

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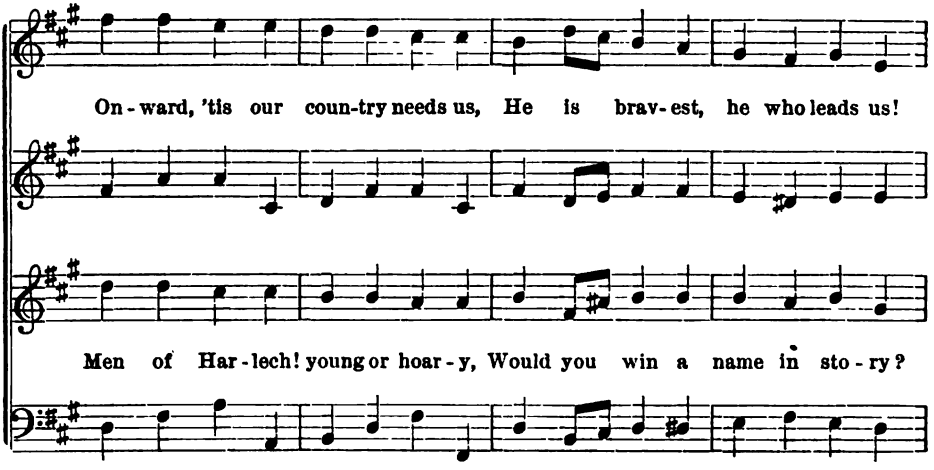

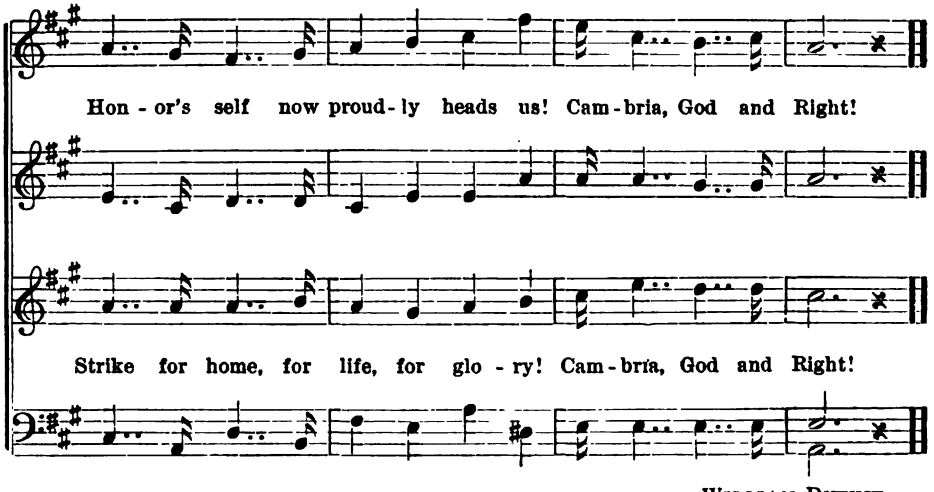

WILLIAM DUTHIE.

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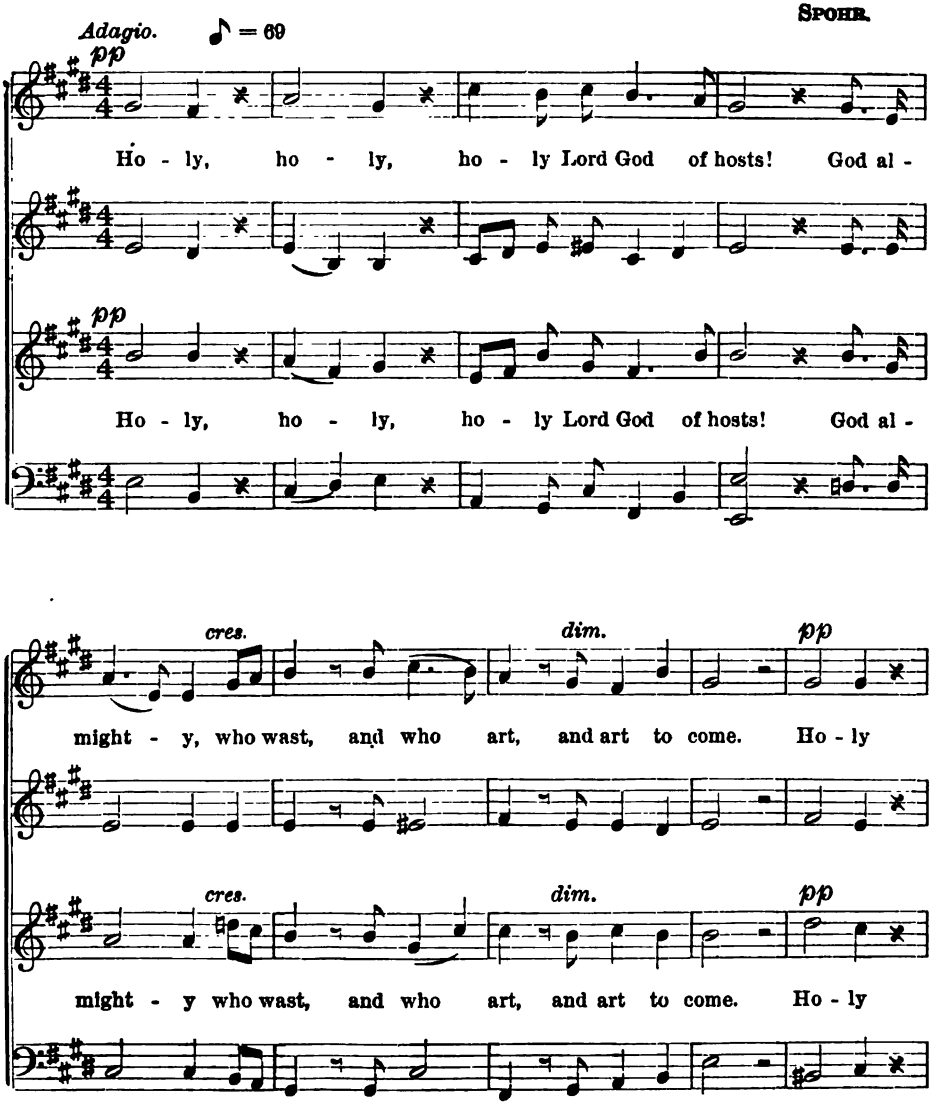
No. 68. Holy, Holy.

Spohr.



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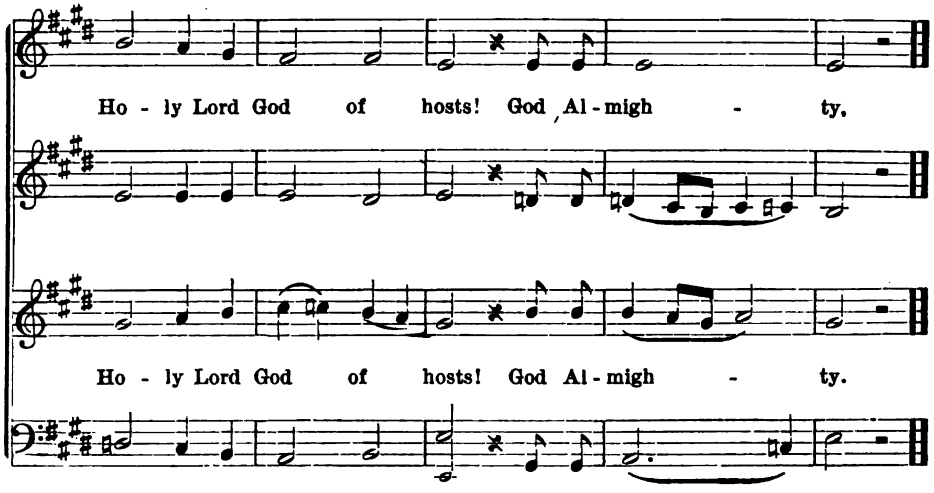
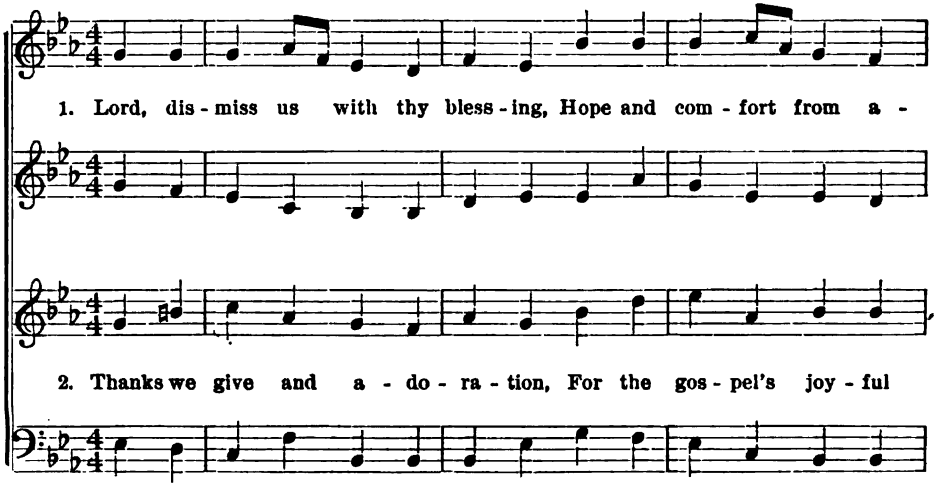


NO. 69. LORD, DISMISS US.

GOUNOD.



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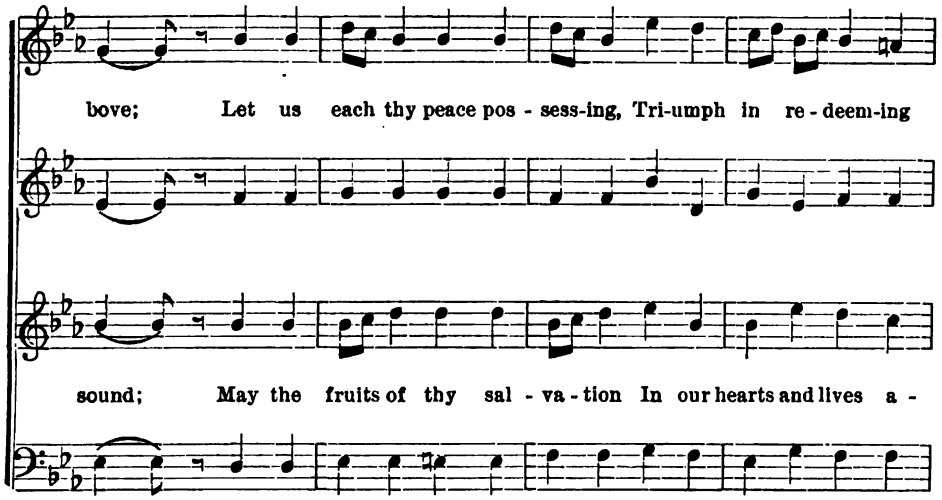

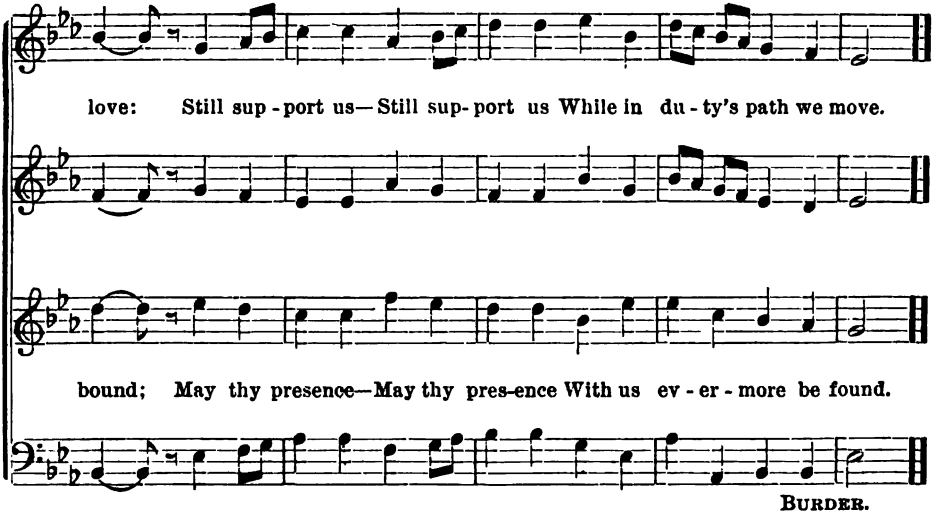

BURDER.

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No. 70. Now thank we all our God.

Ringhardt.
Arr. by Bach.

1. Now thank we all our God, With heart and hands and voic - - - es;
Who won-drous things hath done, In whom His world re - joic - - - es;

2. Oh, may this boun-teous God Through all our life be near . . us;
With ev - er joy - ful hearts And bless - ed peace to cheer . . us;

3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa - ther, now be giv - - - en,
The Son and Him who reigns With them in high - est heav - - - en,

Who from our moth - er's
And keep us in His
The one e - ter - nal

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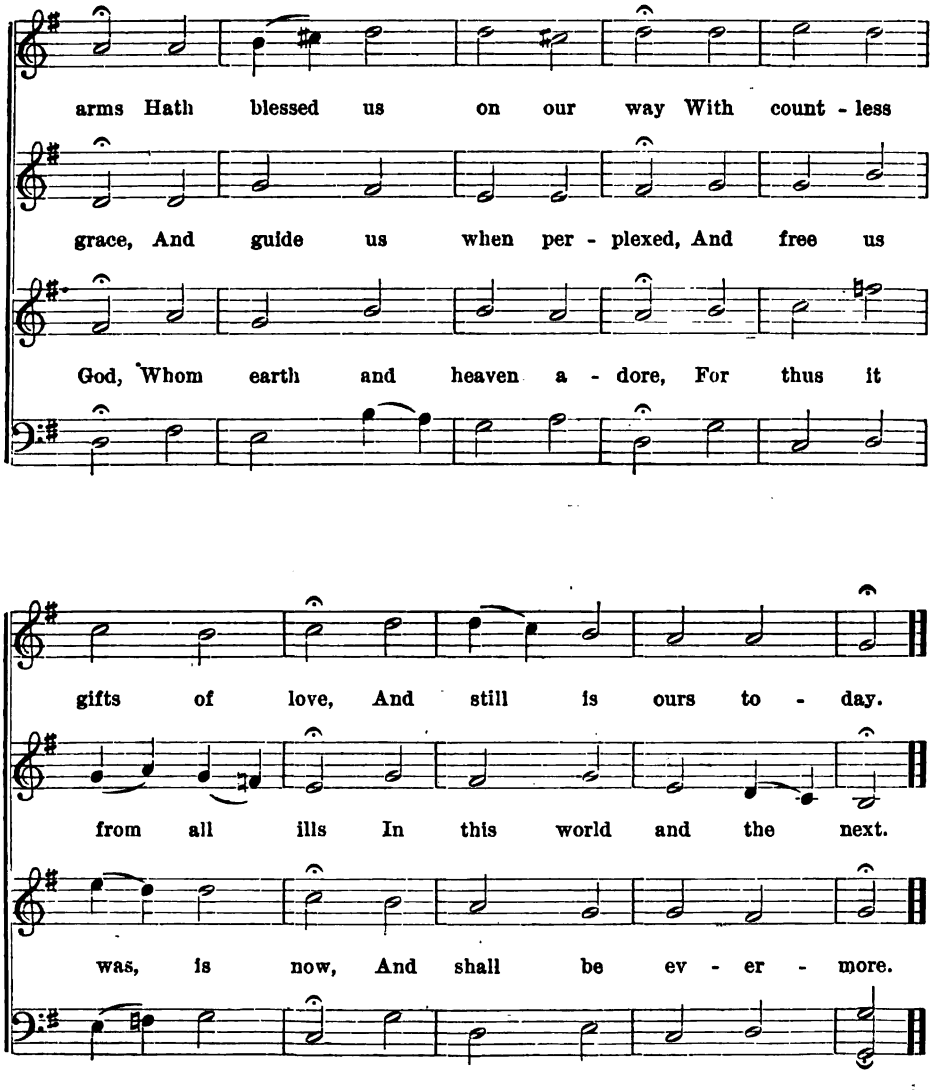

MARTIN RINCKART, 1636.
Tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

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No. 71. Cast thy Burden.

Piu adagio. MENDELSSOHN.

pp

Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord; and He shall sus -

pp

Cast thy bur - den up - on the Lord; and He shall sus -

cres. *p*

tain thee; He nev - er will suf - fer the right-eous to fall; He is at thy

C minor I V I

cres. *p*

tain thee; He nev - er will suf - fer the right-eous to fall; He is at thy

Digitized by Google

cres.

right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the

cres.

right hand. Thy mer - cy, Lord, is great, and far a - bove the

dim. *p*

heavens. Let none be made a - sham - ed, that wait up - on Thee.

dim. *p*

heavens. Let none be made a - sham - ed, that wait up - on Thee.

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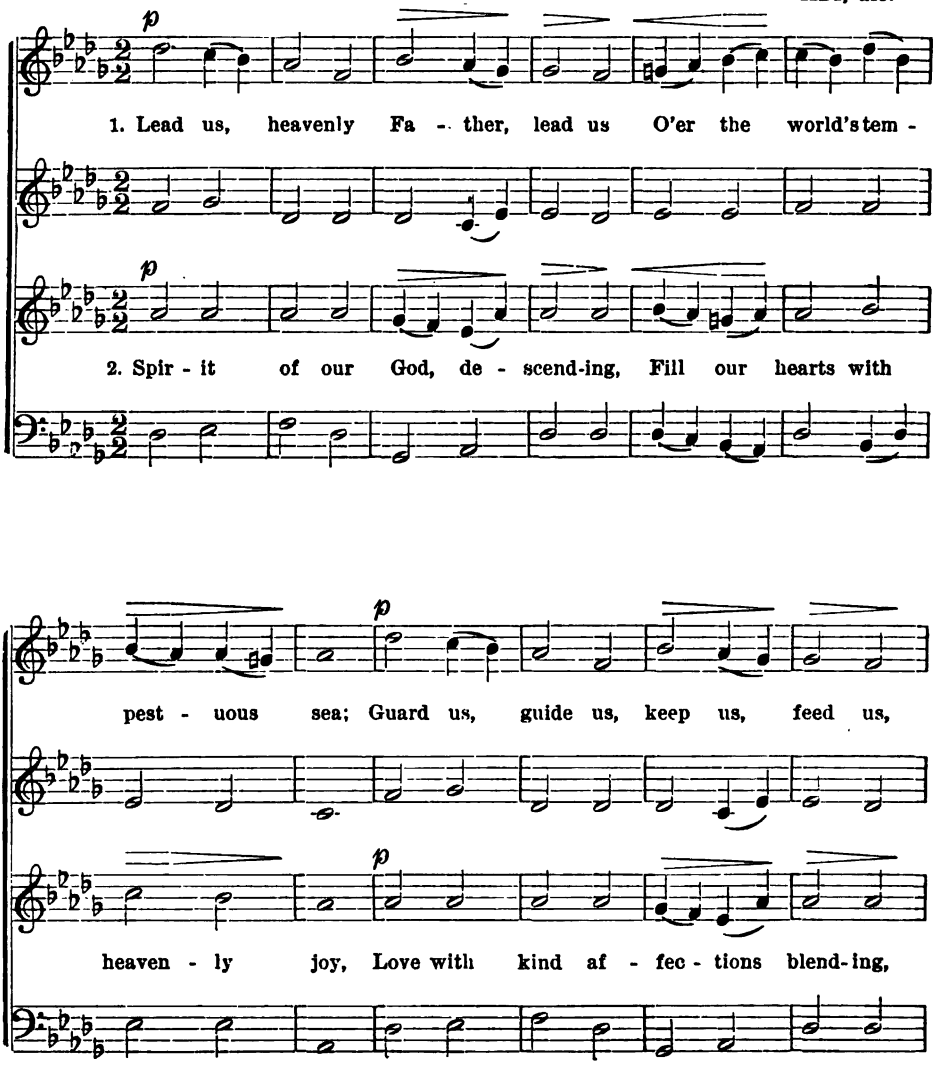
No. 72. Lead us, heavenly Father.

Abt, arr.



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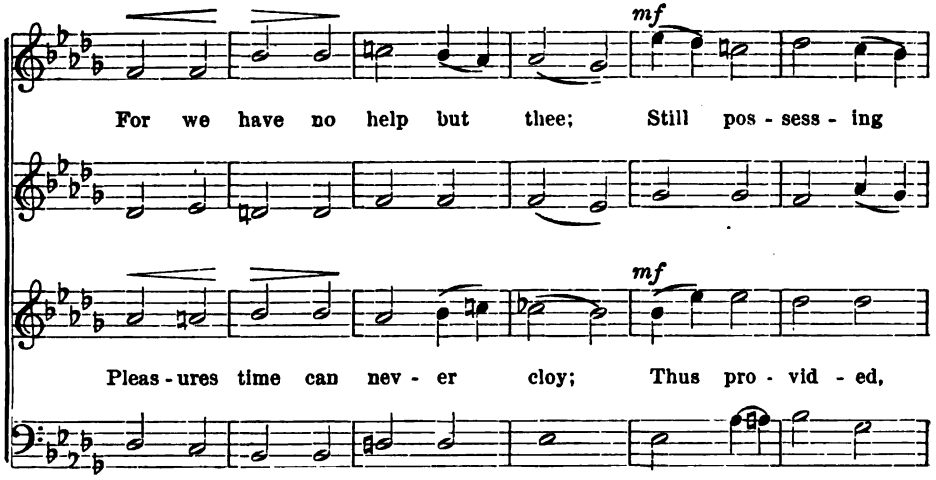

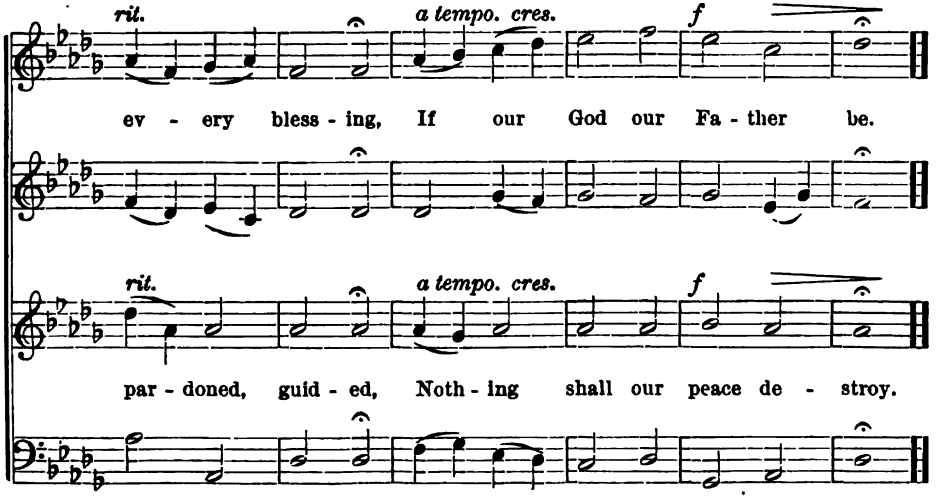

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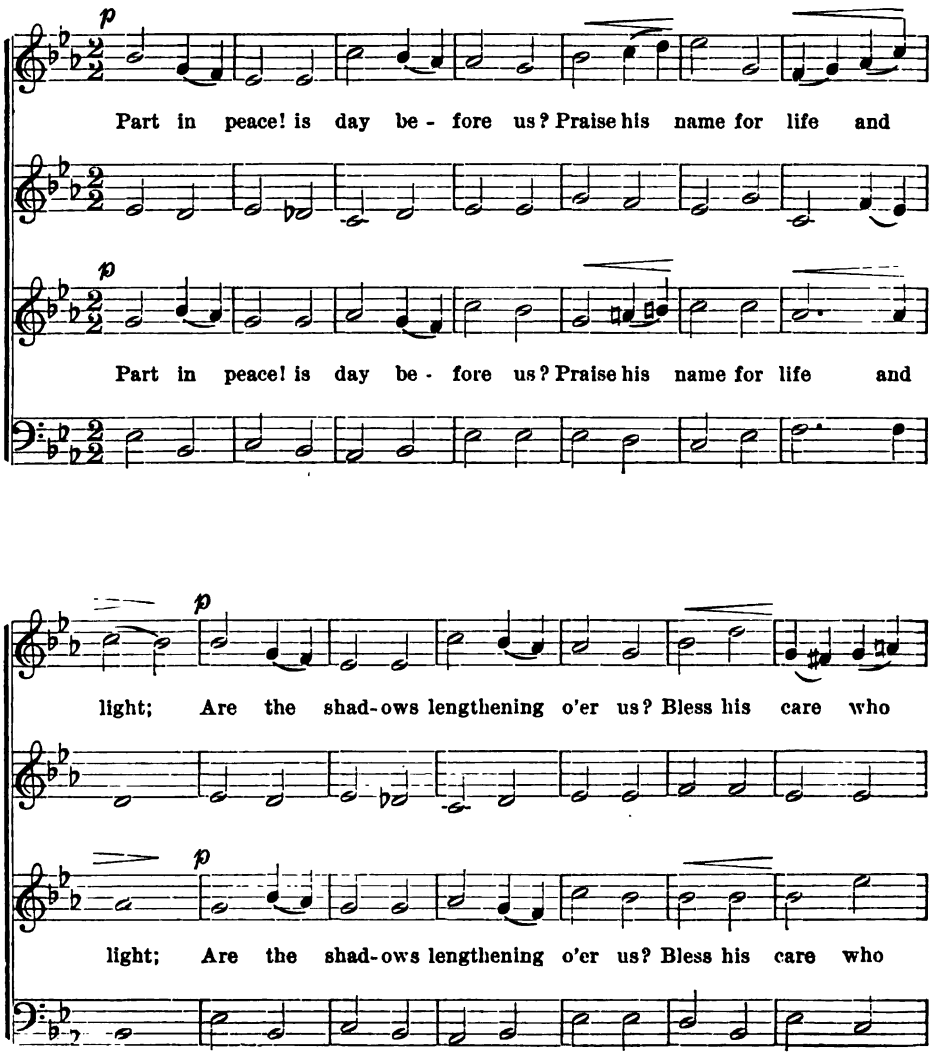
No. 73. Part in Peace!

Gounod.



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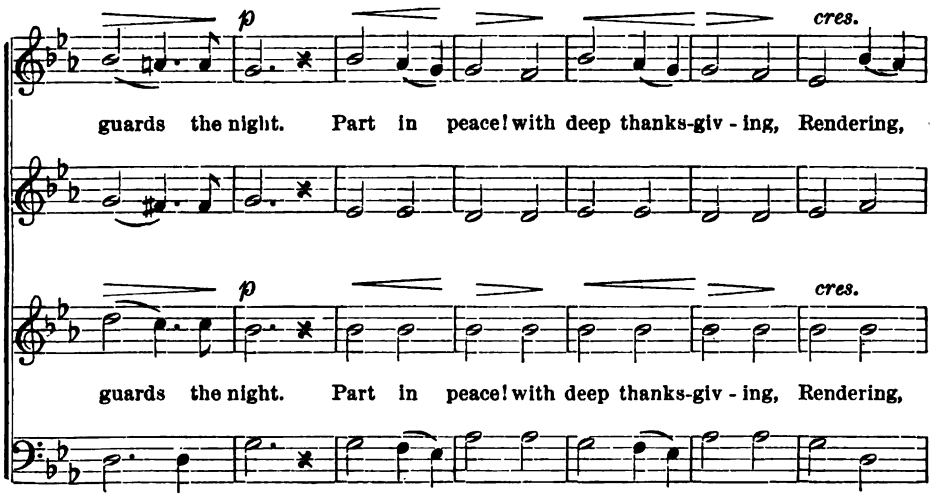

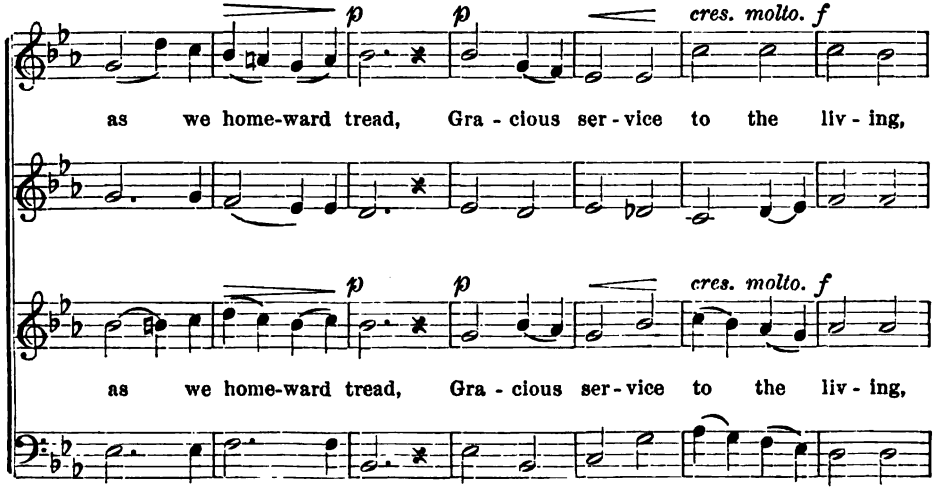

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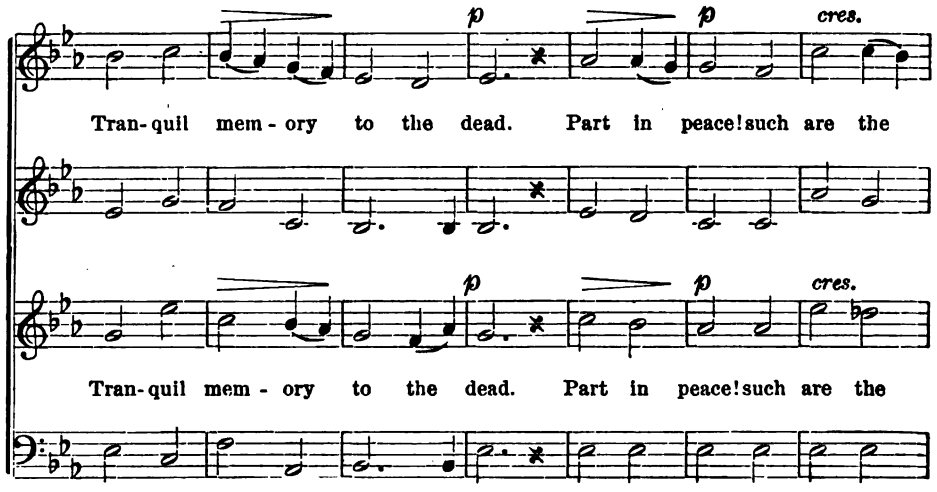

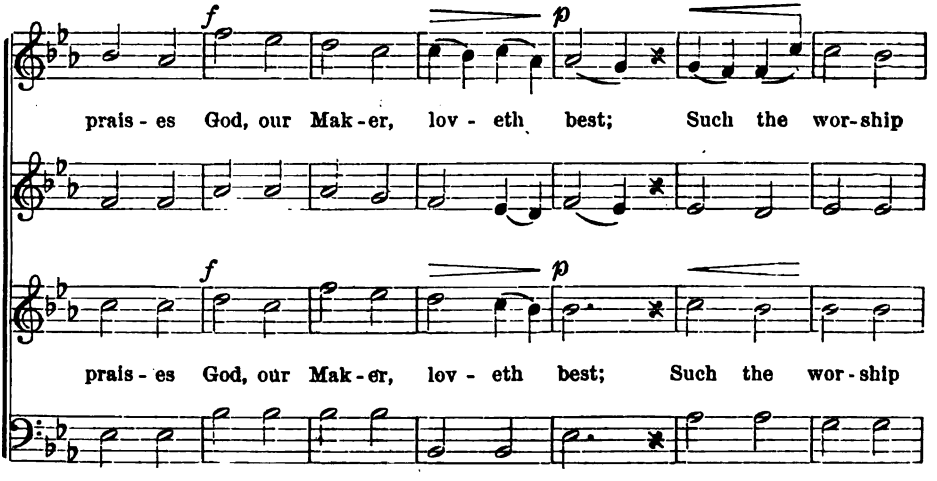

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cres. ff dim. p p

that up - rais - es Hu - man hearts to heavenly rest. A -

cres. ff dim. p p

that up - rais - es Hu - man hearts to heavenly rest. A -

A - men!

p p pp

men! A - men! A - men! A - men!

p p pp

men! A - men! A - men! A - men!

pp

A - men! A - men!

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No. 74. Jerusalem the Golden.

Ewing.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest; Be -

2. They stand; those hills of Zi - on, Con - ju - bi - lant with song, And

3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care re - leased, The

neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - pressed. I

bright with man-y an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The

song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast; And

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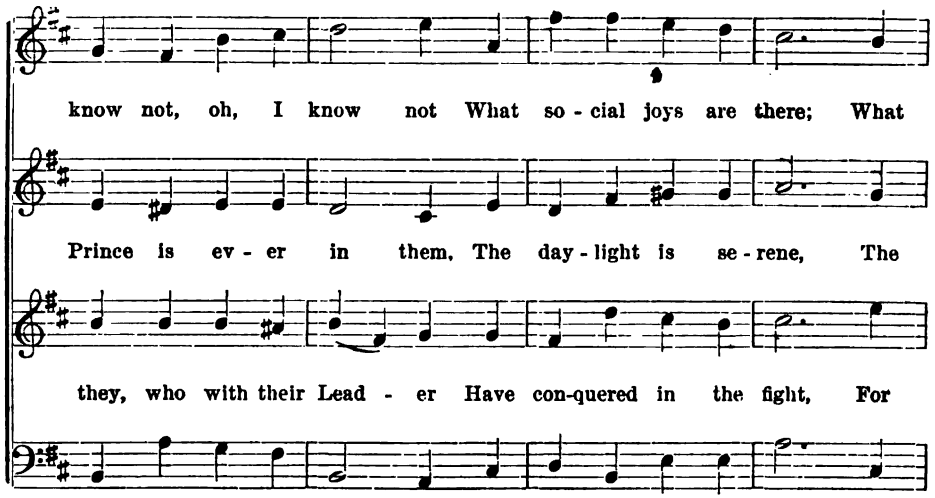

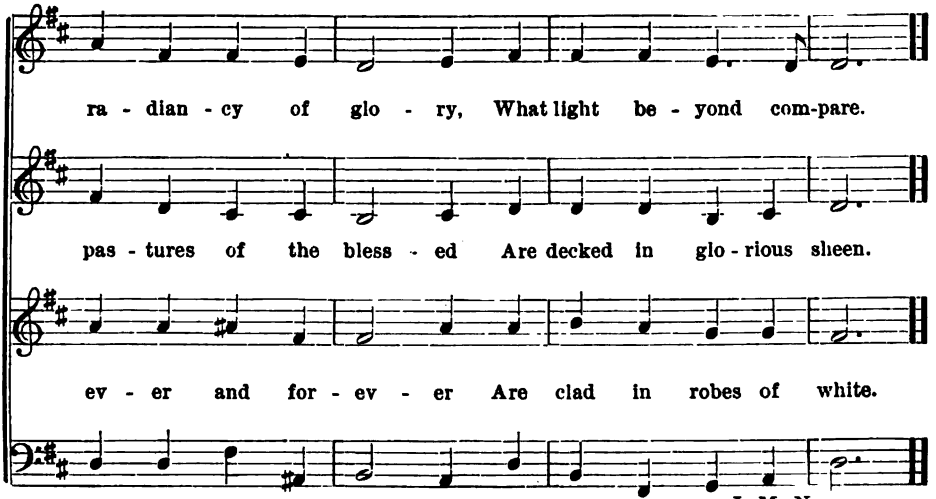

J. M. NEALE.

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No. 75. Lo! the Day of Rest declineth.

Laur, arr.

Moderato.

1. Lo! the day of rest de - clin - eth, Gath - er

2. While thine ear of love ad - dress - ing, Thus our

fast the shades of night; May the Sun that

part - ing hymn we sing; Fa - ther, give thine

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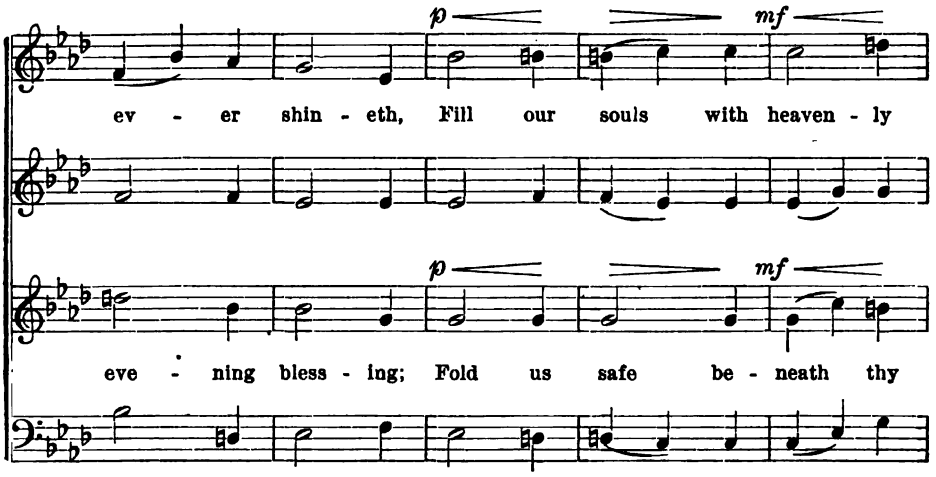

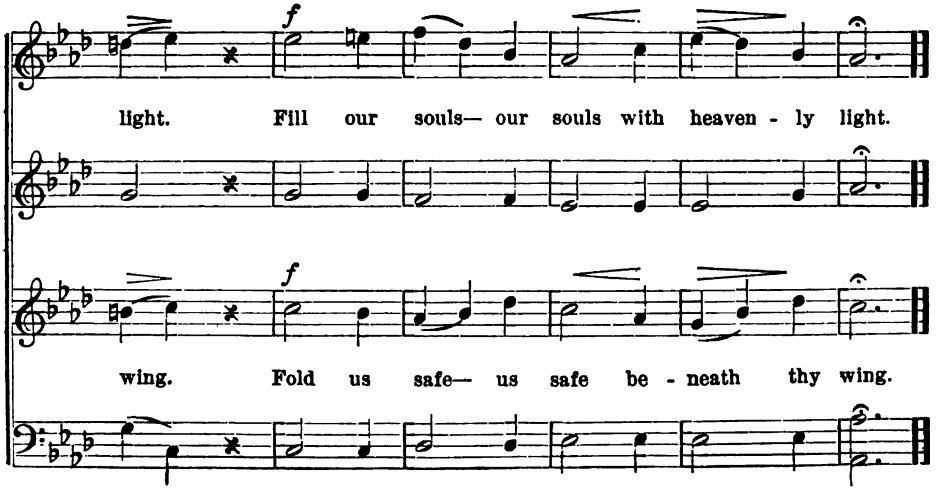

C. ROBBINS.

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No. 76. THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

1. The bird let loose in east - ern skies, When has-t'ning fond - ly home,

2. So grant me, God, from ev - ery care And stain of pas-sion free,

Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies Where i - dle war-blers roam.

A - loft through vir - tue's pur - er air To hold my course to Thee.

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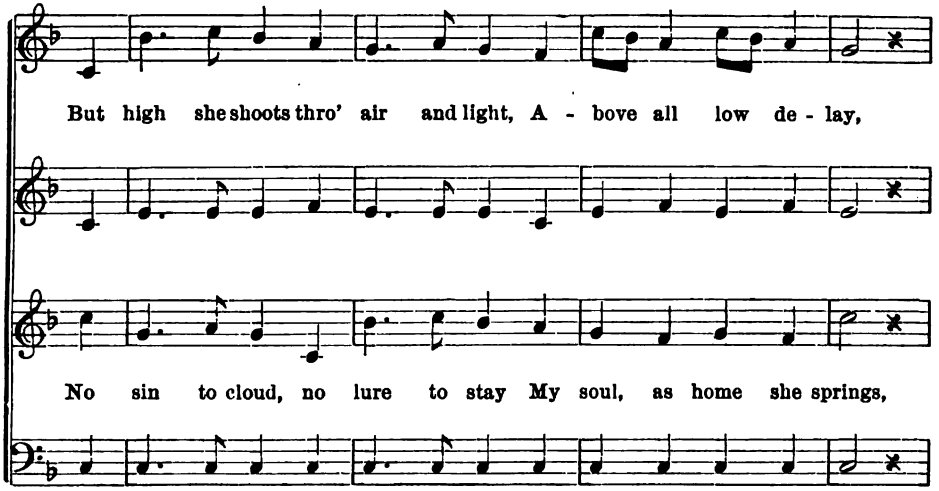

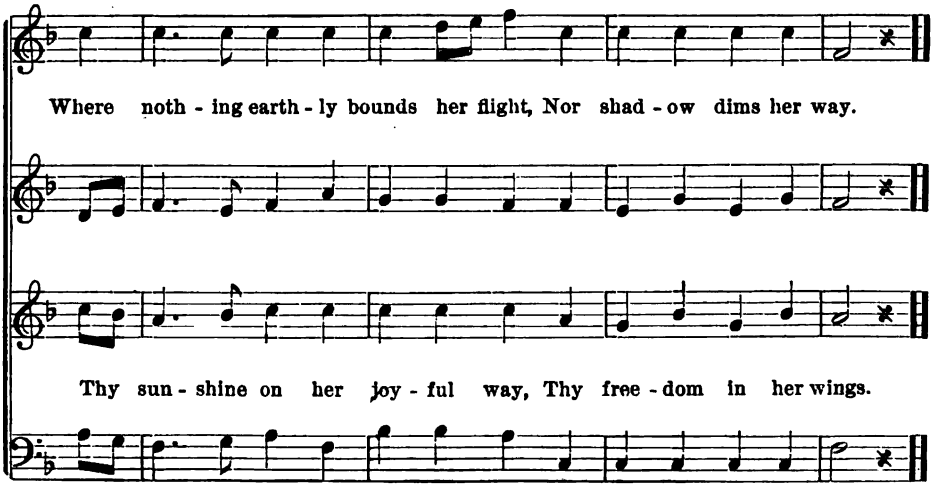

THOMAS MOORE.

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No. 77. Sink not yet, my soul.

Schopp,
har. by Bach.

1. Sink not yet, my soul, to slum - ber, Wake, my heart, go forth and tell
2. Fa - ther, mer - ci - ful and ho - ly, Thee to - night I praise and bless,

3. Yes, our wis - dom vain - ly pon - ders, Fath-oms not thy lov - ing thought,
4. Now the light that all things glad-dens, And the pomp of day is gone,

All the mer - cies with - out num - ber That this by - gone day be - fell;
Who to la - bor true and low - ly Grant-est ev - er meet suc - cess;

Nev - er tongue can tell the won - ders That each day for us hath wrought;
And my heart is tired and sad - dens, As the gloom - y night comes on;

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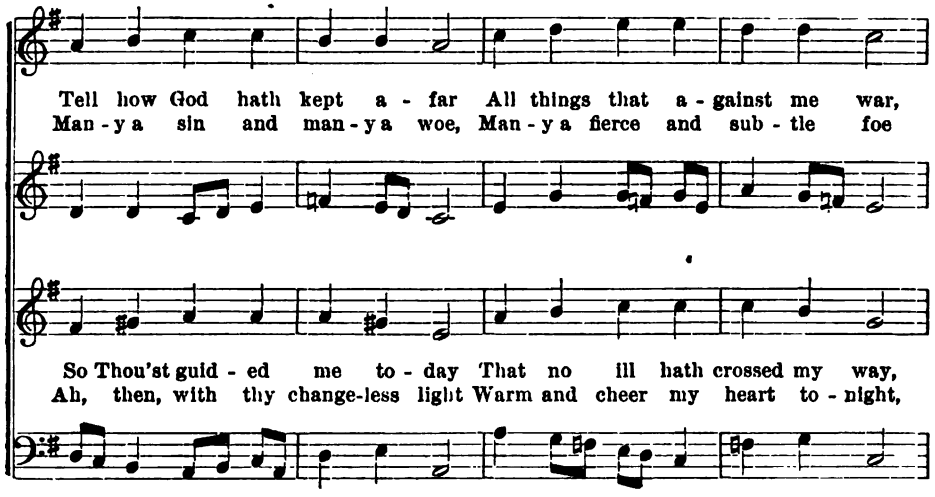

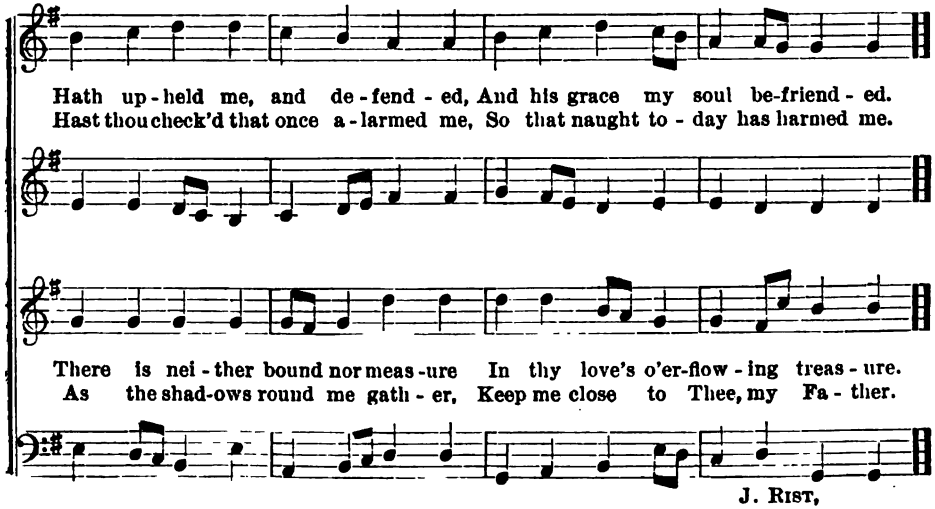

J. RIST,
tr. by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

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No. 78. God is Love.

Pleyel, arr.

1. God is love; his mer - cy bright-ens All the path in which we rove;
2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays and a - ges move;

3. E'en the hour that dark-est seem-eth Will his change - less good-ness prove;
4. He with earth-ly cares en - twine-eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light -ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.
But his mer - cy wan - eth nev - er; God is wis - dom, God is love.

From the gloom his bright-ness streameth; God is wis - dom, God is love.
Ev - ery where his glo - ry shin - eth; God is wis - dom, God is love.

Bowring.

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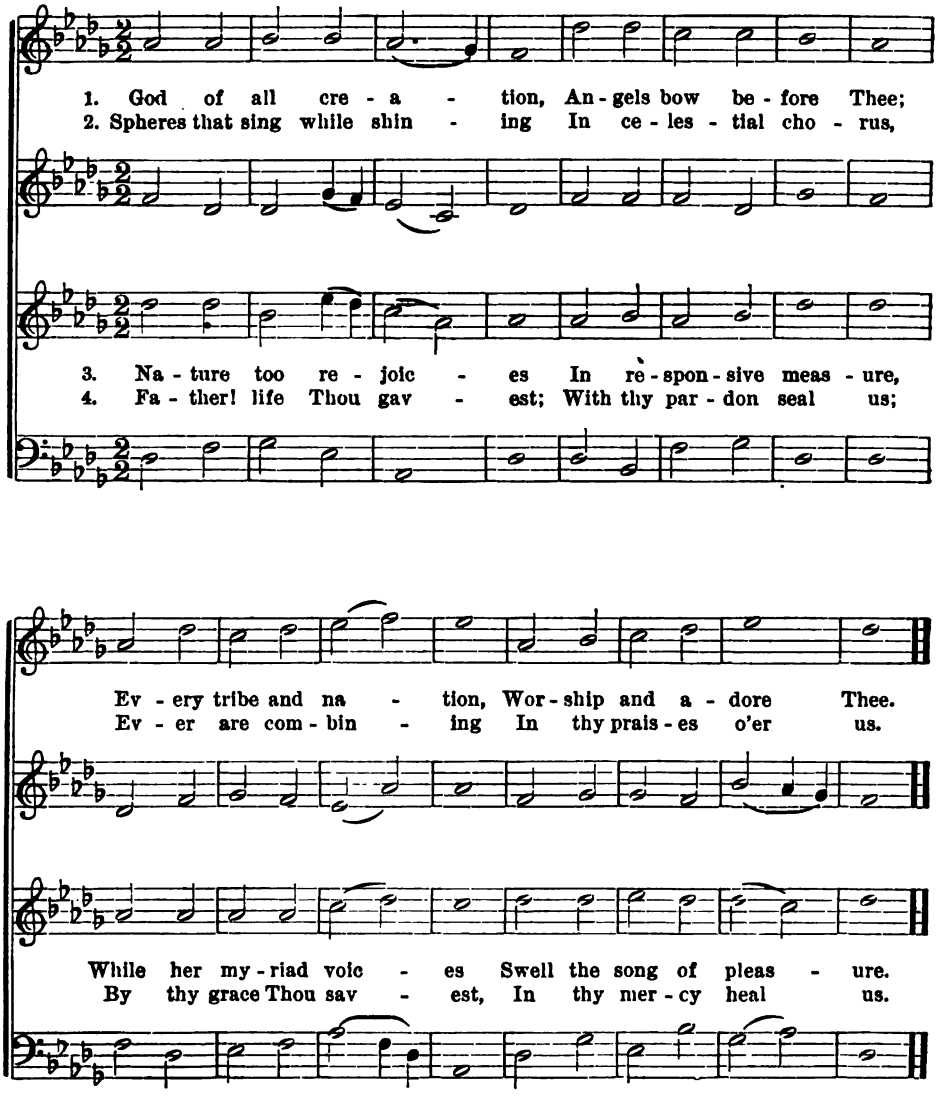
NO. 79. GOD OF ALL CREATION.



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No. 80. Evening Rest.

Arr. fr. Mozart.

Andante—dolce.

1. When shades of night are round me steal - ing,

2. The sa - cred peace that Na - ture know - eth,

3. When stars a - bove are shin - ing bright - ly,

And qui - et calms each rest - less feel - ing,

What sweet - est com - fort it be - stow - eth!

I breathe once more so free, so light - ly!

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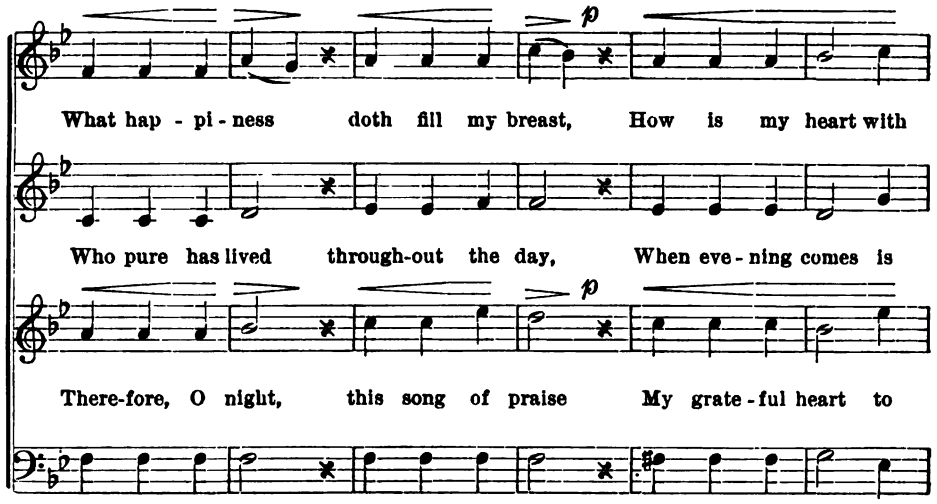

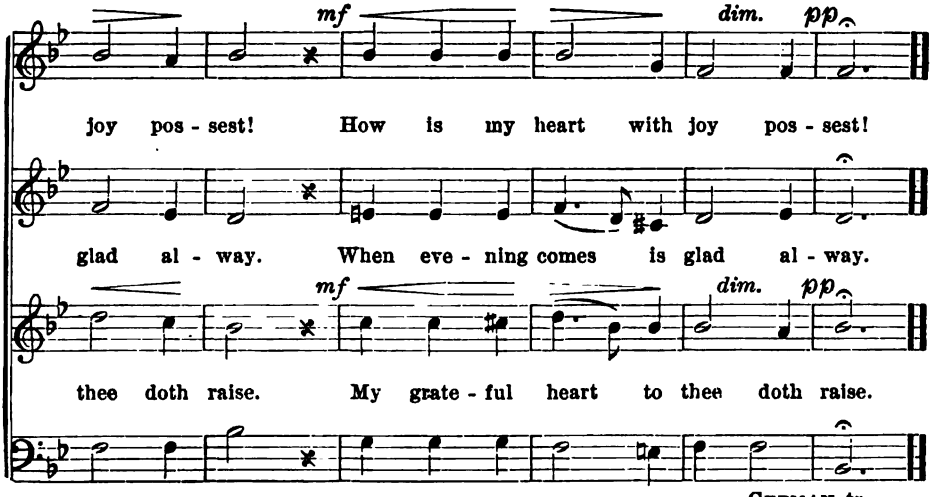

GERMAN, tr.

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No. 81. O PARADISE.

J. Barnby.

♩ = 80.

1. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, Who doth not crave for rest? Who would not seek the hap - py land, Where they that love are blest? Where spe - cial place my dear - est Lord Is des - tin - ing for me; Where

2. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, The world is grow-ing old; Who would not be at rest and free, Where love is nev - er cold? Where tience! I al - most think I hear Faint frag-ments of thy song; Where

3. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I great - ly long to see The

4. O Par - a - dise, O Par - a - dise, I feel 'twill not be long; Pa -

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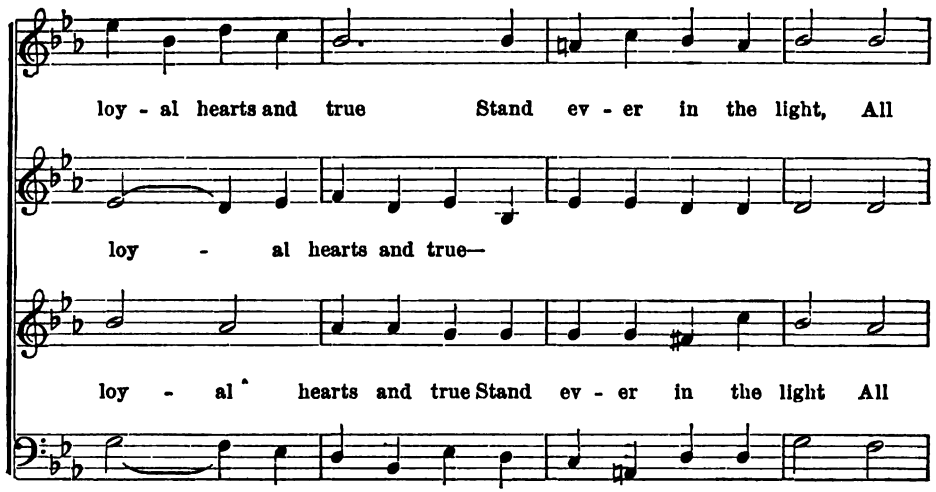

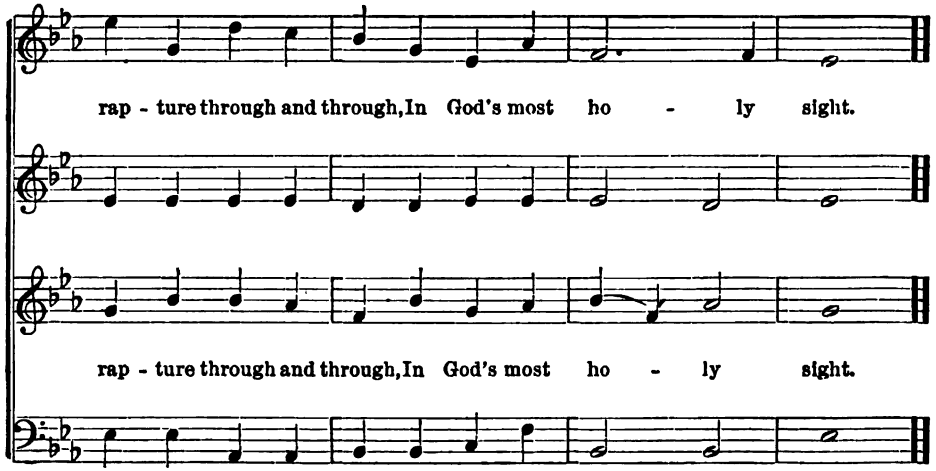

F. W. FABER.

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No. 82. Oh come, let us worship.

Hauptmann, arr.

Moderato.
1st time Semi-chorus.
2nd time Tutti.

p *mf*

Oh come, let us wor - ship and kneel be- fore the Lord, let us wor - ship

p *mf*

Oh come, let us wor - ship and kneel be-fore the Lord, let us wor - ship

p *f* *mf*

and fall down, for He is the Lord, the Lord our God, and we are the

p *f* *mf*

and fall down, for He is the Lord, the Lord our God, and we are the

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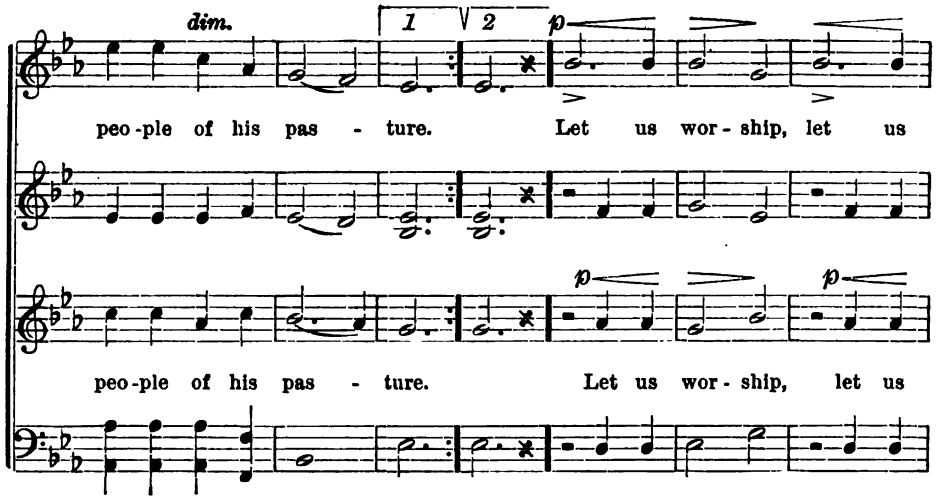

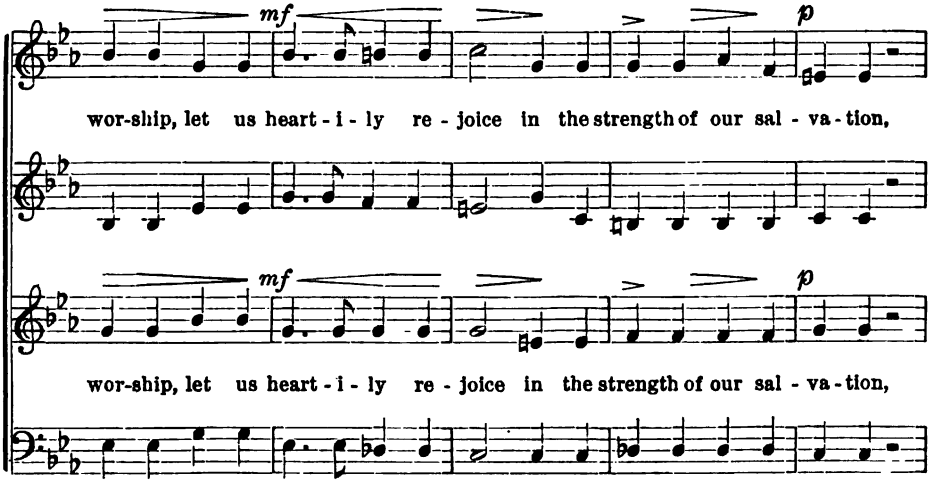

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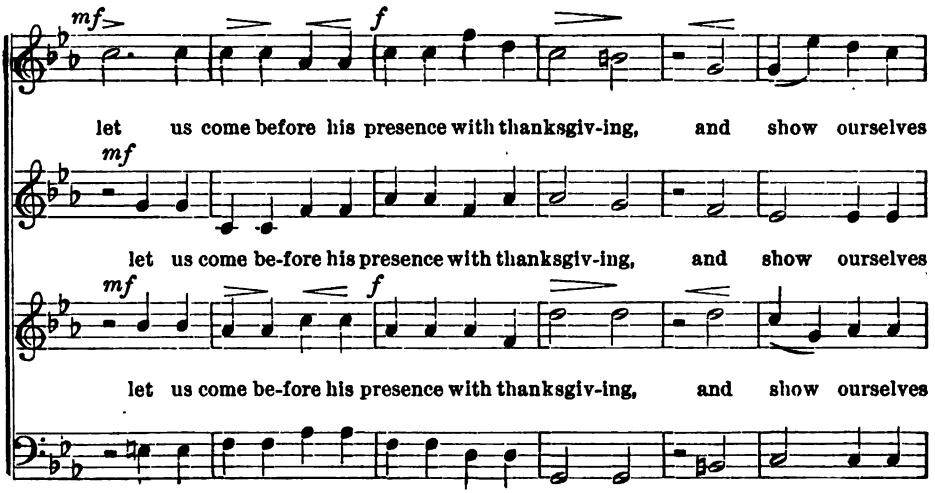

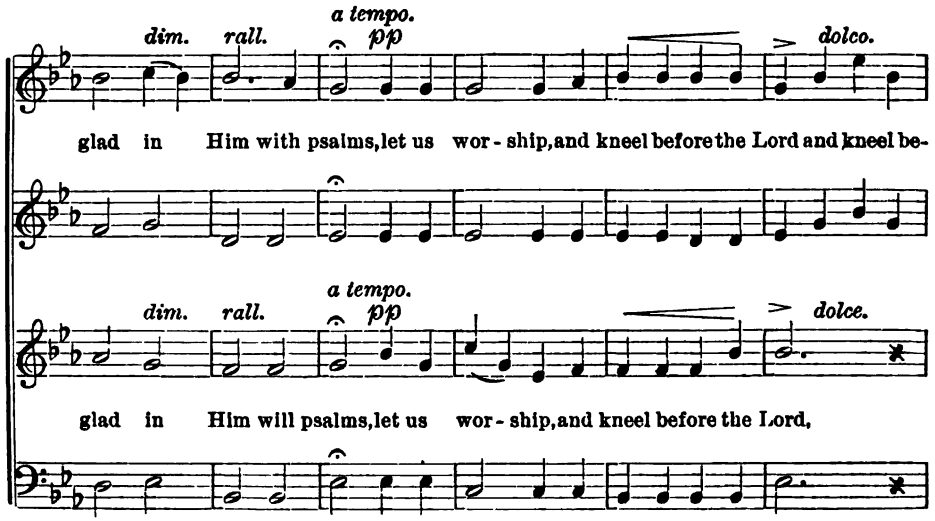

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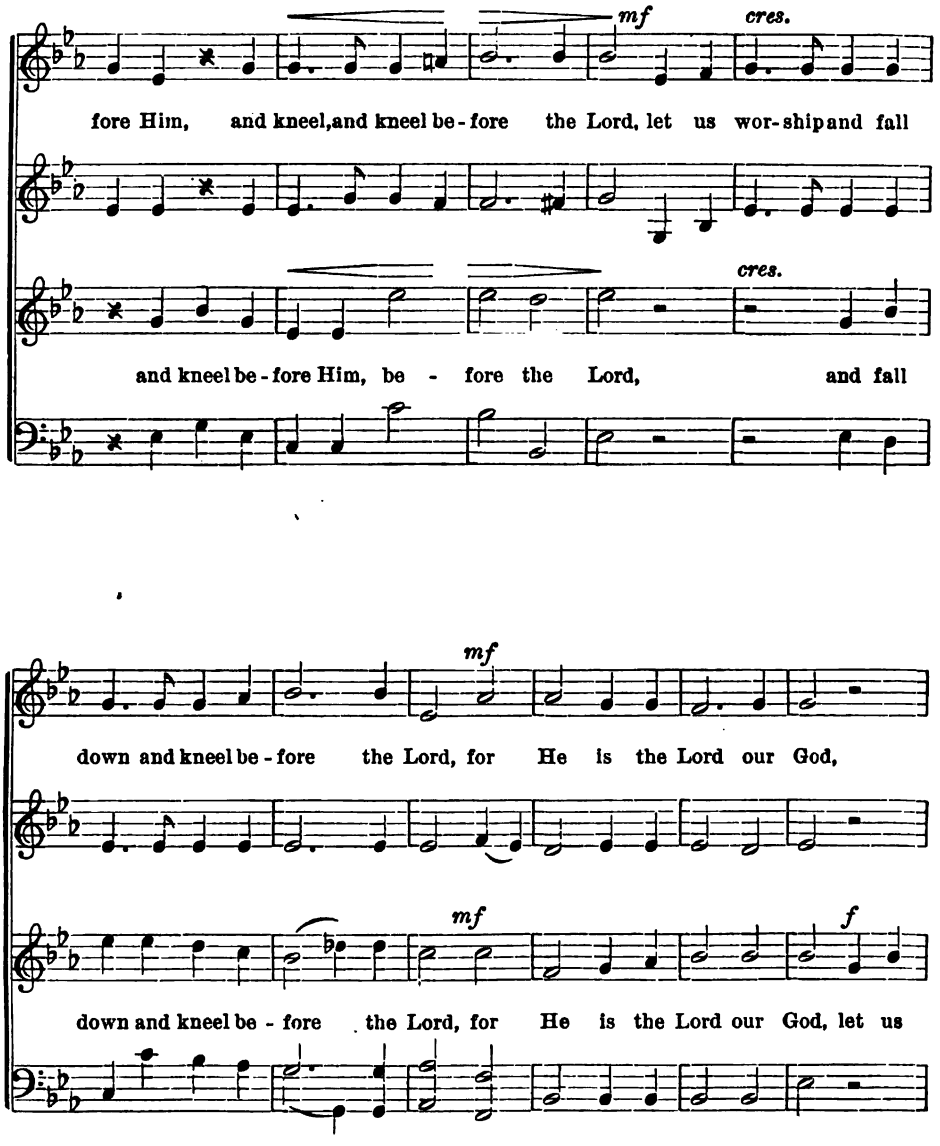

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f *cres.* *ff* *dim.*

and fall down and kneel be-fore the Lord our Mak-er, for He is the

f *cres.* *ff* *dim.*

worship and fall down and kneel before the Lord our Mak-er, for He is the

p

Lord our God. A - men, A - men, A - - - men.

p

A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

p

Lord our God. A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

A - men, A - men.

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No. 83. Bless'd be Thou.

Gluck.

Moderato.

p *mf* *f*

Bless'd be Thou, the God of Is - rael, Thou, our Fa - ther, and our Lord;

p *mf* *f*

Lord our God, for these, thy boun- ties Hymns of grat - i - tude we raise;

p *mf* *f*

Bless'd thy ma - jes - ty for - ev - er, Ev - er be thy name a-dored.

To thy name, for - ev - er glo - rious, Ev - er we ad-dress our praise.

Fine.

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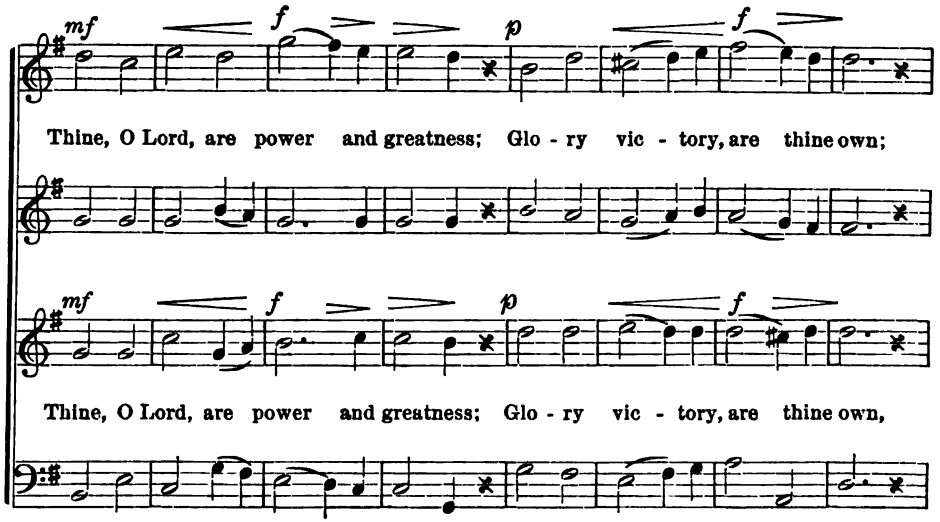

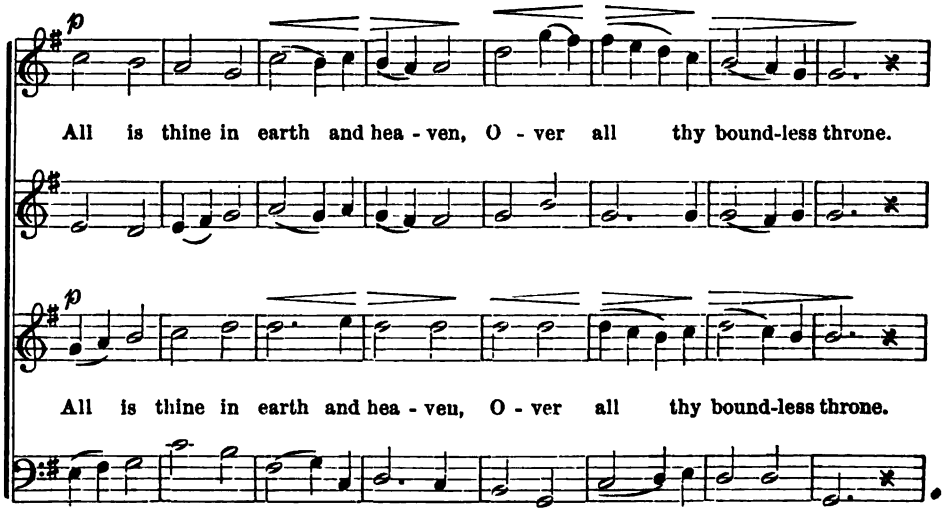

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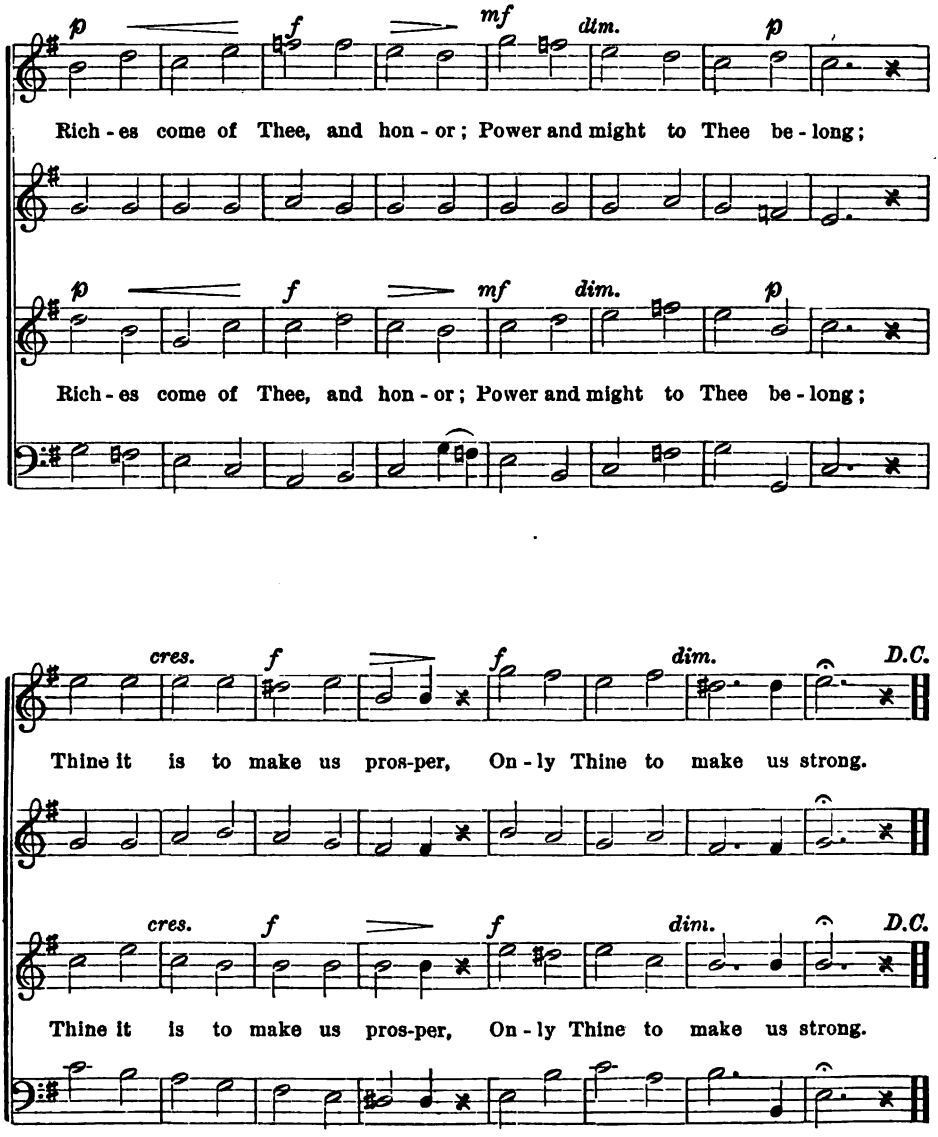

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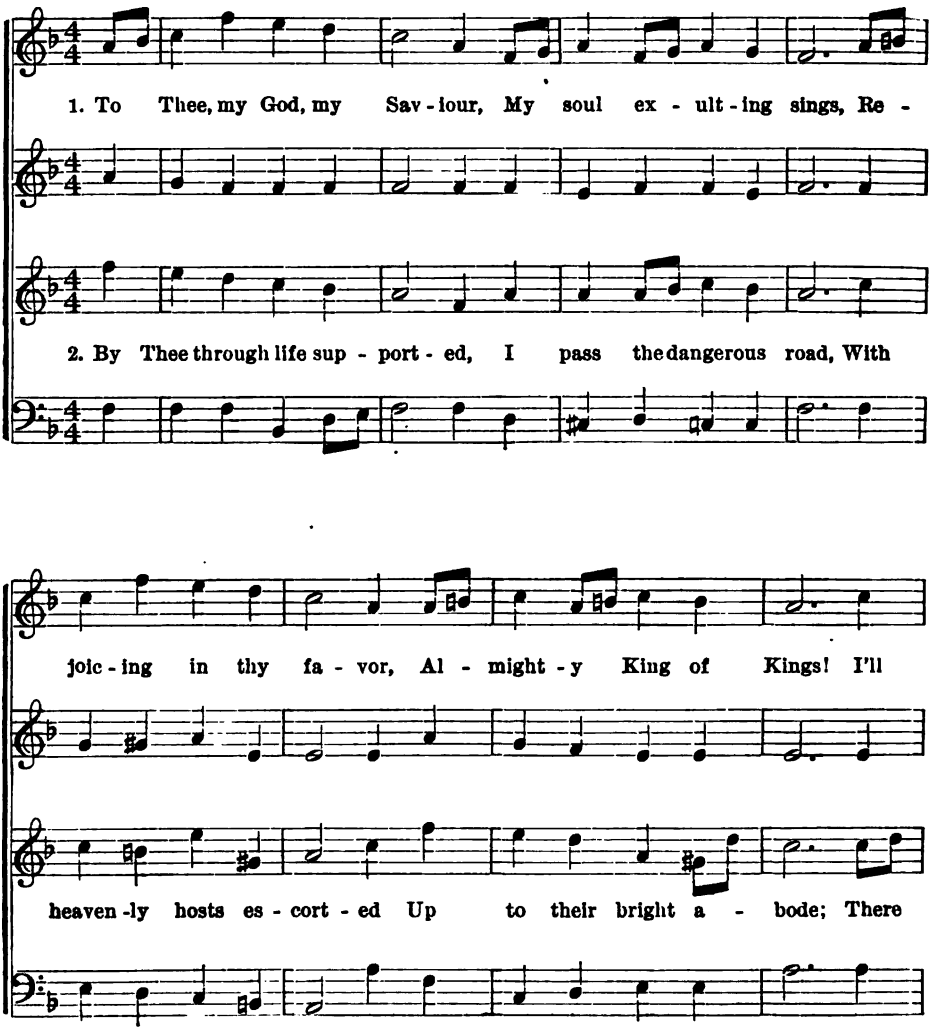
No. 84. To Thee, my God, my Saviour.

Tours.



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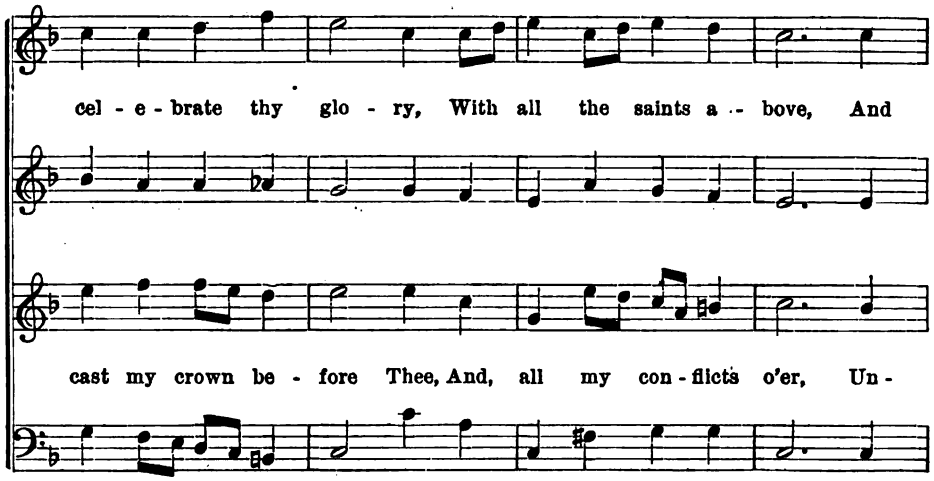

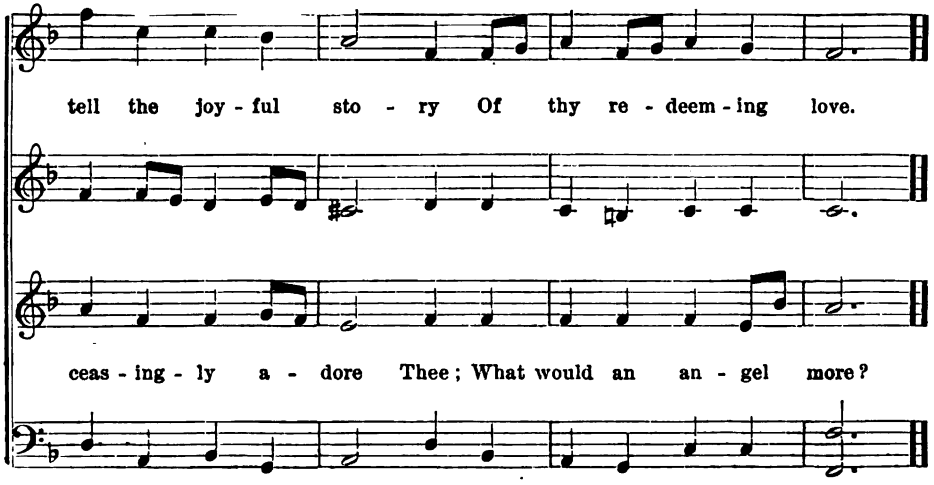

HAWEIS.

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No. 85. Prayer for Fatherland.

Mehul. 1763—1817.

Maestoso.

Tenor I.

Hear us! hear Lord and King! Thou we love, All See-ing. Give to our na-tion thy kind

Tenor II.

Bass I.

Hear us! hear Lord and King! Thou we love, All See-ing. Give to our na-tion thy kind

Bass II.

care, Shield Thou the land that gave us be - ing, Safe in thine arms we have no fear.

care, Shield Thou the land that gave us be - ing, Safe in thine arms we have no fear.

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SOPRANO I.

p *p* *mf*

Hear us, hear Lord our Rock! Strong our faith out-welling; Freedom and Con-cord grant us

SOPRANO II.

ALTO I.

p *p* *mf*

Hear us, hear Lord our Rock! Strong our faith out-welling; Freedom and Con-cord grant us

ALTO II.

mf *p* *p* *mf*

here; Thy children shield wher-ev-er dwell-ing, Safe in thine arms we have no fear.

mf *p* *p* *mf*

here; Thy children shield wher-ev-er dwell-ing, Safe in thine arms we have no fear.

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SOPRANO I.

f

Hear us! Hear Lord our God!

SOPRANO II.

ALTO I.

f

Hear us! Hear Lord our God!

ALTO II.

TENOR I.

f

Hear us! Hear Lord our God! Guide us to thine

TENOR II.

Hear Lord our God!

BASS I.

f

Hear us! Guide us to thine

BASS II.

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SOPRANO I.

f *f*

Guide us to thine al - tar! If e - vil foes our soul comes near,

SOPRANO II.

ALTO I.

f *f*

Guide us to thine al - tar! If e - vil foes our soul comes near,

ALTO II.

TENOR I.

f

al - tar, thine al - tar. If e - vil foes our soul comes near,

TENOR II.

BASS I.

f

al - tar, thine al - tar. If e - vil foes our soul comes near,

BASS II.

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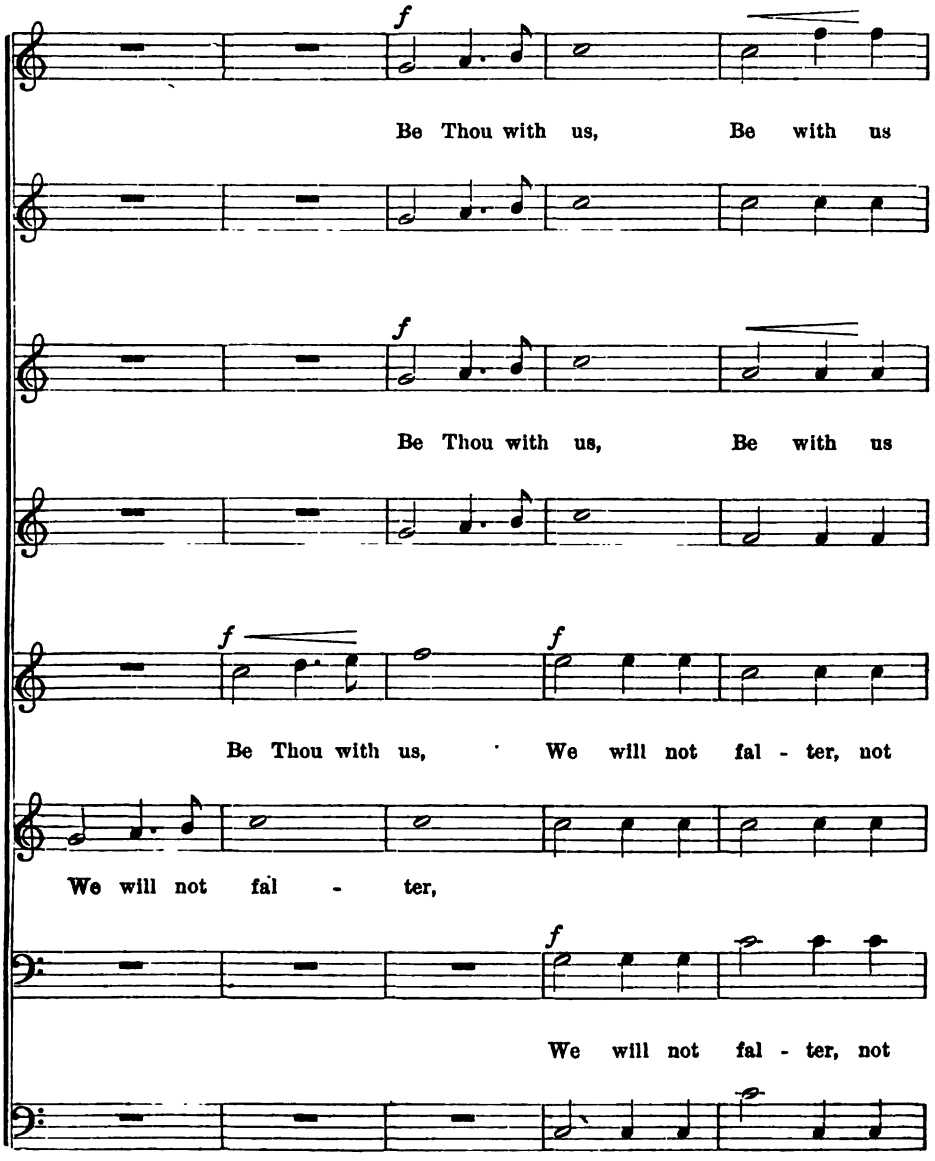

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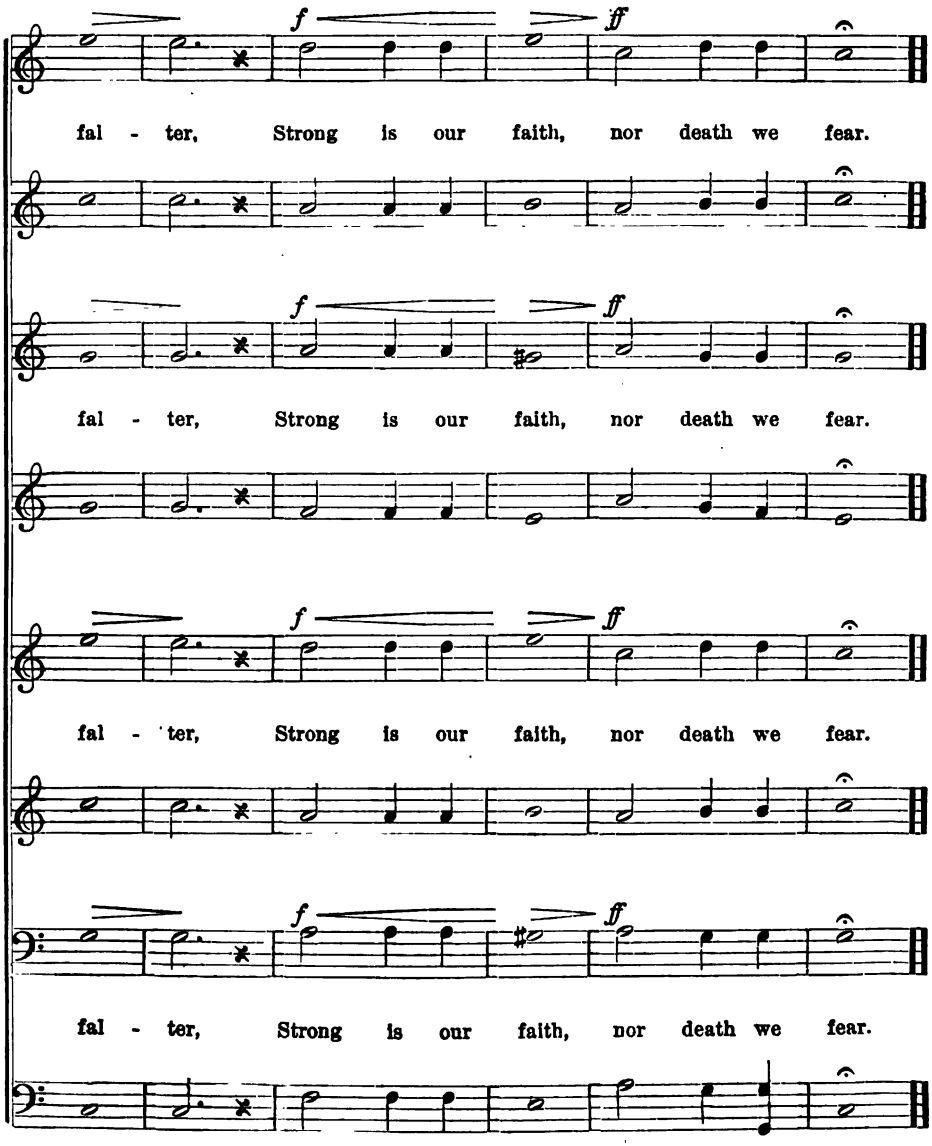

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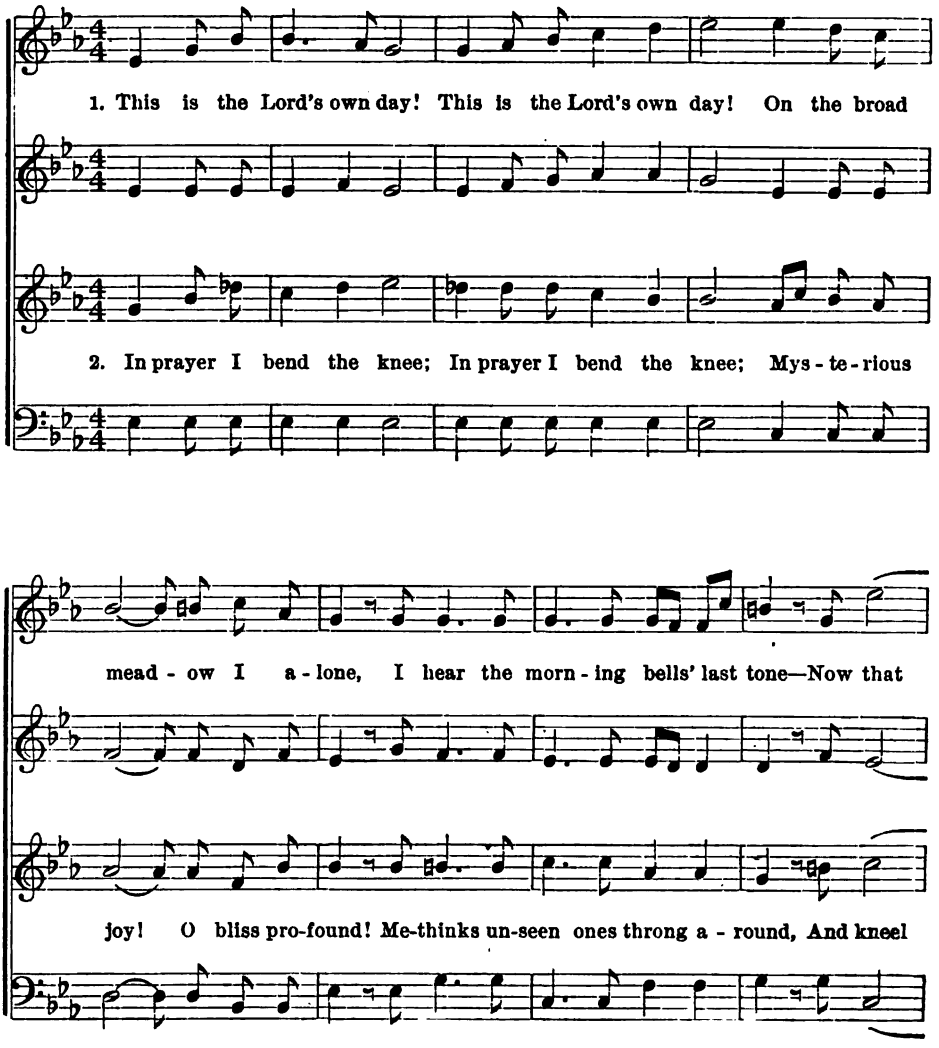
No. 86. This is the Lord's own Day.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.



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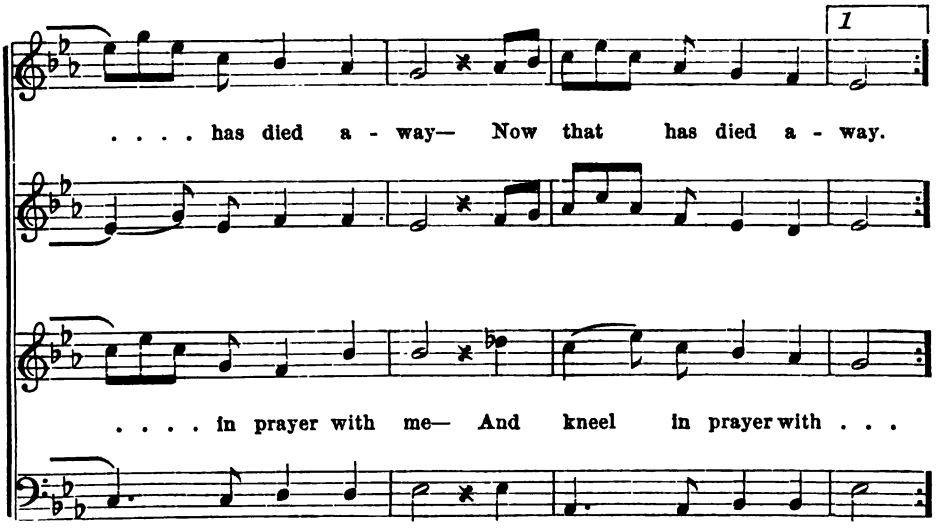

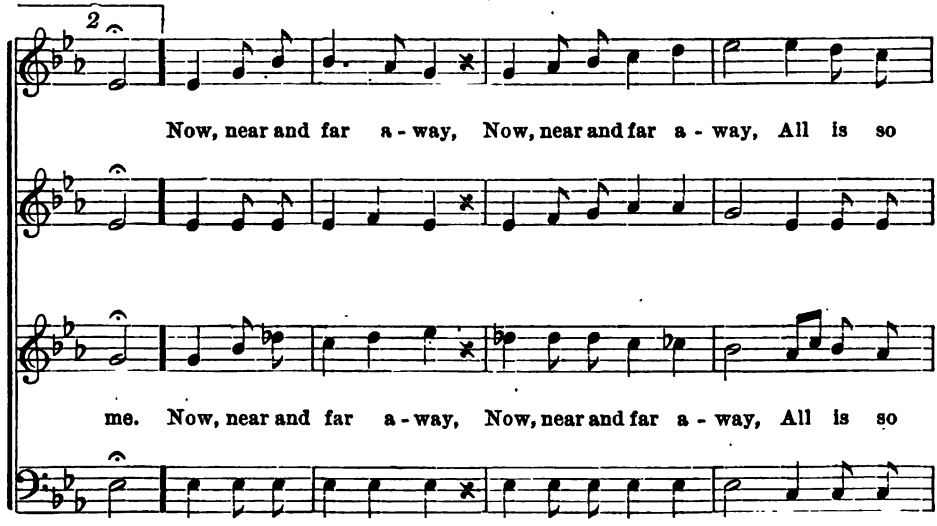

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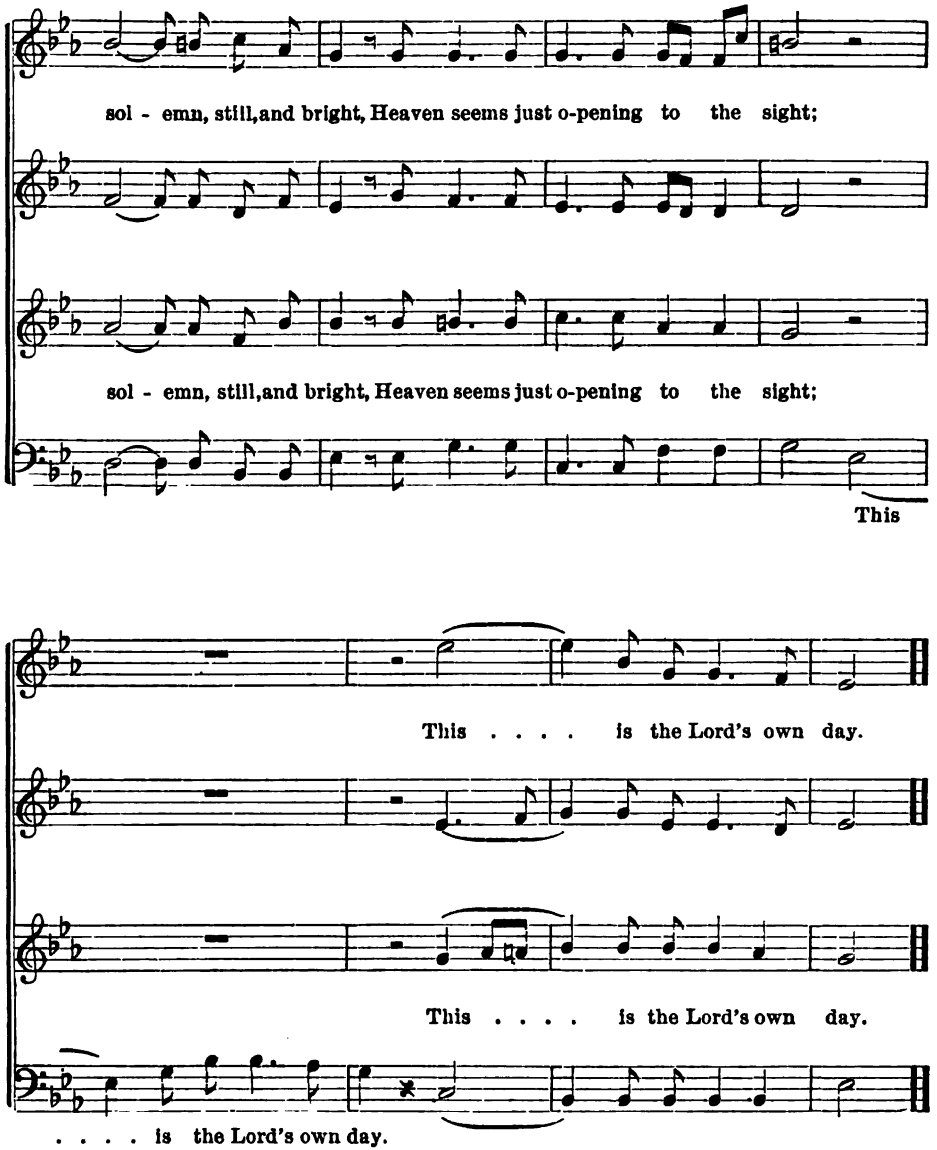

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No. 87. Give Ear unto my Prayer.

Jacques Arcadelt. 1490—1556.

Andante.

p

Give ear un - to my prayer, O Lord, my God; and hide not thy-

p

Give ear un - to my prayer, O Lord, my God; and hide not thy-

mf

self from my sup - pli - ca - tion. At-tend to me and hear me: I

mf

self from my sup - pli - ca - tion. At-tend to me and hear me: I

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mourn in my com-plaint and make a noise. My heart is sore pain - ed, sore

mourn in my com-plaint and make a noise. My heart is sore pain - ed, sore

ff *pp*

pain - ed with - in me. Oh, hear my pray - er; Hide not, hide not thy -

pain - ed with - in me.

ff *pp*

pain -ed with - in me. Oh, hear my pray - er; Hide not, hide not thy -

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f *p*

self, Oh, hear my prayer; I mourn, I mourn, oh, hear me.

f *p*

self, Oh, hear my prayer; I mourn, I mourn, oh, hear me.

f *pp* *Lento.*

Lord God, Lord God, hear my prayer, O Lord God. A - men.

f *pp* *Lento.*

Lord God, Lord God, hear my prayer, O Lord God. A - men.

T. H. GILSON, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER, BOSTON.

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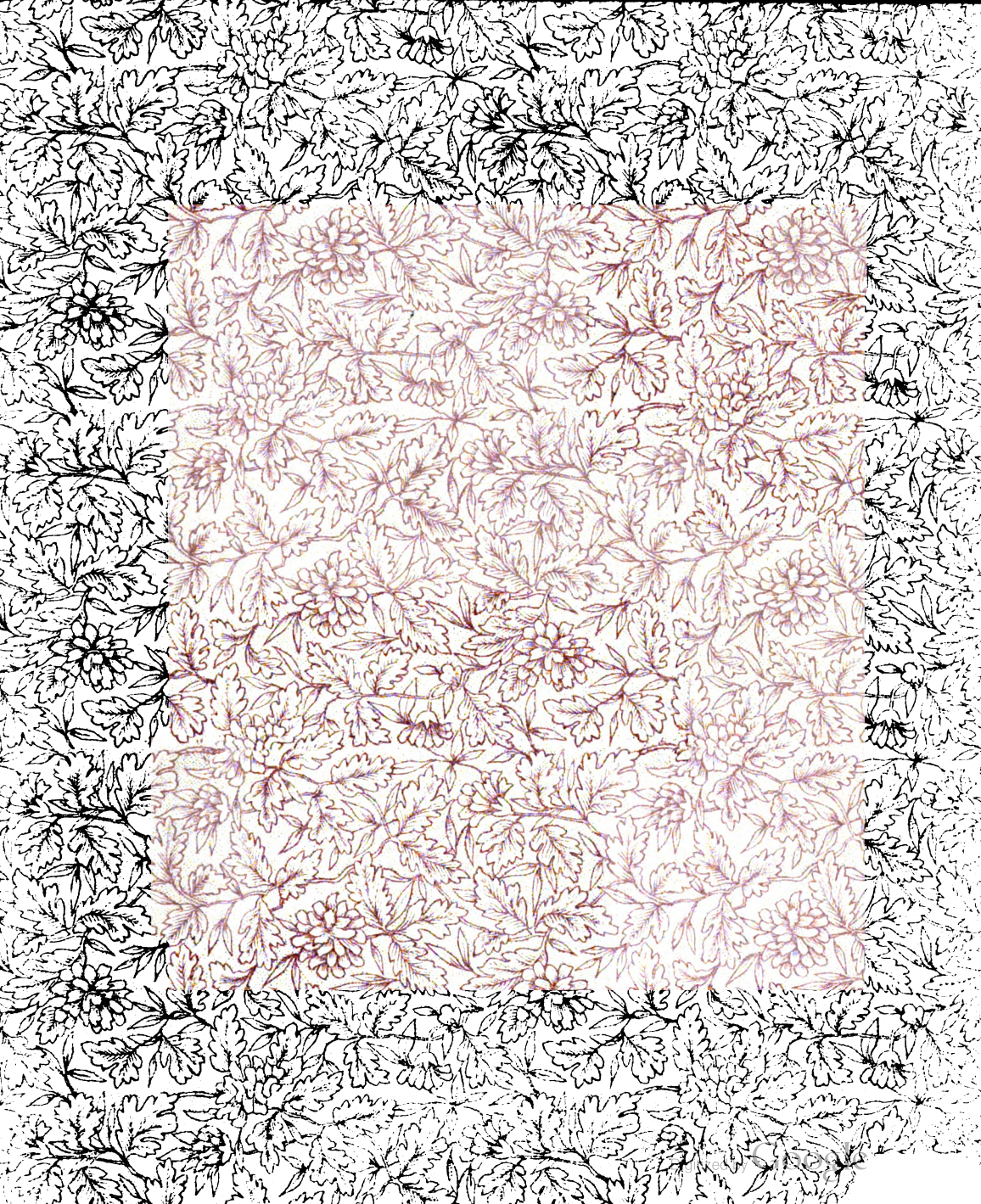

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THE

ÆDEAN COLLECTION:

47263

PART-SONGS FOR FEMALE VOICES.

THIRD READER SUPPLEMENT

OF THE

NORMAL MUSIC COURSE.

BY

JOHN W. TUFTS AND H. E. HOLT.

BOSTON:
SILVER, ROGERS, & CO., PUBLISHERS.
TORONTO: CANADA PUBLISHING COMPANY (LIMITED).
1886.

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Music
M
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.T93
1886

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PREFACE.

Aœde, the name of the original muse of singing, seems to suggest an especially appropriate title for this collection of part-songs for female voices.

The number of original compositions for this purpose is surprisingly small, and the compilers feel that they are making a valuable musical contribution in arranging such a collection for the use of schools, colleges, and societies, where all the voices are sopranos or altos.

The compilation has been made with great care, the compositions having been chosen from the best works of acknowledged masters.

Much of this music was originally written with pianoforte accompaniments. In the present form no instrument will be necessary. The accompaniments can be easily made, when desired, from the vocal scores.

Where the harmony has been weakened by taking away the instrumental part, the necessary voices or notes have been added to make it complete in its present form, and in agreement with the intentions of the composer.

Attention is called to the progression of the inner parts, which are so arranged as to make the work of the usually subordinate singers both interesting and profitable.

The plan of the Normal Music Course, of which this forms a part, being that of unaccompanied singing, and the practice of musical compositions in which the use of an instrument is not required for the completion of the harmony, but simply as a pleasant addition thereto, the selections here made and prepared will be seen to be in entire agreement with that idea.

We would advise a thorough practice of each composition, *without words*, until the difficulties in progression and shades of expression are absolutely mastered; the addition of the text will then greatly assist in the work, and the words will no longer be the usual impediments.

This collection is intended as supplementary to the books of the Normal Music Course, closely following the Third Reader for Female Voices, which with the other Readers and Charts prepares the way through exercises and songs. The different progressions and harmonies ordinarily found in music are there fully illustrated, and the singers are trained for any work they may be called upon to do.

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THE

ACEDEAN COLLECTION.

PART-SONGS FOR FEMALE VOICES.

No. 1. GREETING.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

Andante.

p

1. Soft - ly dis - tant chime of bell On the breeze is ring - ing,

2. Seek the cot - tage fair and bright, Vio - lets hid - ing near it; . .

p

Hie thee forth, my song, and tell That of Spring thou'rt sing - - ing.

Is an op - ening rose in sight, Ten - der greeting bear . . . it.

Heine, tr. by Macfarren.

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NO. 2. I WELCOME THEE WITH GLADNESS.

FROLICH.

1. I . . wel - come thee with glad - ness, Thou blos - som - giv - ing
2. No . long - er Earth lies dream - ing! In win - ter's lin - gering

3. Freed by the warm sun's pow - er, The brook - lets speed a-
4. Oh that to me were giv - en Some lit - tle bird's swift

May, So long in wea - ry sad - ness We mourned at thy de -
night, But all the woods are gleam - ing With ten - der ver - dure

long, To kiss each bend - ing flow - er, And wake the wild - bird's
wing, In - to the far blue heav - en That I might soar and

lay. . . So long in wea - ry sad - ness We mourned at thy de - lay.
dight. But all the woods are gleam - ing With ten - der ver-dure dight.

song. To kiss each bending flow - er, And wake the wild-bird's song.
sing. In - to the far blue heav - en That I might soar and sing.

GERMAN. TR.

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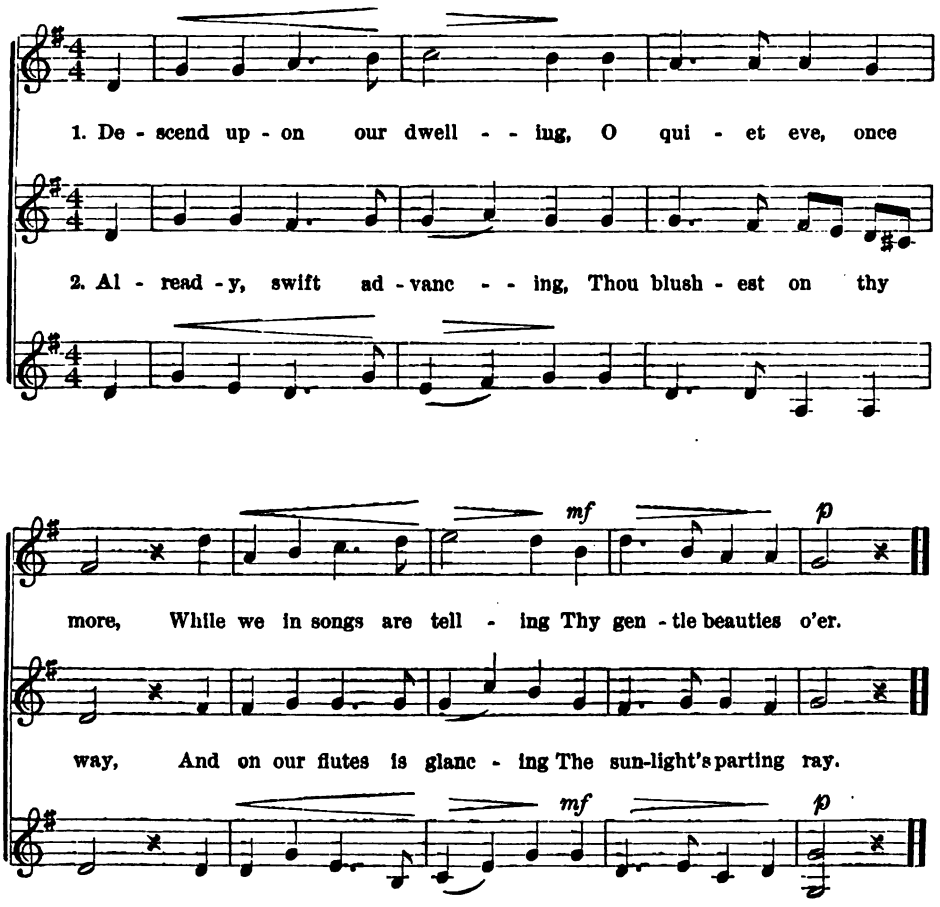
No. 3. Descend upon our Dwelling.

Gersbach.



3 O'er all is silence reigning,
Save where in forest dim
Some little bird is plaining
Its tender vesper hymn.

4 Descend upon our dwelling,
O quiet eve, once more,
While we in songs are telling
Our Maker's praises o'er.

German. Tr.

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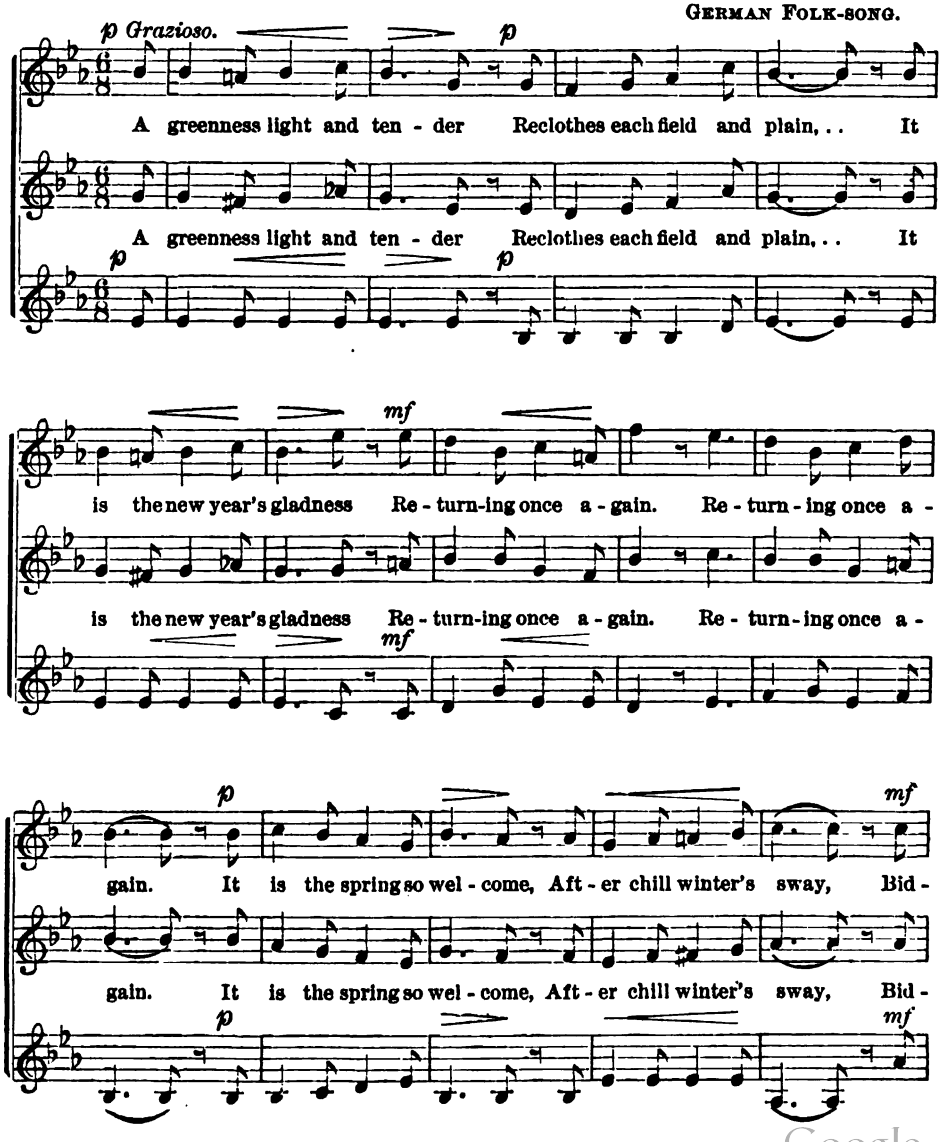
No. 4. A Greenness Light and Tender.

German Folk-song.



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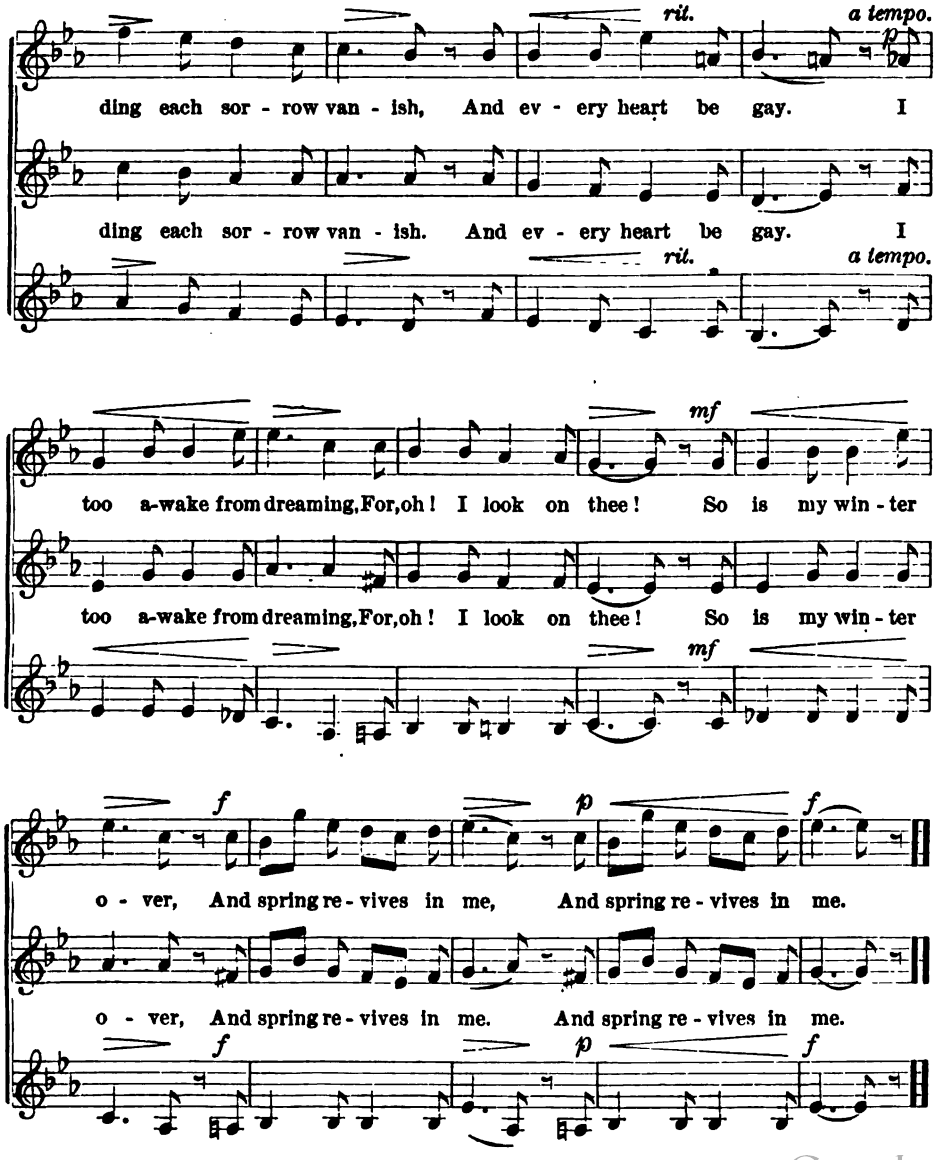

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No. 5. In May.

H. Kurth.

Allegretto.

f *p*

In May, in love - ly May,

In May, in won - drous love - ly May, in May, Comes

f *p*

in love - ly May,

mf

Comes all that is

all that is fair - est and sweet- est this way. . . . Comes all that is

mf

mf

fair - est and sweet - est this way. The ear - - li - est

fair - est and sweet - est this way. The ear - li - est

mf

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p *dolce.* *p*

blos - soms bloom . . on the tree, ... The

blos-soms bloom on the tree, bloom on the tree, The ear - li - est

mf *p* *dolce.*

They bloom . . . on the tree,

pp

bright - est of flow - - ers are deck - - ing the

blos- soms bloom on the tree, The bright-est of flow- ers are deck- ing the

pp

cres. *f*

lea, ... All hailed . . . by the night - - - in - gale's

lea, are deck - ing the lea. . . . . All hailed by the night - in - gale's

cres. *f*

are deck - ing the lea. All hailed by the night - - - in - gale's

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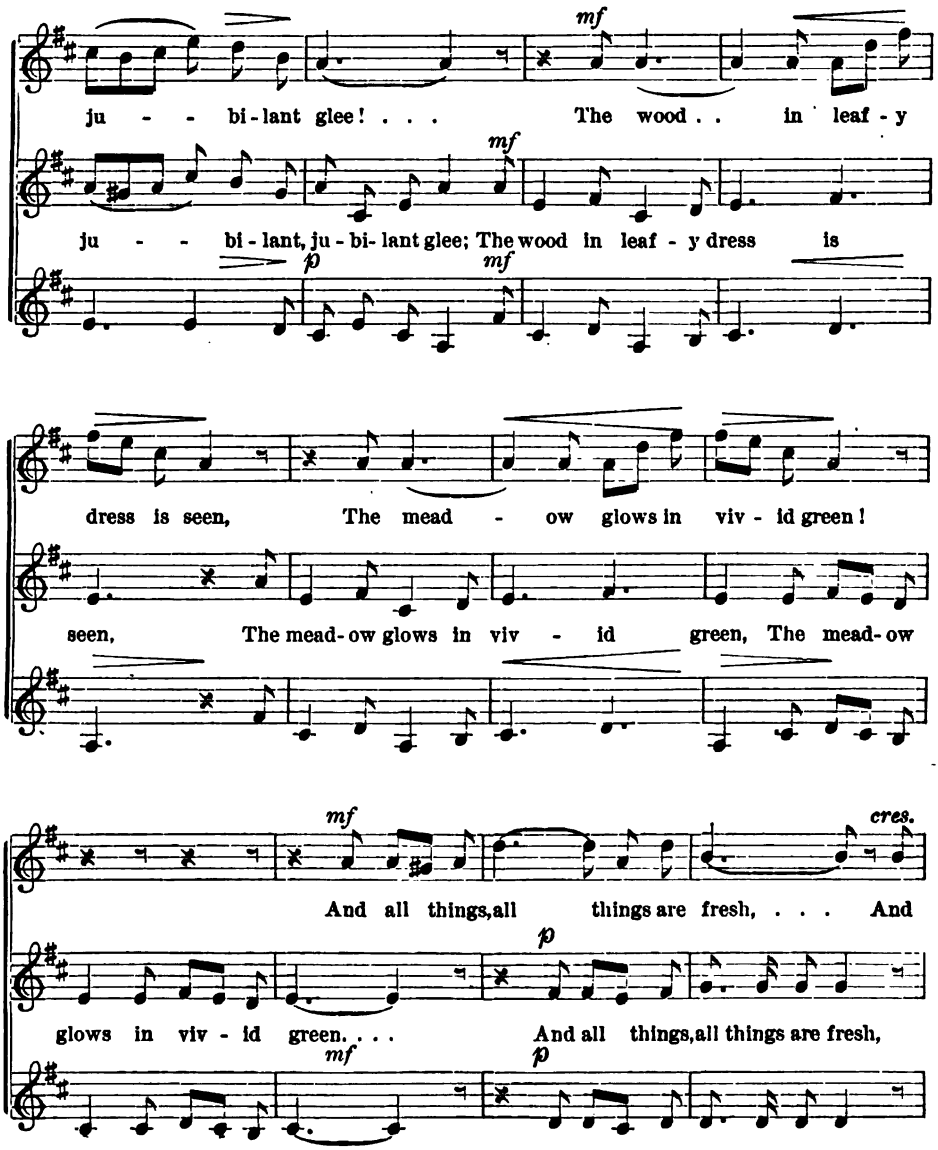

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f *dolce.* *p*

all . . . things are new, ... And all things are fresh and new, In

cres. *pp*

And all things, all things are new, And all things are fresh and new, . . In

f *dolce.* *pp*

f

May, ... in May, . . . in wondrous—love - ly May, . . . In

May, in wondrous—love - ly May, In May, in won-drous—love - ly May, In

f

May, ... in May, ... in wondrous— love - ly May! . .

May, in won-drous—love - ly May, In won-drous—love - ly May! . .

TR. ROCHLITZ.

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No. 6. NIGHT SONG.

Arr. from HAUPTMANN.

1, The moon is up in splendor, And gold - en stars at - tend her; The
2. Night's curtains now are clos-ing Round half a world re - pos- ing In

1. The moon is up in splendor, And gold - en stars at - tend her; The
2. Night's curtains now are clos-ing Round half a world re - pos- ing In

heav'ns are calm and bright, Trees cast a deep'ning shadow; And
calm and ho - ly trust; All seems one vast, still chamber, Where

heav'ns are calm and bright, Trees cast a deep'ning shadow, And slow- ly off the
calm and ho - ly trust, All seems one vast, still chamber, Where wea - ry hearts re -

slow- ly off the mead - ow. A mist is ris - ing sil - ver white.
wea- ry hearts re - mem - ber No more the sor - rows of the dust.

mead-ow A mist is ris - - ing sil - ver white.
member No more the sor - - rows of the dust.

CLAUDIUS, tr. by C. T. BROOKS.

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NO. 7. SWIFT FROM OUR FAIRY HOME.

Arranged from MOZART.

Allegretto.

p

Swift from our fair - - y home de - scend - ing,

Swift from our fair - - y home de - scend - ing,

p

Sent by thy friend, our might - y king, This mag - ic gift from

Sent by thy friend, our might - y king, This mag - ic gift from

foes de - fend-ing, Glad-ness and joy to thee will bring;

foes de - fend-ing, Glad-ness and joy to thee will bring:

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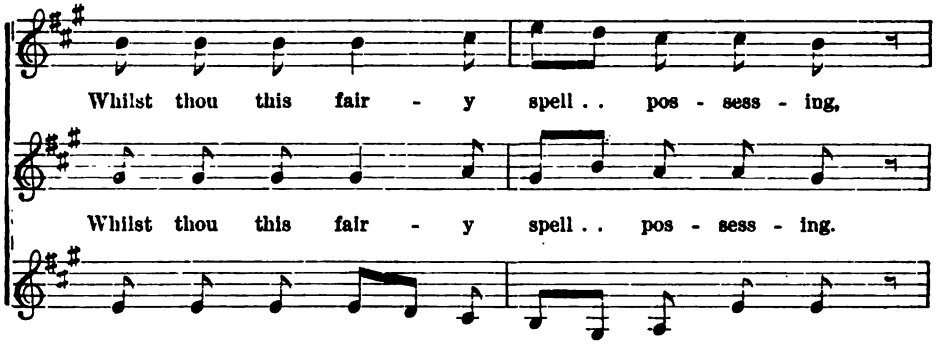

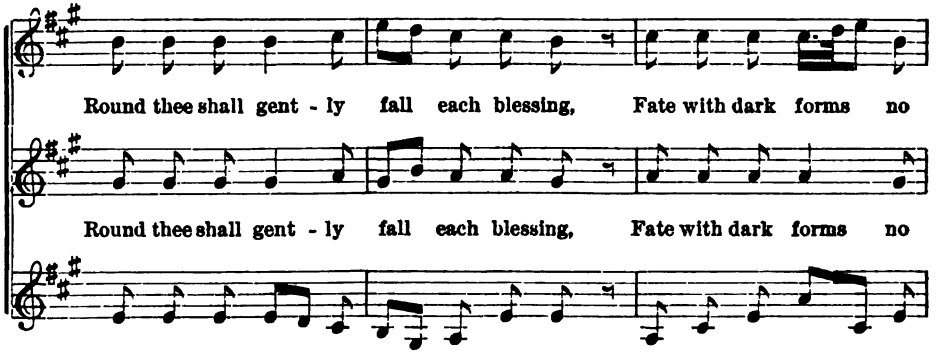

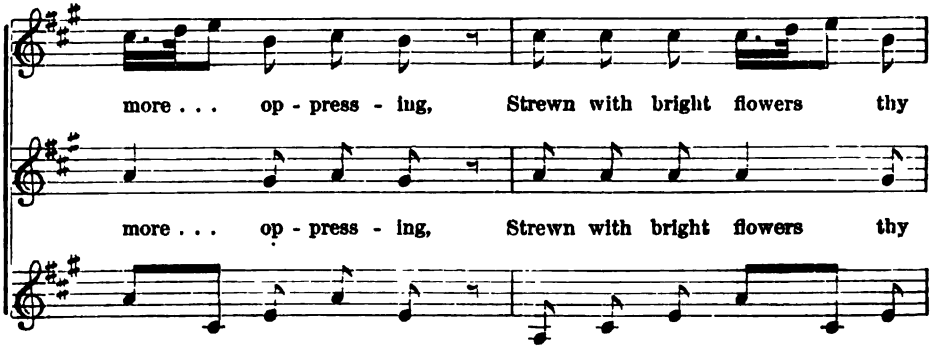

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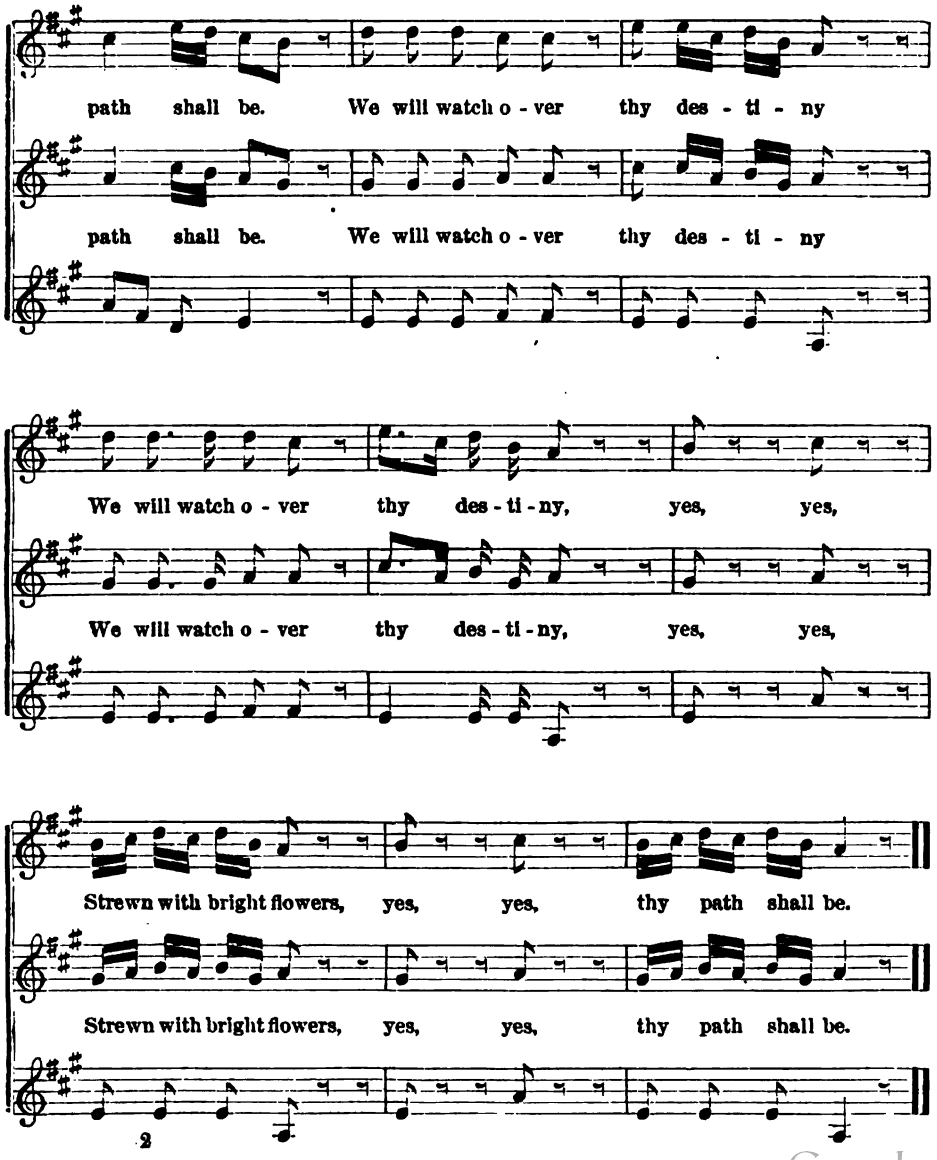

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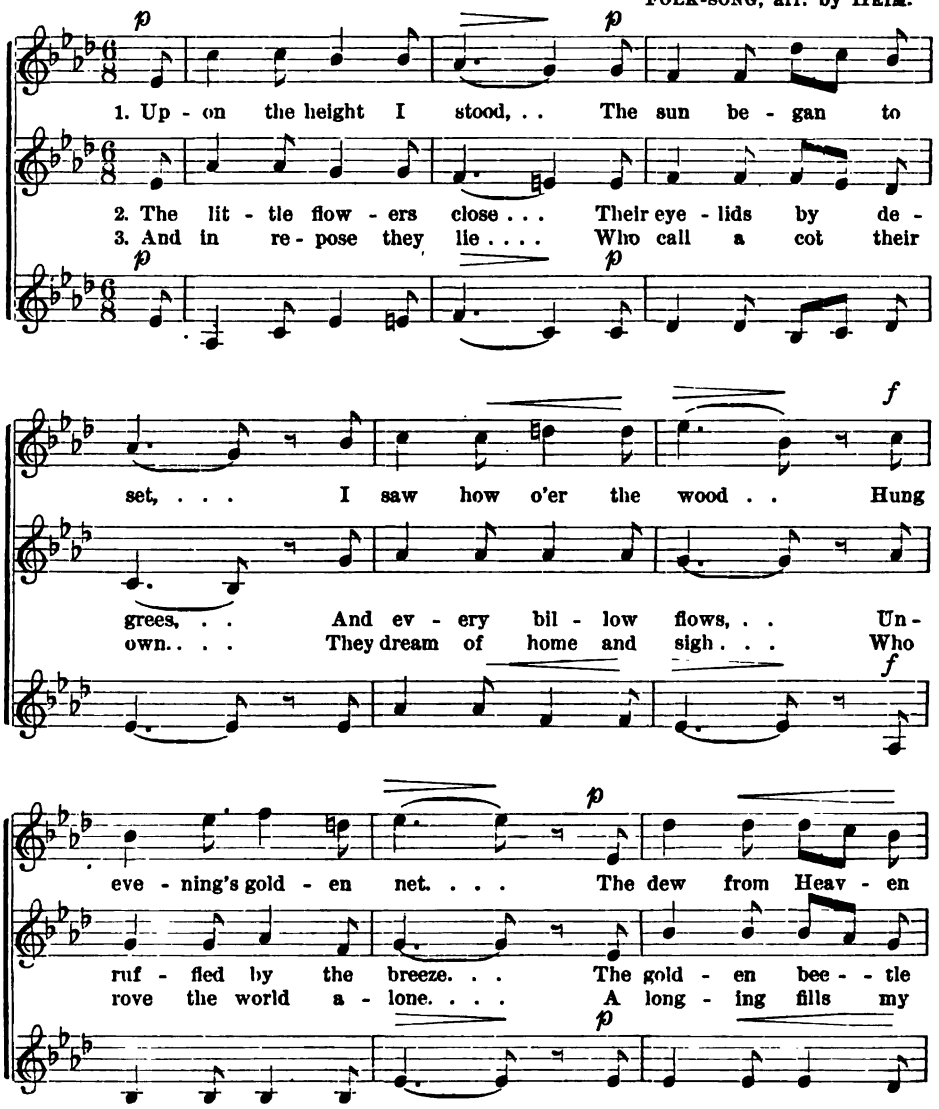
No. 8. Upon the Height I Stood.

Folk-song, arr. by Heim.



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mf

fell, ... Peace o'er the earth a - rose, . With

rocks, ... Its cra - dle is . . the rose, . . The

breast, . . . Oh, how I fain would fly, . . . And

mf

sound of eve - ning bell . . Sank Na - ture to . . re-

mf

shep - herd and his flocks . . Re - tire . . to . . re-

seek e - ter - nal rest, . . In yon far home on

mf

f

pose. . . Sank Na - ture to . . re - pose. . .

pose. . . Re - tire . . . to . . re - pose. . .

high. . . In yon far home on high. . .

f

RUCKERT, tr. by BASKERVILLE.

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No. 9. THE SPINNING SONG.

J. A. Beris. 1799.

Andantino.

1. Spin thee, maid - en, spin thee! So grows the mind with-
2. Sing thee, maid - en, sing thee, Let mirth and glad - ness
3. Learn thee. maid - en, learn thee, Good luck it sure will

4. Trust thee, maid - en, trust thee, Thy life will soon but
5. Praise thee, maid - en, praise thee, Praise Him who doth up-
6. Thank Him, maid - en, thank Him, For health and vig - or

in thee, Grows as grows thy yel - low hair,
wing thee; Bright be - gin - ning dost thou see,
earn thee! Learn thee while thou spin - nest, still

dust be! Thee so soon the grave will take,
raise thee! And as yarn and flax do grow,
thank Him, Who en - a - bles you each day,

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1 'Till the years bring wis - dom rare, Spin thee, maid - en,
2. Hap - py will thy end - ing be. Sing thee, maid - en,
3. God to fear,— and do his will. Learn thee, maid - en,

4. When the brit - tle thread shall break, Trust thee, maid - en,
5. Give thee faith and hope al - so. Praise thee, maid - en,
6. Thus thy spin - ning - wheel to play. Thank Him, maid - en,

spin thee! So grows the mind with - in thee.
sing thee, Let mirth and glad - ness wing thee.
learn thee, Good luck it sure will earn thee.

trust thee. Thy life will soon but dust . . . be.
praise thee, Praise Him who doth up - - raise . . . thee.
thank Him, For health and vig - or thank . . . Him.

FOLK-SONG, from "DES KNABEN WUNDERHORN," 1808.

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No. 10. The Forget-me-not.

Fr. H. Himmel. 1808.

Dolce.

1. By the qui - et wa - ter gleaming, Like the moon - light sil - ver
2. Shimmering like the sky's blue a - zure, When no cloud is seen a-

3. Mild - ly like the guile - less glanc - es Beam-ing from thy star - ry
4. When thou mourn-est sep - a - ra - tion, Still o - be - dient to thy
5. Ah, be - lov - ed, hear, I pray you, What the ten - der leaf - lets

clear, Stands a blos - som sweet and ten - der, More than
bove, Sym - bol 'tis of trust en - dur - ing, Which the

eyes, From a - far, in tones of warn - ing, "Oh, for-
lot In thy path 'twill meet thee, say - ing, "Oh, for-
cry, "On - ly tears are all my dew - drops, And, "for-

dim.

oth - er flow - ers dear. More than oth - er flow - ers dear.
loy - al heart doth prove. Which the loy - al heart doth prove.

get me not"— it cries. "Oh, for - get me not"— it cries.
get, for - get me not!" "Oh, for - get, for-get me not!"
get me not," they sigh. And, "for - get me not"— they sigh.

dim.

Karl Muchler. 1806.

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No. 11. THE VIOLET.

H. G. NAGELI. 1810.

Andante.

p

1. Tell me, lit - tle flow - er, In this mos - sy bow - er,

2. "Tim - id, but not lone - ly, I am lis - tening on - ly

p

Why thus sad and lone? Say of what thou dream - est,

To yon night - in - gale! While her song she trill - eth,

poco cres. *p*

That to me thou seem - est So de - ject - ed grown.

And the si - lence fill - eth With its tune - ful wail."

poco cres. *p*

VON FALLERSLEBEN.

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No. 12. BEAUTIFUL STREAMLET.

Arranged from DONIZETTI.

Andantino.

1. Beau - ti - ful streamlet, glid - ing a-long, Thou'rt murmur - ing ev - er a

2. Beau - ti - ful streamlet, seek not to fly Away from the flow - ers and

joy - ous song; Flo - ra attends while onward ye stray, Enwreathing thy banks with

ge - nial sky; Sigh not 'mid rocks and rivers to roam, Far, far from the smile of thy

flow - 'rets gay. Green wavy trees thy mar - gin lave, And graceful - ly bend to kiss thy

tran - quil home. Peaceful and calm thy course must be Till thou'rt lost in the might-y

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wave. Oh, may the cur - rent of our lives still on - ward smoothly

sea. Oh, may the cur - rent of our lives still on - ward smoothly

glide A - mid bright sun - shine, song and flowers, Like thy un - ruf - fled

glide A - mid bright sun - shine, song and flowers, Like thy un - ruf - fled

tide, May our lives . . . thus soomthly glide Like thy un - ruf - fled tide.
May our lives thus soomthly glide

tide, May our lives thus smoothly glide Like thy un - ruffled tide.
Like thy . . . un - ruffled tide.

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No. 13. HAIL, EVENING BRIGHT.

QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE
transcribed by J. B. WEKERLIN.

p

1. Hushed in si - lence, eve - ning clos - es
2. High the sil - ver moon is soar - ing
3. Hills and val - leys cool - ing breez - es

p

rit. *pp* *a tempo.* *mf*

On the bus - y scenes of toil, And bright
In the blue ex - panse of sky, Swift her
Flush with life ere dawns the morn; Slum - b'ring

rit. *pp* *mf a tempo.*

cres.

na - ture soon com - pos - es In - to
pale ef - ful - gence pour - ing On earth's
beau - ty nev - er ceas - es Charms her

cres.

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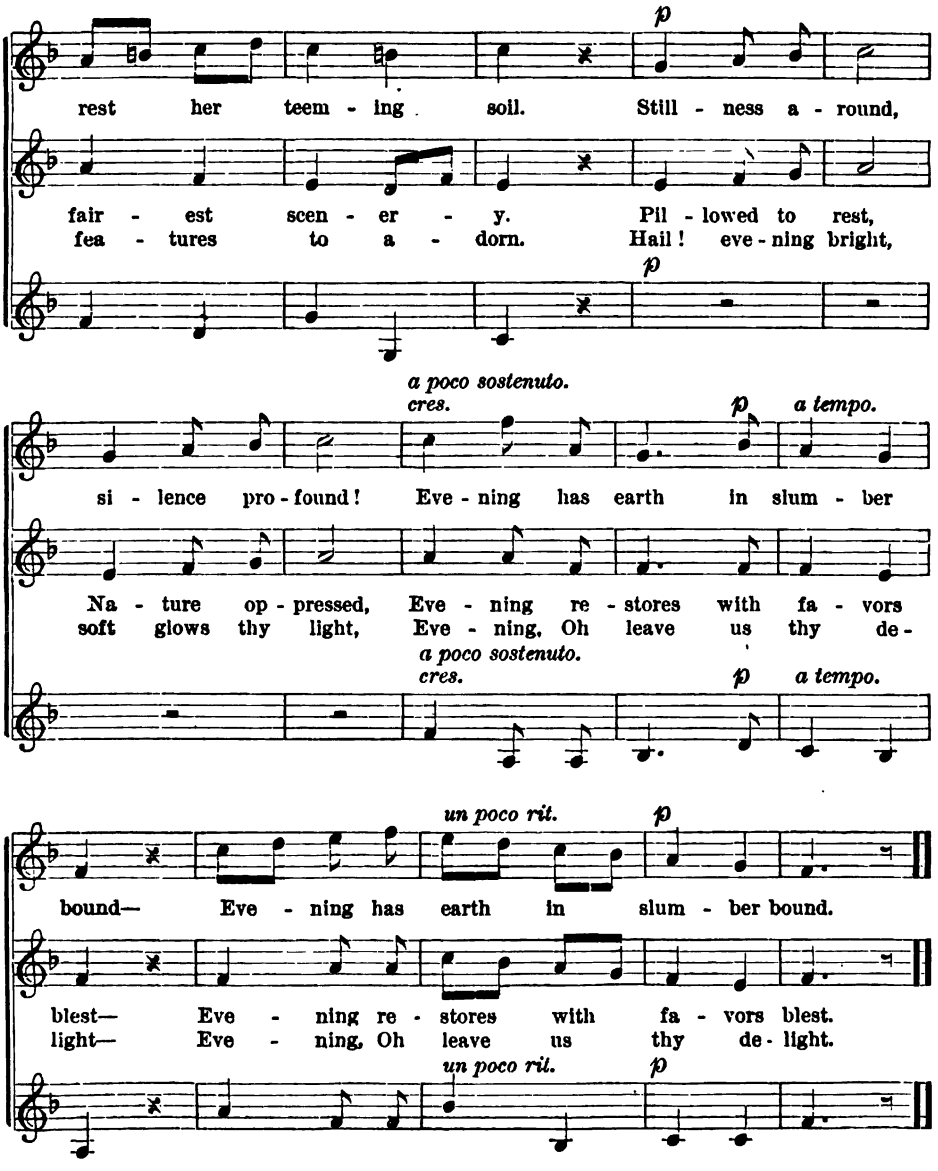

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No. 14. The Mountain Brook.

J. Rheinberger.

Quasi allegretto. ♩ = 66.

f

Joy - ous brook - let, from the hill - side, Rush - ing, foam - ing down the

f

Joy - ous brook - let, from the hill - side, Rush - ing, foam - ing down the

Rush-ing,

vale!

vale! All thy pow - er, all thy beau - ty, O'er and o'er a - gain I

mf

mf

vale! All thy pow - er, all thy beau - ty, O'er and o'er a - gain I

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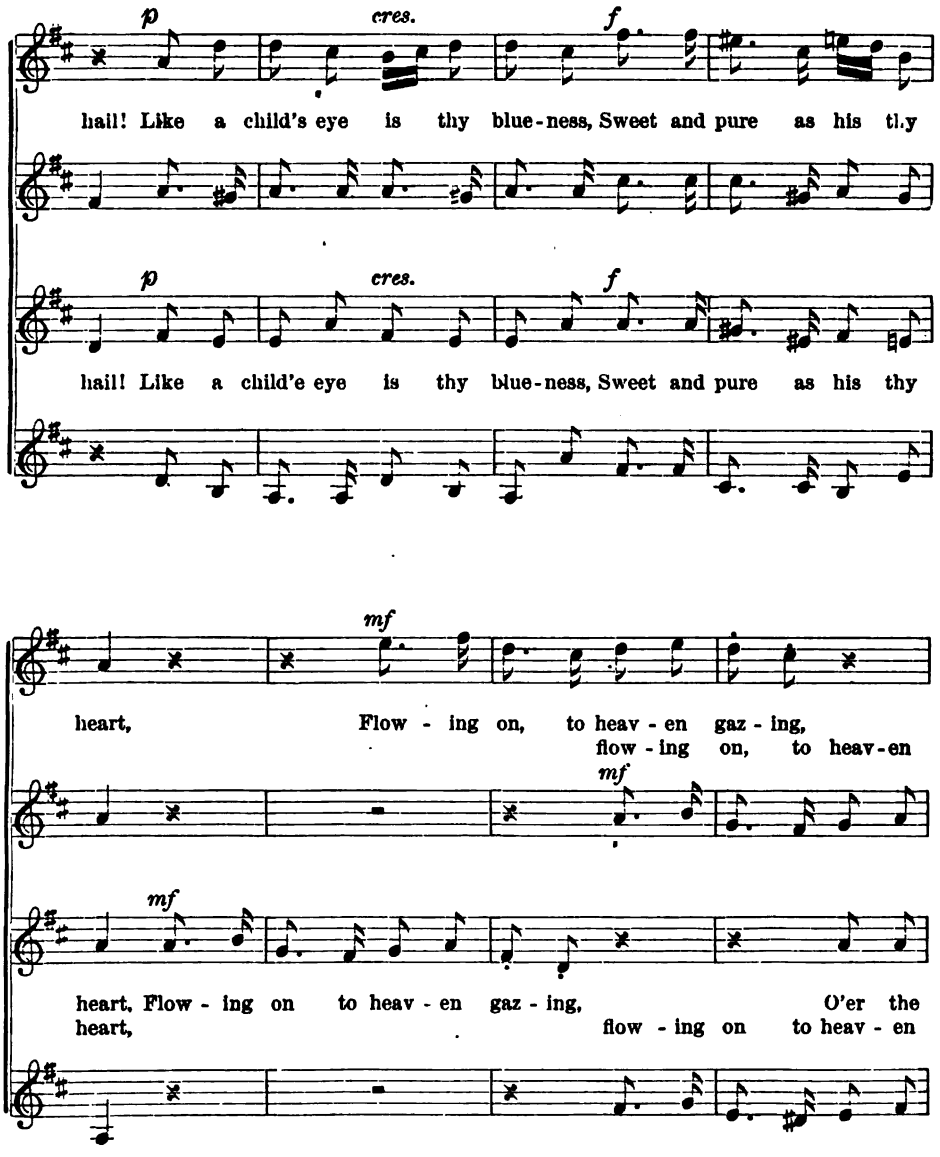

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f *ff*

O'er the peb- bles thou dost dart, thou . . . . . dost . .

gaz - ing, O'er the peb- bles thou dost

f *ff*

f

peb - bles, O'er the peb - bles thou dost dart, O'er the peb - bles thou dost

gaz - ing, thou . . dost

rit.

dart, ... O'er the peb - bles thou dost dart.

dart, thou dost dart. . . . . .

dart, O'er the peb - bles thou dost . dart. . . . . .

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f

Joy - ous brook-let, light - ly foam - ing, Full of glad - ness, full of

f

Joy - ous brook-let, light - ly foam - ing, Full of glad - ness, full of

Full of glad - ness, full of

glee, ...

glee, Gent - ly glid - ing, soft - ly dream- ing, Ev - er keep thee young and

mf

mf

glee, Gent - ly glid - ing, soft - ly dream- ing, Ev - er keep thee young and

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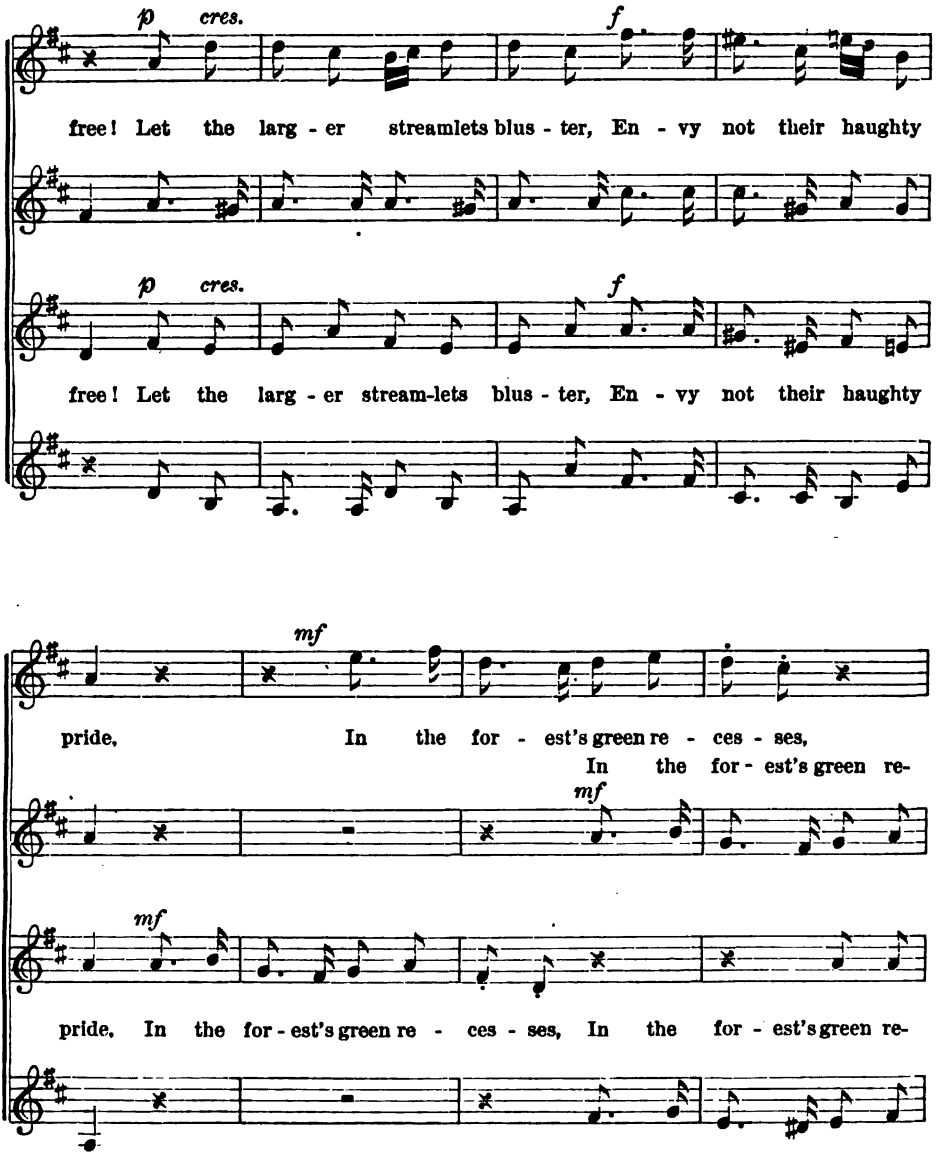

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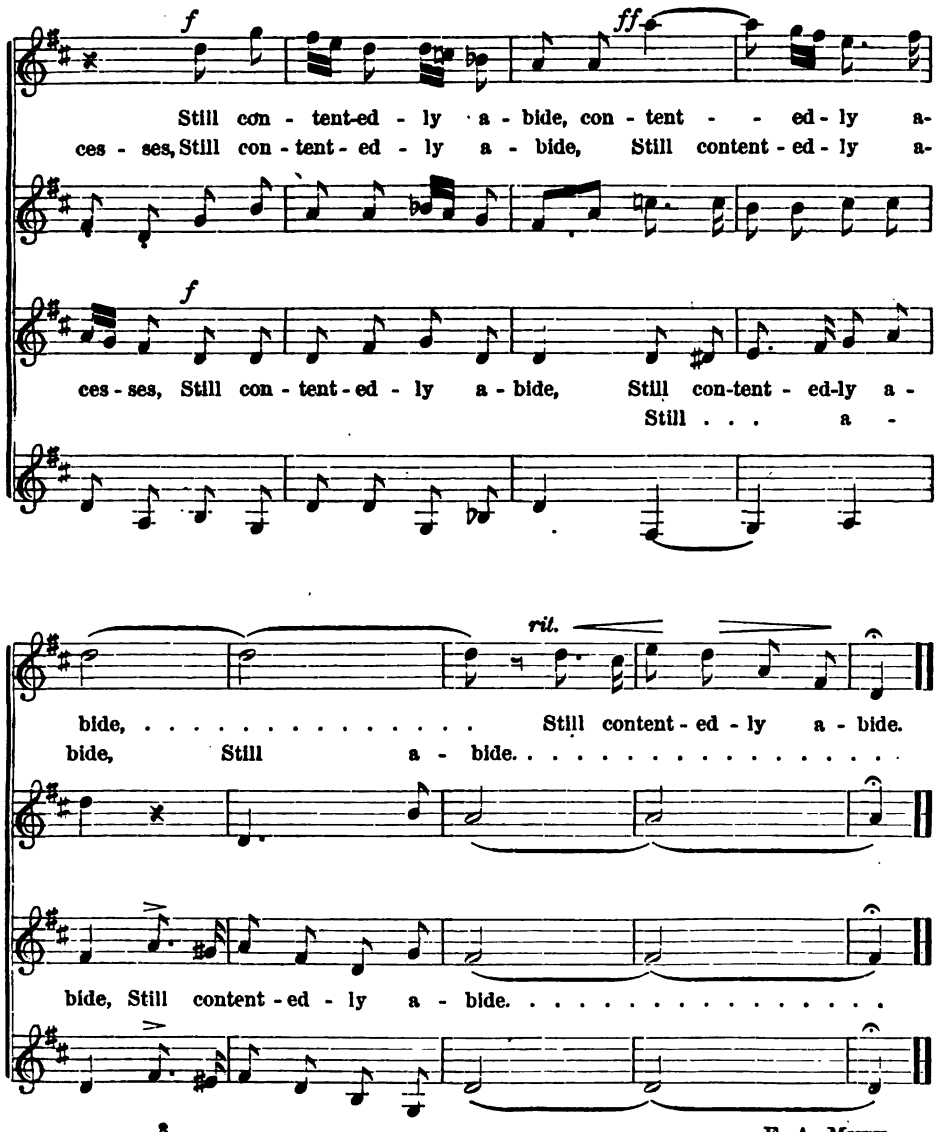

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No. 15. We'll row thee o'er the Waters.

Arranged from Mehul.

Allegretto, con espressione.

p

1. We'll row thee o'er the wa - ters In our fair - y gon - do - let, To

2. We'll row thee o'er the wa - ters To a land of pure de - light, Where

p

yon green flow - 'ry isl - and, Where our sis - ter fays have met. We'll

sor - row may not en - ter, Or . . clouds be - dim the night; Rare

show thee all our pas-times, In our bright and hap - py home, If you'll

flowers of fair - y per - fume To a - dorn thy hair, we'll twine, While

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rall. *a tempo.*

leave your earth - ly dwell - ing, And for - ev - er with us roam. . . . We'll

pp

gems of daz - zling bright-ness On thy spot-less brow shall shine. . . Then

rall.

row thee o'er the wa - ters, In our fair - y gon - do - let, To

has - ten o'er the wa - ters, In our fair - y gon - do - let, To

yon green flow - 'ry isl - and Where our sis - ter fays have met.

yon green flow - 'ry isl - and Where our sis - ter fays have met.

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No. 16. The Travelling Musician.

Folk-song, arr. by Heim.

mf

1. Through field and beech - en for - est, When ear - ly breaks the
2. Hark to the morn's blithe her - ald, The lark on air - y
3. The clouds a - bove move swift - ly, A bird goes dart - ing

mf

day, . . . With laugh and song how gai - ly He
wings! . . . He trav - els too, and sweet - ly His
by; . . . . . Yet thought it - self is fleet - er Than

p

wan - ders on his way. . . . . Scarce in the east a
song of glad - ness sings. . . . O joy! from hill - top
bird or cloud - let high. . . . The clouds float down and

p

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glim - mer,— The earth so calm and still, . . . The
gaz - ing Far down o'er wood and stream; . . While
van - ish, The bird sinks to his nest; . . . . But

f

Spring-time, blos-som - la - den, [His ev - ery sense doth fill. . . The
o - ver all the heav - ens Clear a - zure spac - es gleam. While
thought and song as - cend - ing In Heaven a - lone find rest. But

f

f

Spring - time, blos - som - la - den, His ev - ery sense doth fill. . . .
o - ver all the heav - ens Clear a - zure spac - es gleam.
thought and song as - cend - ing In Heaven a - lone find rest.

f

VON EICHENDORFF.

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NO. 17. ALL IS STILL AND QUIET NOW.

TAUWITZ.

p *mf*

1. All is still and qui - et now, So my dar - ling, slum-ber thou!

2. Soft - ly close each a - zure eye, Like twin May - buds let them lie,

3. And while flowers like thee I greet, Soft - ly kiss - ing eye-lids sweet,

p *mf*

p *dolce.* *p*

On - ly sighs the wind a - near— Lul - la - by, sleep, ba - by dear.

And when morn - ing shines a - new, They, like flowers, shall blos-som too.

Why need moth - er look with-out, Though the Spring is all a - bout.

p *dolce.* *p*

p

On - ly sighs the wind a - near— Lul - la - by, sleep, ba - by dear.

And when morn-ing shines a - new, They, like flowers, shall blos-som too.

Why need moth - er look with - out, Though the Spring is all a - bout.

p

GERMAN TR.

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NO. 18. AT NIGHT.

Arr. from BEETHOVEN.

mf

1. Good . . . . night! Good . . . . . night! Thus the wea-ry we in-
2. Seek re - pose! Seek . . . . re - pose! Let the wea-ry eye - lids

3. Gent - ly rest! Gent - ly rest! Slum-ber on 'mid vi - sions
4. Good . . night! Good . . . night! Sleep till day-spring wakes on

mf

p *p*

vite. Wan - ing day in si - lence flows, Now all bus - y hands re-
close! Si - lence reign - eth in the streets, With his horn the watch-man

blessed! He, whom love has robbed of peace, May he find in dreams re-
high, Fear - less - ly, un - til the day Strews new cares up - on thy

p *p*

f *mf* *p* *ril.* *pp*

pose, Till the dark-ness wakes to light. Good night! Good night!
greets, And the night cries as it flows, Seek re-pose! Seek re - pose!

lease, As if she her love confessed. Gent-ly rest! Gent-ly rest!
way; Watch-ful is the Fa- ther's eye! Good night! Good night!

f *mf* *p* *ril.* *pp*

KORNER, tr. by BASKERVILLE.

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No. 19. THE TENDER BUDS.

CANON. HAUPTMANN.

Andante, con moto.
dolce.

The ten-der buds I gath - er, Now ear - ly May is come, Oh, take them, I

pray thee, That they may near thee bloom! *dolce.* The ten-der buds I

The ten-der buds I gath - er, Now

gath - er, now May is come, Oh take them, that they, that they may near thee

ear-ly May is come, Oh take them, I pray thee, That they may near thee

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bloom— Oh take them, dear, Oh take them, dear, the ten - der buds, the ten - der

bloom! The ten - der buds I gath - er, now

The ten - der buds I gath - er, Now ear - ly May is

dolce.

buds I gath - er, that they, that they may near thee

May is come, Oh take them, that they, that they may near thee

come, Oh take them, I pray thee, That they may near thee

dolce.

dolce.

bloom! The ten - der buds I gath - er, Now ear - ly May is

bloom— Oh take them, dear, Oh take them, dear, the ten der buds, the ten - der

bloom! The ten - der buds I gath - er. now

dolce.

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dolce.

come, Oh take them, I pray thee, That they may near thee

buds I gath - er, that they, that they may near thee
May is come, Oh take them, that they, that they may near thee

dolce.

bloom. The ten - der buds I gath - er, now

dolce.

bloom. The ten - der buds I gath - er, Now ear - ly May is
bloom.—Oh take them, dear, Oh take them, dear, the ten - der buds, the ten - der

dolce. *ril. e dim.*

May is come, Oh, take them, that they, that they may near thee bloom.

dolce.

come, Oh take them, I pray thee, That they may near thee bloom.
buds, Oh take them, that they, that they may near thee bloom.

dolce. *ril. e dim.*

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No. 20. THE VOYAGE.

H. KURTH.

Andante con moto. p dolce.

1. From out the for - est's leaf - y bow - ers The

1. From out the for - est's leaf - y bow - ers The

p dolce.

night - in - gale's glad song I hear; It

night - in - gale's glad song I hear; It

cres.

tell - eth us of Spring's sweet flow - ers, And

tell - eth us of Spring's sweet flow - ers, And

cres.

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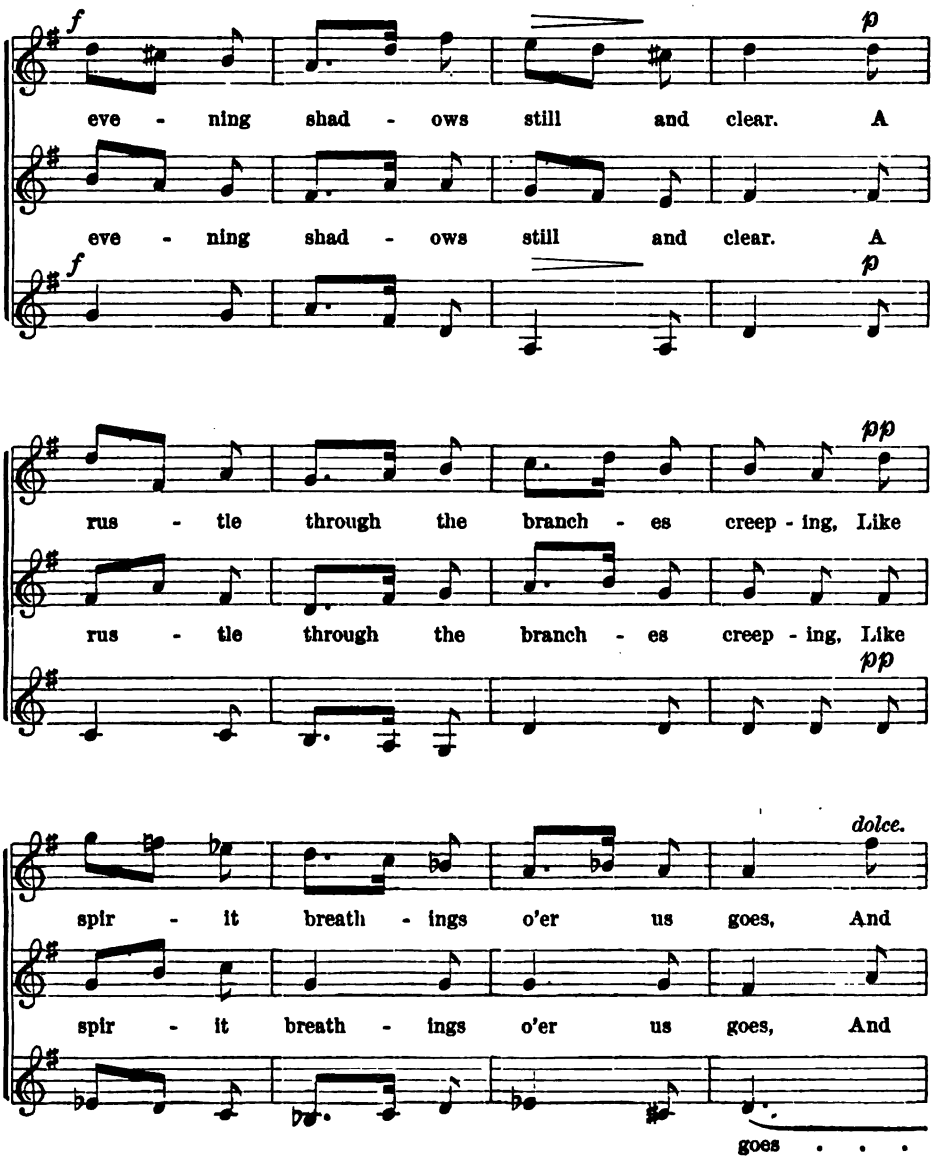

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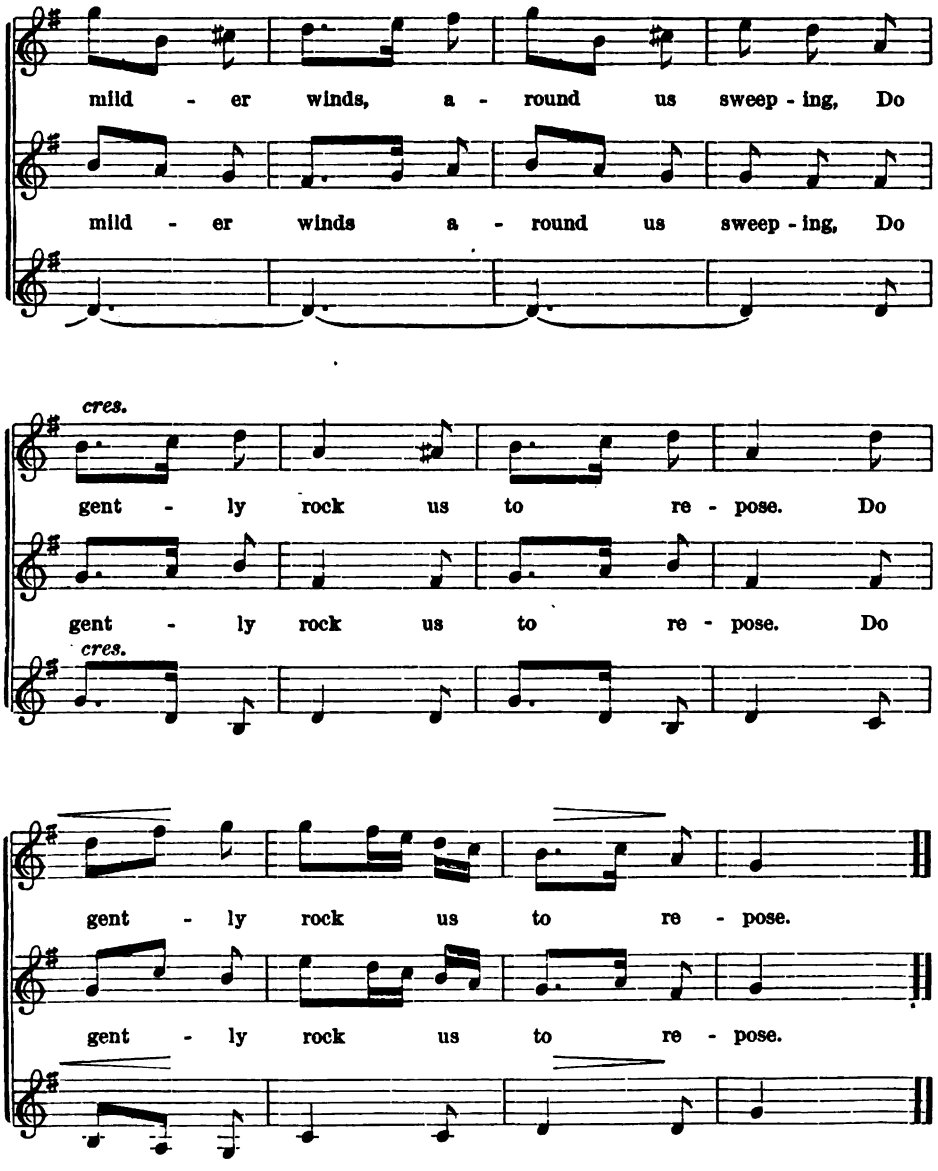

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No. 21. WINTER.

FOLK-SONG, arr. by HEIM.

p *mf*

1. Let us with songs of glad - ness To cheer - ful Win - ter sing, Which
2. When all with - out is drear - y, Still bright - ly shine our homes, Where,

3. And if with cold and hun - ger, To him some poor man cries, Then
4. Then let us songs of glad - ness To cheer-ful Win - ter sing, Till

p *mf*

f *p*

now, in Na - ture's or - der, The Mas - ter wise doth bring. A
all un-seen from Heav - en, The lov - ing Christ-child comes, And

hastes he as his help - er, A friend both sure and wise; For
with its ver - dant beau - ty Re - turns the jo - cund Spring For

f *p*

cres. *f*

snow - y man - tle cov - ers The mead - ows far and near, Be -
with a kind hand scat - ters His pres - ents great and small, To

He who feeds the ra - vens That flut - ter through the air, Leaves
Win - ter, too, God send - eth In kind-ness from a - bove, And

cres. *f*

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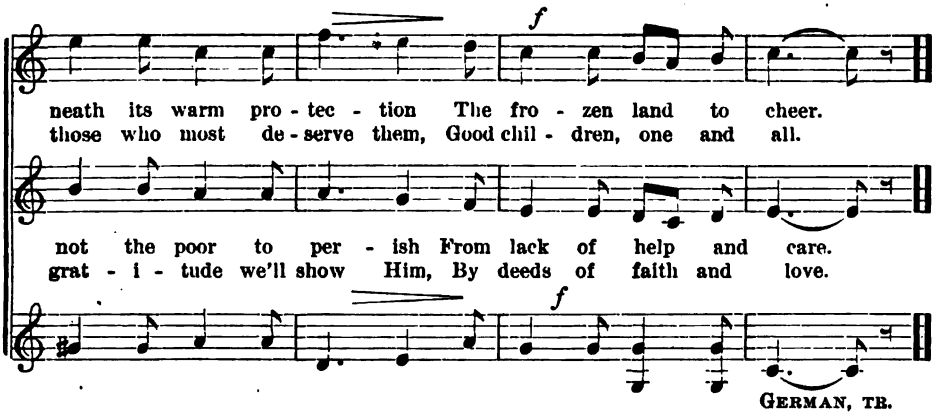
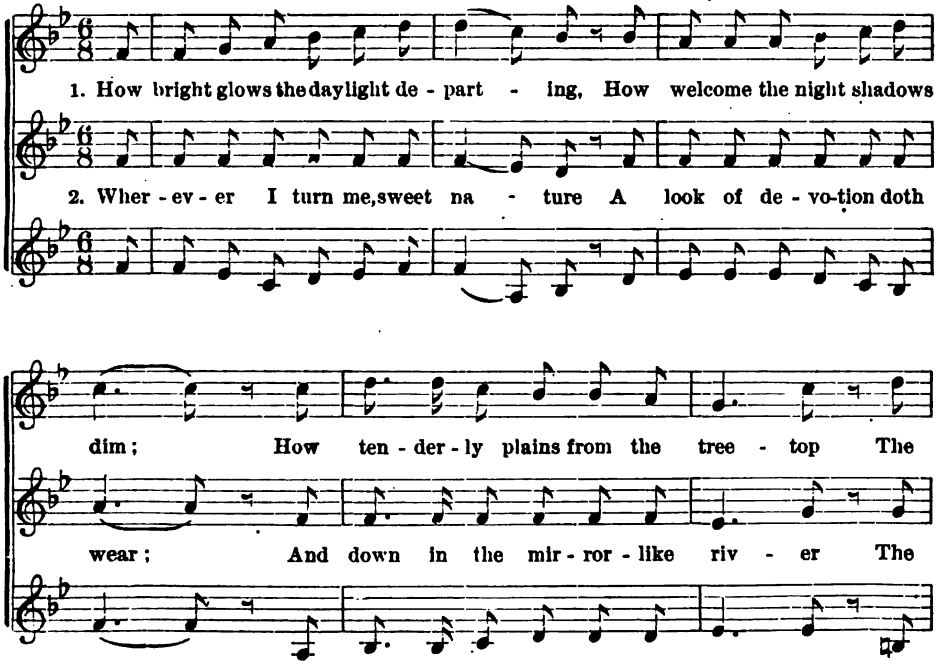


NO. 22. EVENTIDE.

K. F. W. MULLER.



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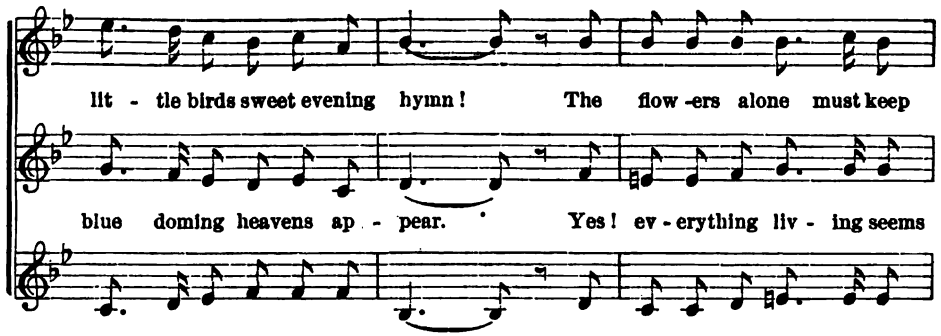

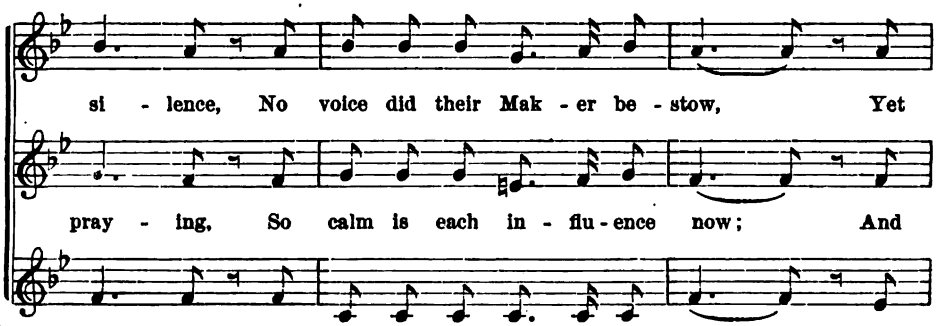

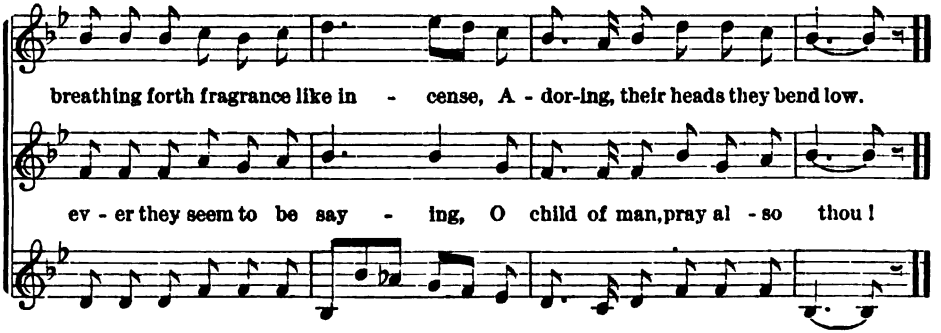

GERMAN, TR.

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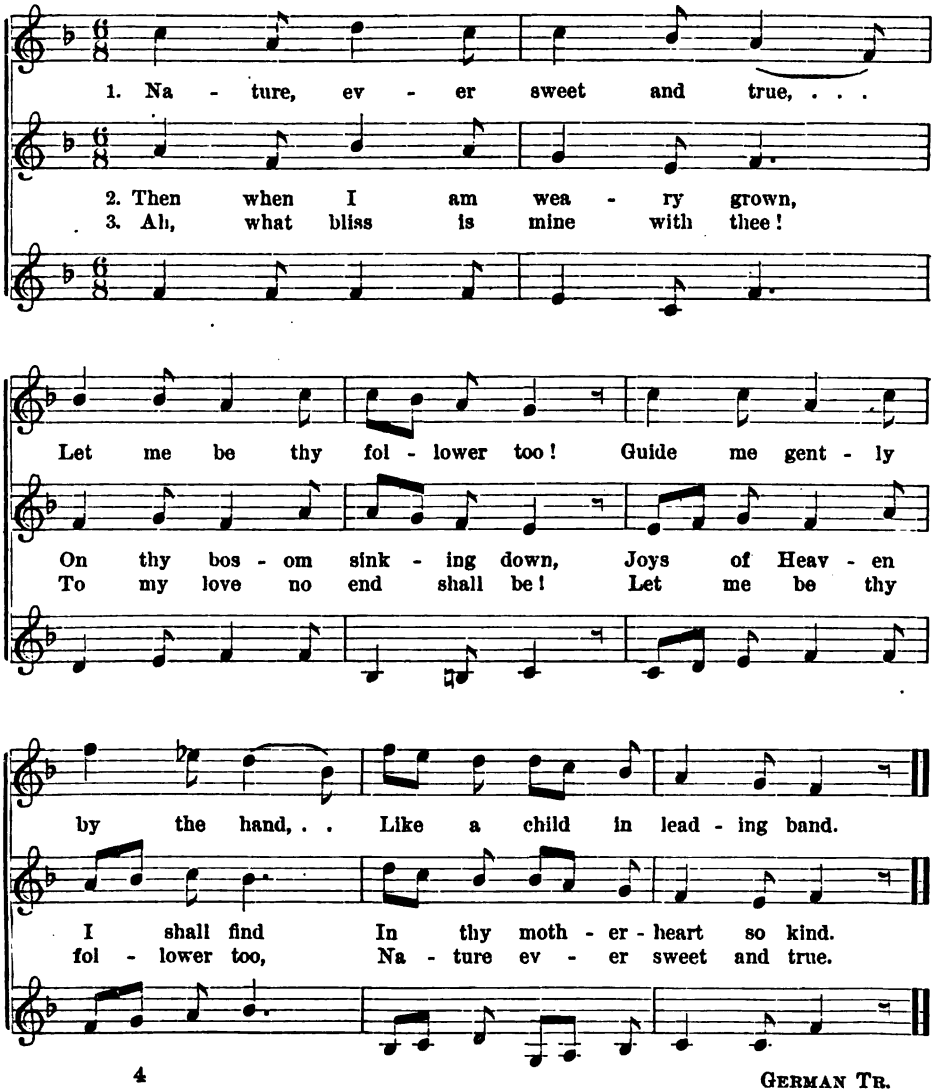
No. 23. Nature, Ever Sweet and True.

Luetzel.



4

German Tr.

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No. 24. O JOYFUL DAY.

SACCHINI.

Largo. Sotto voce.

O joy - ful day! O mo - ment of glad-ness!

O joy - ful day! O mo - ment of glad-nsss! once

Largo. Sotto voce.

once more, once more our dear ones are a - round us!

more
once more, once more our dear ones are a - round us!

p

Love! thou sweetest boon to mor - tals, By boun-teous

Love! thou sweetest boon to mor - tals, By bounteous, Heav'n, by bounteous

p

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p *cres.* *ff*

Heaven, by Heaven bestowed. By Heaven be-stowed,

Heaven . . . by Heaven bestowed. By Heaven be-stowed,
By boun-teous Heaven be - stowed.

p *cres.* *ff*

by Heaven bestowed. O joy - ful day! O . . day of

by Heaven bestowed. O joy - ful day! O . . day of

p

glad-ness! Once more, once more they are . . . a-round us.

glad-ness! Once more, once more they are . . . a-round us.

p

Digitized by Google

cres. *ff*

O Love! thou sweetest boon, . . Thou sweet-est boon to mor - tals!

O Love! thou sweetest boon, . . Thou sweet-est boon to mor - tals!

cres. *ff*

p

thou sweet-est boon . . . . . by boun - teous

Thou sweetest boon, thou sweetest boon by boun - teous

pp

by

Heaven, by Heaven be-stowed. Thou sweet - est

pp

Thou sweet - est boon . . . .

Heaven, by Heaven be-stowed. Thou sweet - est

Heaven be - - stowed.

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boon, thou sweet-est boon, by boun - teous Heaven be-stowed.

. . . . . by boun - teous Heaven be-stowed.

boon, thou sweet-est boon, by

f by Heaven be-stowed, thou sweet - est boon, by boun - teous

by Heaven be-stowed, thou sweet - est boon, by boun - teous

f Heaven . . . . by Heaven . . . . . be-stowed.

Heaven, by Heaven bestowed, by Heav'n bestowed, by Heav'n bestowed.

by Heaven be - stowed, by Heav'n,

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No. 25. Lo! the Golden Sun is Shining.

Gluck, arr. by Heim.

p *mf*

Lo! the gold - en sun is . . shin - ing; Let us,

Lo! the gold - en sun is . . shin - ing; Let us,

p *mf*

p

chil - dren of the day, Cast a - side the

chil - dren of the day, Cast a - side the

p

mf *f*

works of dark - ness, Which have led . . . our souls a - stray.

works of dark - ness, Which have led . . . our souls a - stray.

mf *f*

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mf *p*

May the morn, sweet calm - ness breath - ing, Bring us

May the morn, sweet calm - ness breath - ing, Bring us

mf *p*

f *p*

peace . . and pu - ri - ty, From our lips all

peace . . and pu - ri - ty, From our lips all

f *p*

f

false - hood van - ish, And our thoughts from sin set free.

false - hood van - ish. And our thoughts from sin set free.

f

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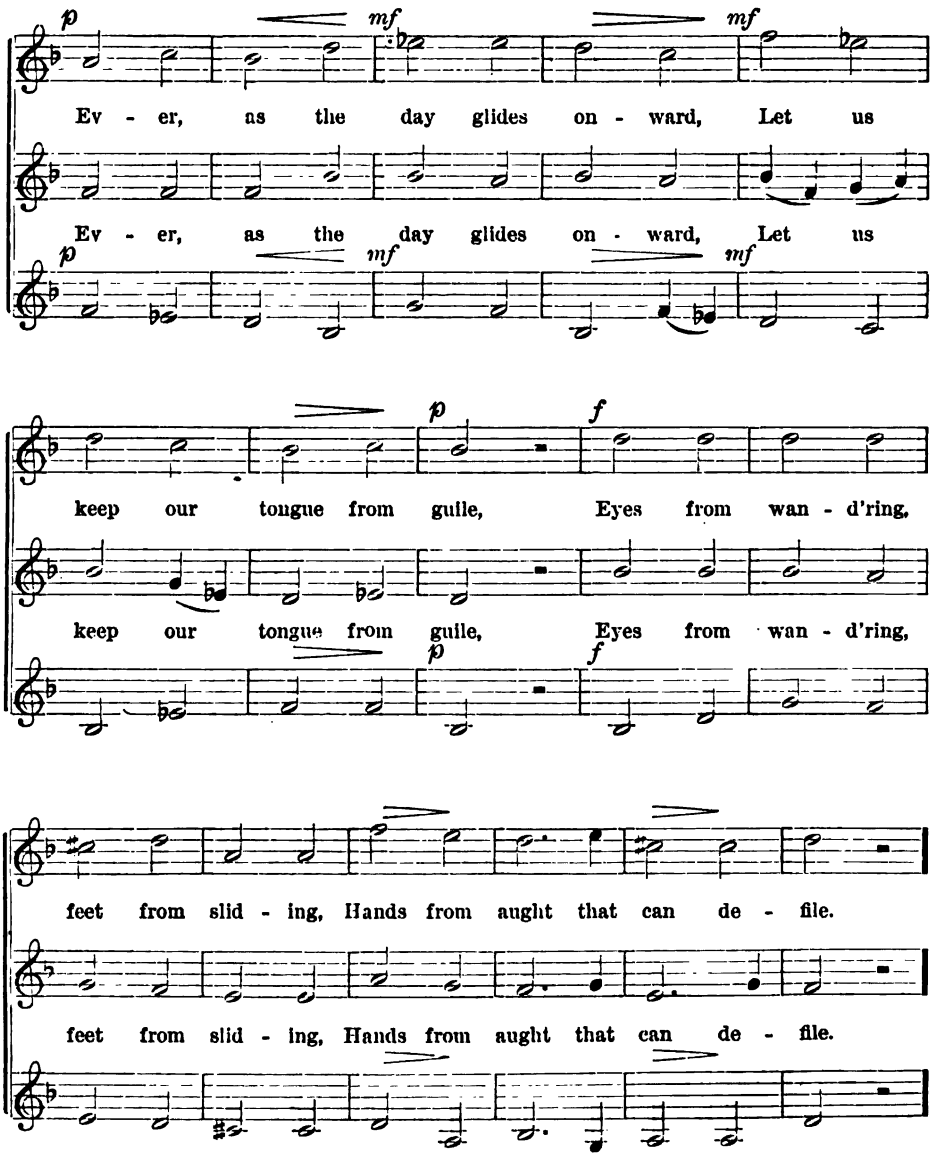

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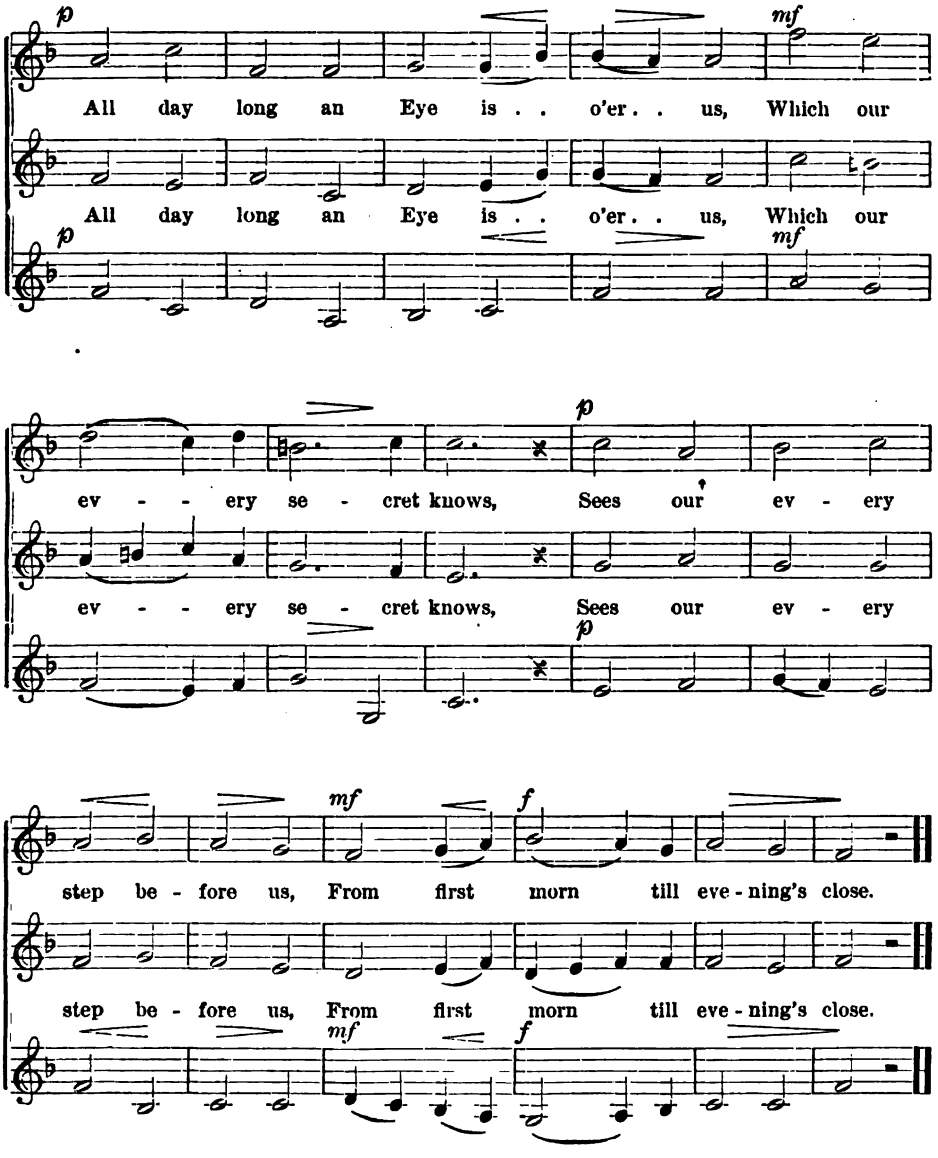

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No. 26. Cradle Song.

C. M. von Weber, 1810.

Andante con moto.

1. Sleep, moth - er's ba - by, my dar - ling art thou,
2. An - gels from Heav - en, as love - ly as thou,

3. *Now*, my child, on - ly true rest canst thou know,
4. Rest then, my dar - ling, and watch o'er thy sleep

Close in sweet slum - ber thy soft blue eyes now,
Hang o'er thy cra - dle, and smile on thee now,

Lat - er, ah, lat - er, it can - not be so!
Through the night's shad - ows thy mo - ther will keep; For

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All things are qui - et as qui - et can be,
Lat - er, a - las, they will come from the skies,

Then will dark sor - rows be hov - er - ing o'er,
ear - ly or late— what - e'er may be - tide,

Sleep while I fan the rude flies off from thee.
On - ly the sad tears to wipe from thine eyes.

Then will thy slum - bers be peace - ful no more.
Moth - er - love wake - ful will ev - er a - bide.

F. C. HEIMER, 1810.

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No. 27. The Summer Evening.

VON CALL.

mf *p*

1. How beau - ti - ful at eve - ning hour Are na - ture's glo - ries

2. And bright - ly beam - ing on her way, The moon as - cends the

mf *p*

mf *p*

seen! . . Soft breathes the wind o'er leaf and flower, And

sky; . . How clear - ly gleams be - neath her ray The

mf *p*

qui - et reigns se - rene— And qui - et reigns se - rene.

for - est far and nigh— The for - est far and nigh.

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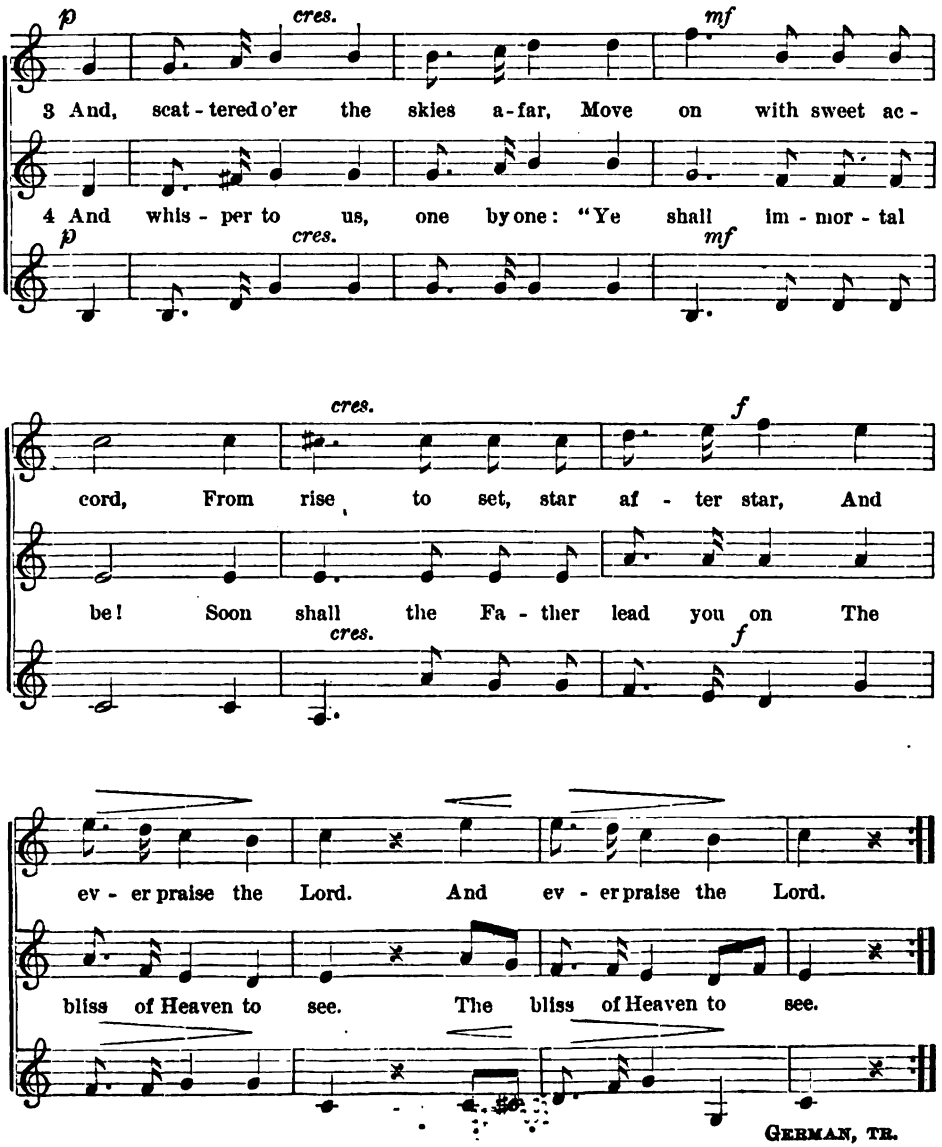

GERMAN, TR.

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No. 28. Sweet Spring is Returning.

Schletterer.

1. Sweet Spring is re - turn - ing; She breathes on the
2. Full glad - ly I greet thee, Thou love - li - est

3. And then, O thou kind one, Thou cam - est so
4. Now wel - come, thou loved one, A - gain and a -

plain, . . And mead - ows are bloom - ing In beau - ty a -
guest: . . Ah, long have we wait - ed By thee to be

mild; . . And moun - tain and mead - ow, And riv - u - let
gain; . . And bring us full man - y Bright days in thy

gain. Now fair is the flow - er, And green is the
blessed! Stern Win - ter threw o'er us His heav - y, cold

smiled; The voice of thy mu - sic Was heard in the
train; And bid the soft Sum - mer Not lin - ger so

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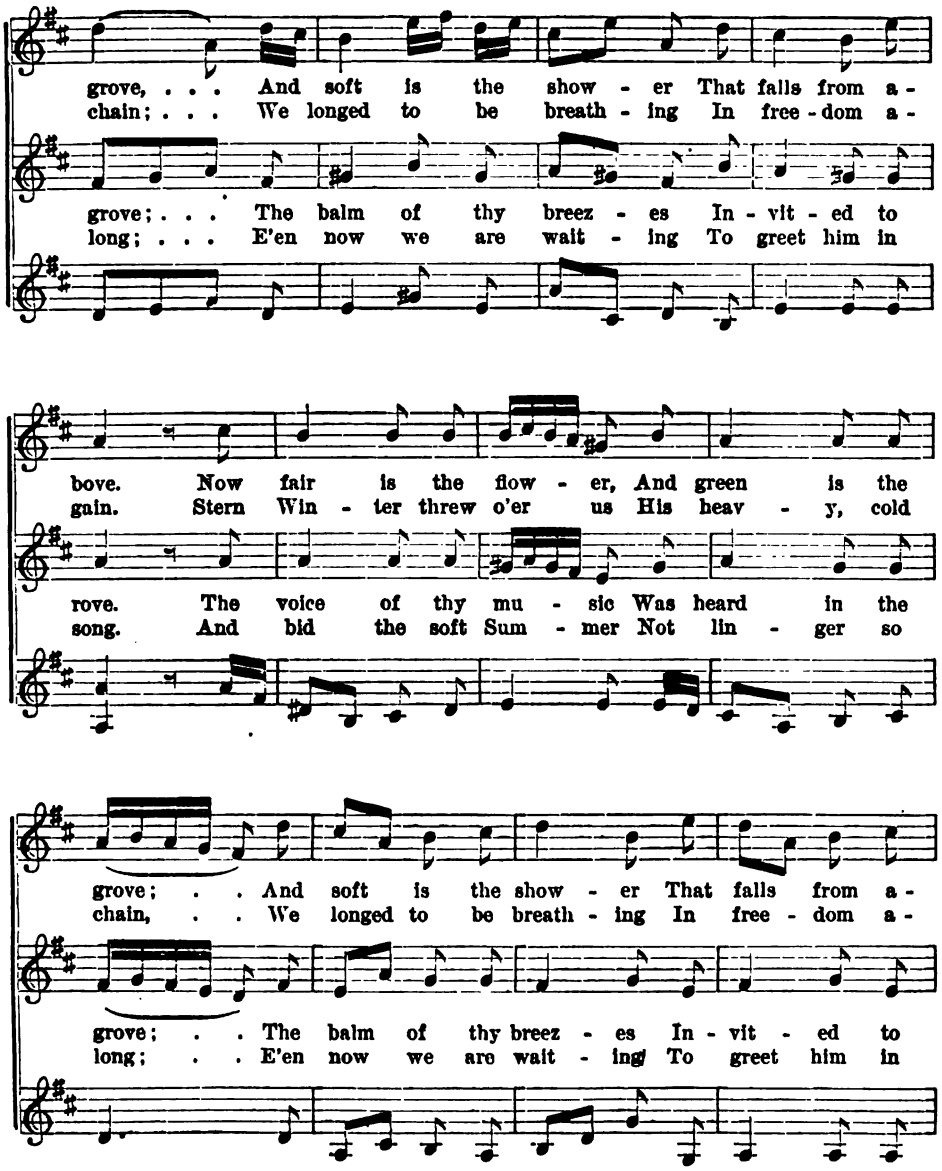

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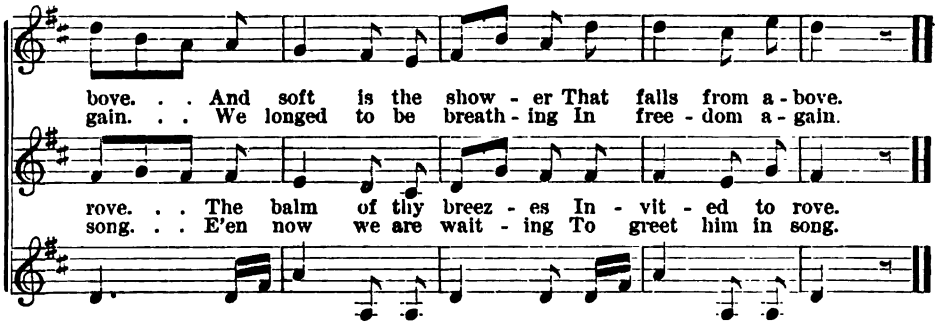
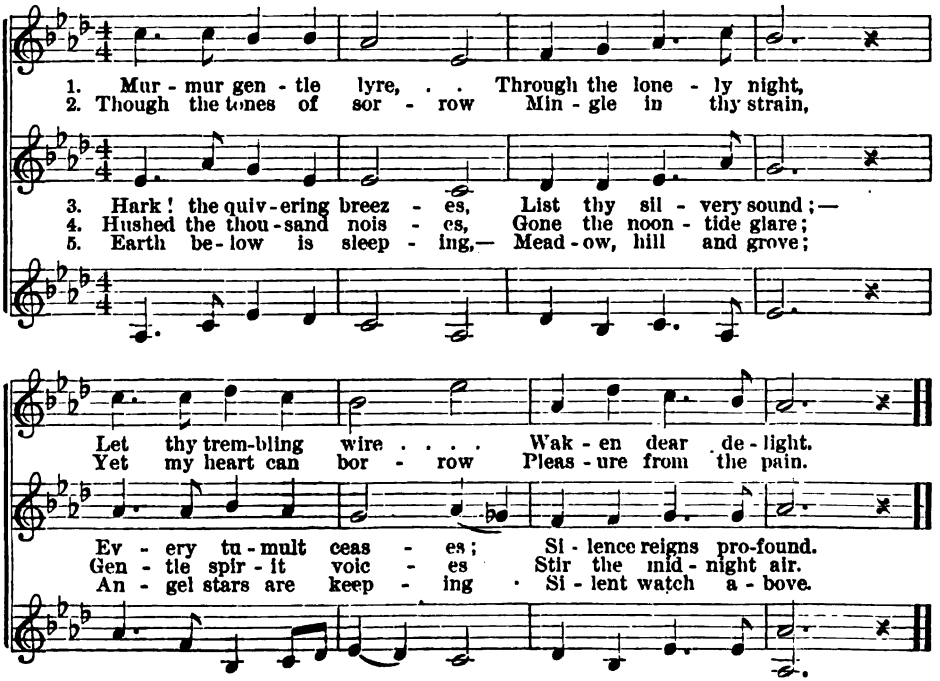


GERMAN TR. BY C. T. BROOKS.

NO. 29. MURMUR, GENTLE LYRE.

RINCK.



GERMAN TR. BY C. T. BROOKS.

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No. 30. Early Spring.

H. Kurth.

Vivace.

f

Come ye so ear - ly Days of de - light?

Come ye so ear - ly Days of de - light?

f

mf *f*

Sun, dost thou give me Wood - land and height? Full - er the

Sun, dost thou give me Wood - land and height? Full - er the

mf *f*

p

brook - let Flows through the dale! Is it the mead - ow?

brook - let Flows through the dale! Is it the mead - ow?

p

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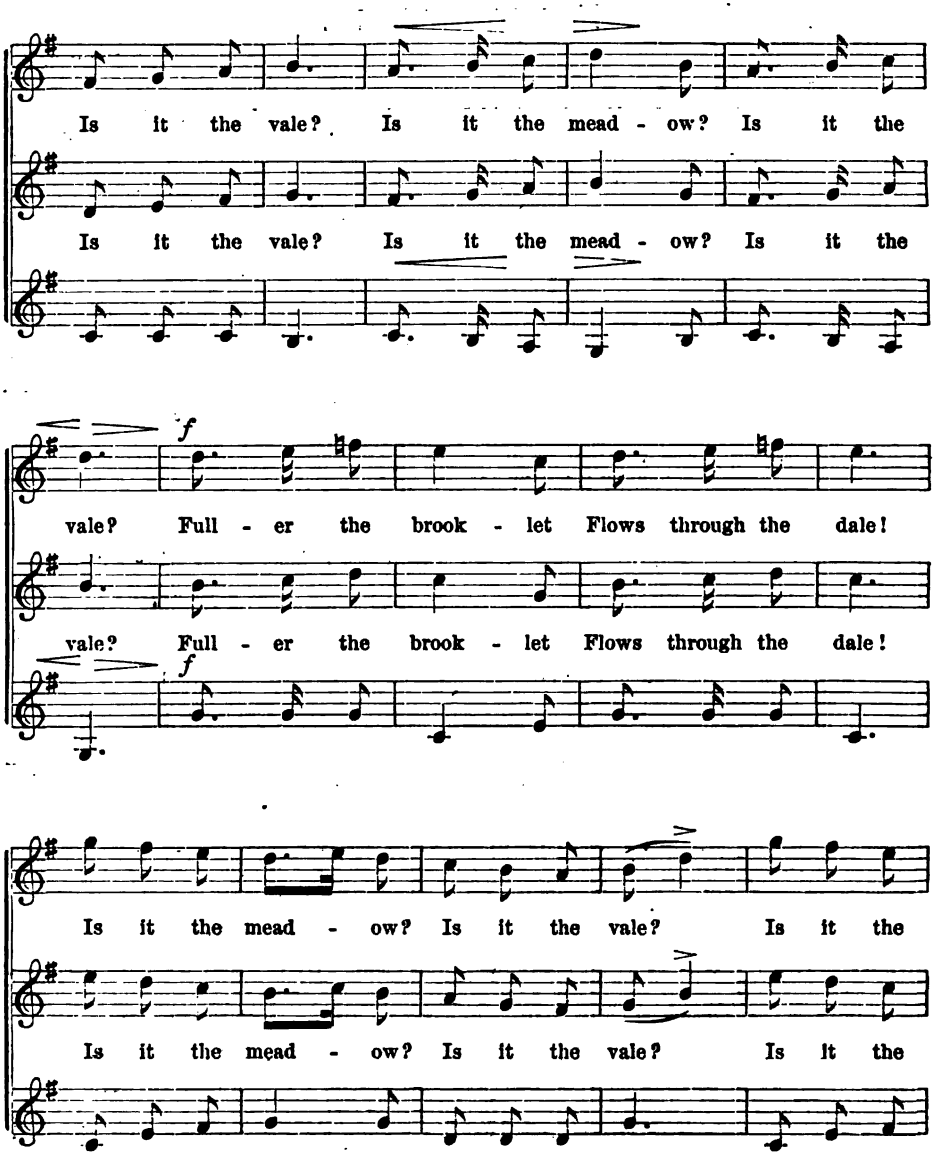

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mf

mead - ow? Is it the vale? Is it the

mf

mead - ow? Is it the vale? Is it . . . . the

mf

Is it the vale? . . . . . .

meno mosso poco a poco.

mead - ow? Is it the vale? Is it the mead - ow? Is

mead - ow? Is it . . . the vale? Is it the mead - ow?

. . . . . .

smorzando.

it, is it the vale? . . . . . .

Is it the vale? Is it the vale? . . . .

smorzando.

Is it the vale? . . . .

GOETHE.

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NO. 31. EIAPOPEIA.

BOHEMIAN FOLK-SONG. TABOR.

Andante sostenuto, con tenerezza.

1. Ei - a - po - pei - a, my ba - by, sleep on, Moth - er is

2. Rest thee, my ba - by, to slum - ber be - guiled, Peace - ful - ly

rock - ing her dar - ling a - lone. Ei - a - hei - a, . . .

rest thee, my beau - ti - ful child! Ei - a - hei - a,

ba - by, sleep on, Moth - er will rock thee a - lone, pre - cious one!

dar - ling, sleep on, Shut fast thine eye - lids, my own pre - cious one!

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No. 32. The Savoyar'ds Return.

J. L. Hatton.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Oh, yon - der is the well - known spot, My dear, my long lost

2. Now safe re - turned with wan - dering tired, No more my lit - tle

mf

na - tive home; Oh, wel - come is yon lit - tle cot, Where

home I'll leave, And man - y a tale of what I've seen Shall

f

I shall rest, no more to roam! Oh, I have trav - ell'd

wile a - way the win - ter's eve. Oh, I have wan - der'd

f

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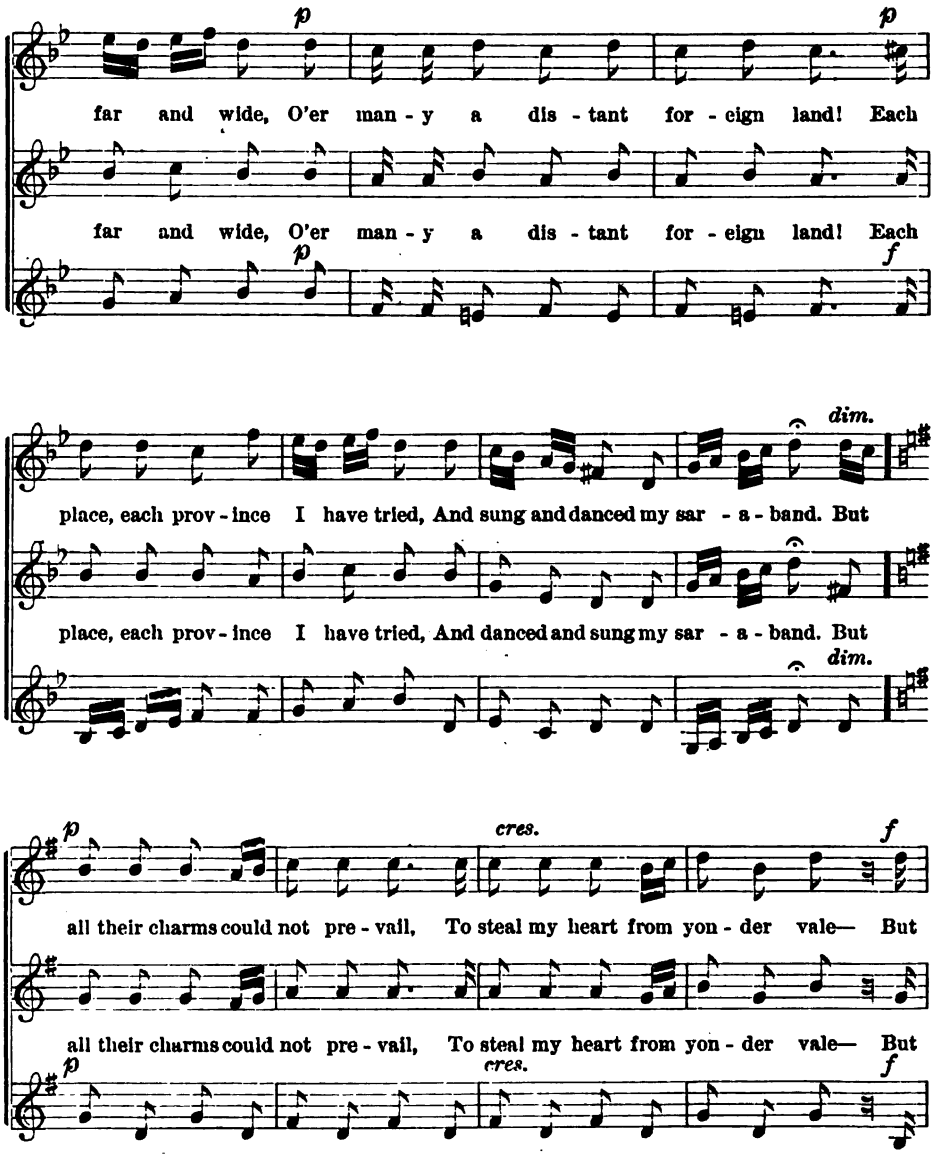

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all their charms could not pre - vail To steal my heart from

all their charms could not pre - vail To steal my heart from

dolce.

yon - der vale. To steal my heart from yon - der

yon - der vale.

dolce.

rall.

vale. my heart from yon - der vale.

My heart from yon - der vale.

To steal my heart from yon - der vale.

dolce.

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NO. 33. THE STARS ARE SLOWLY FADING.

Andante tranquillo. Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.

p

The stars are slow - ly fad - ing In - to the ro - sy sky, The

The stars are slow - ly fad - ing In - to the ro - sy sky, The

p

night will soon be o - ver, The morn-ing draweth nigh. The morn -

night will soon be o - ver, The morn-ing draweth nigh. The morn -

ning— the morn - ing draw - eth nigh. Yet si-lence reigns su-preme - ly A -

ning— the morn - ing draw - eth nigh. Yet si-lence reigns su-preme - ly A -

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long the dusk-y vale, Save where in dew-y branch-es Trill-eth the night-in-

long the dusk-y vale, Save where in dew-y branch-es Trill-eth the night-in-

pp

gale— Trill-eth . . . trill-eth the night-in-gale. He has the dark-ness

gale— Trill-eth . . . trill-eth the night-in-gale. He has the dark-ness

pp

f

scattered, Why should his children fear? Ev-er in light or shad-ow The

scattered, Why should his children fear? Ev-er in light or shad-ow The

f

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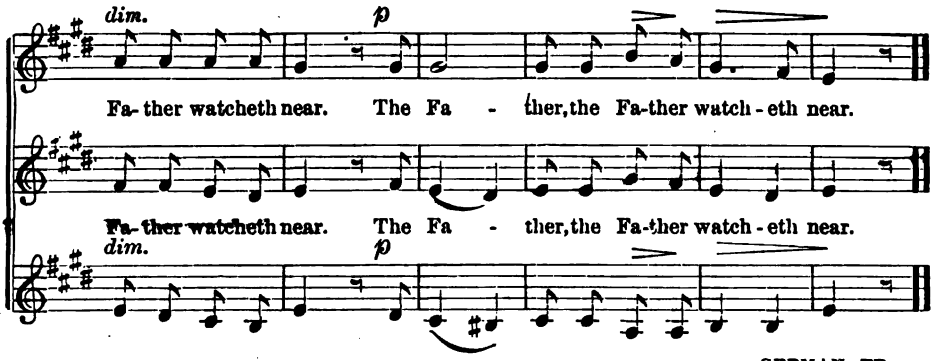
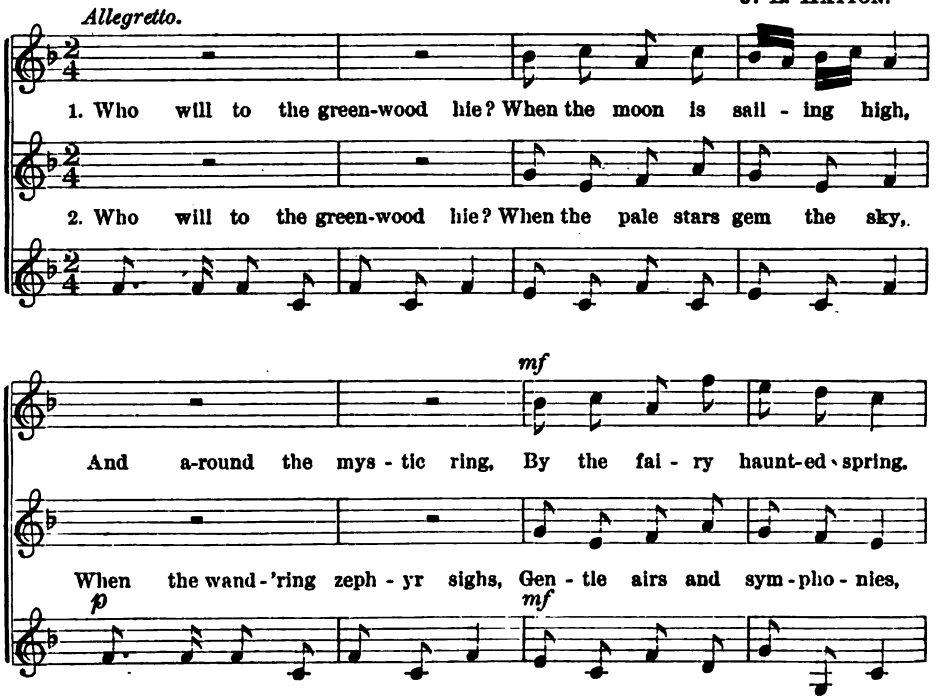


GERMAN, TR.

NO. 34. WHO WILL TO THE GREENWOOD HIE.

J. L. HATTON.



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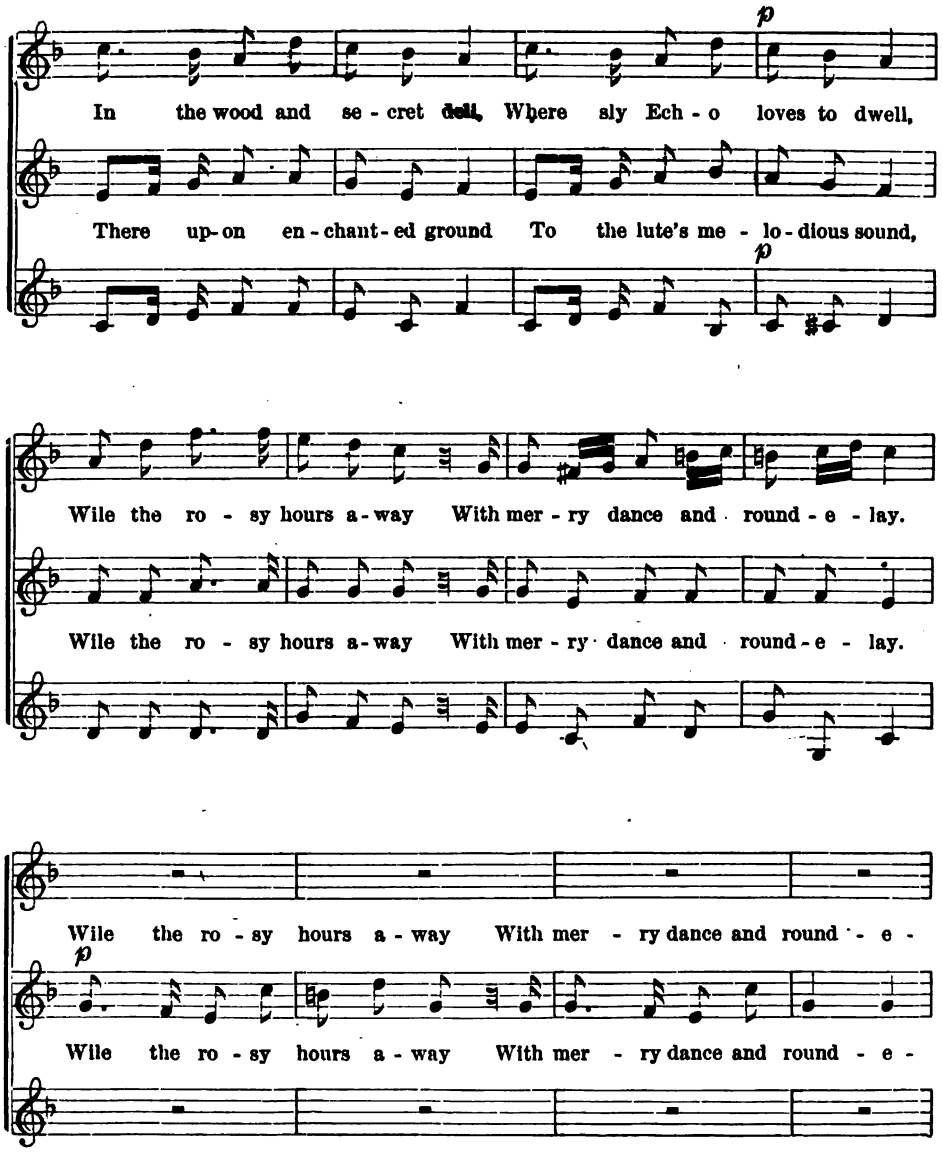

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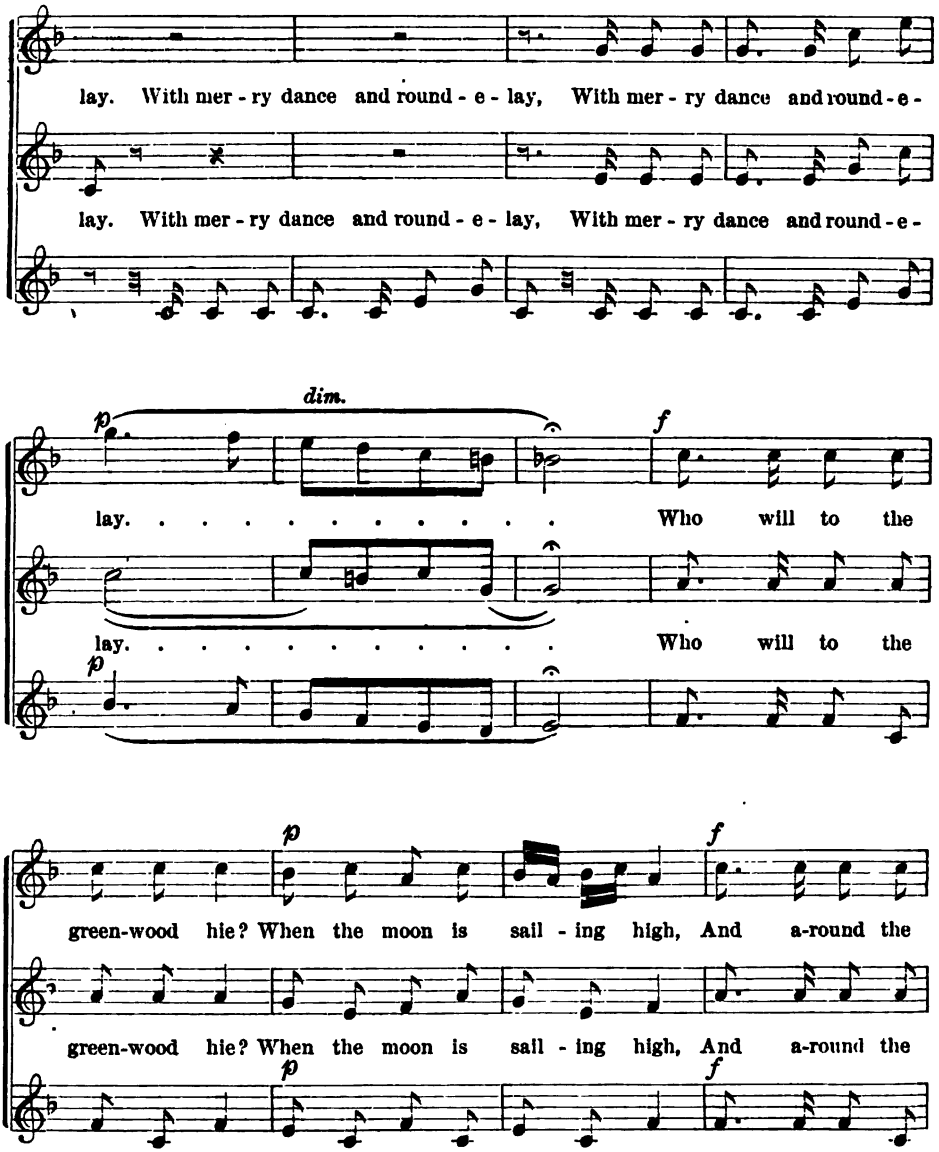

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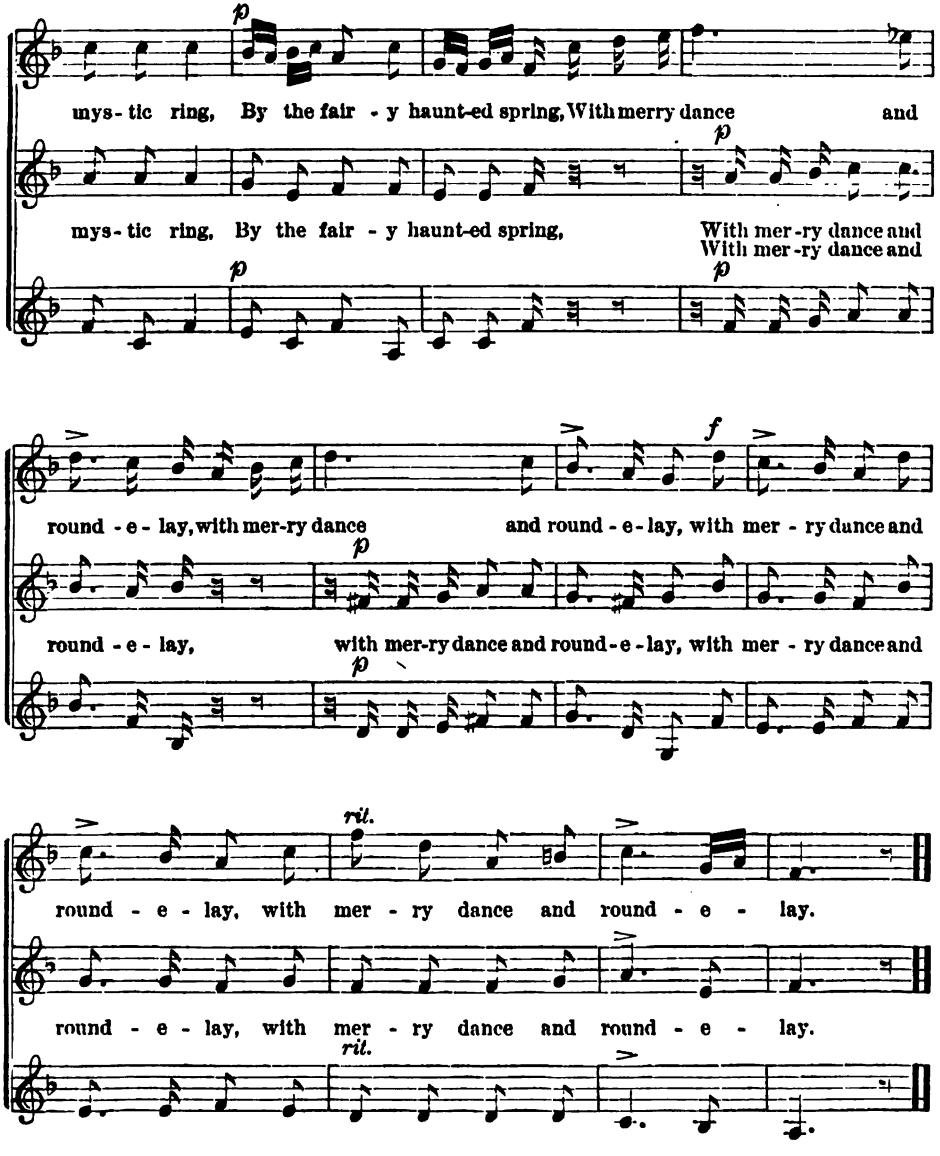

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No. 35. Go where the Water glideth.

Alexander Rowland.

Andante. *pp*

Go where the wa - ter glid - eth

pp

Go where the wa - ter glid - eth glid - eth

p *pp*

gent - ly, ev - er, gent - ly ev - er, Glid - eth thro' meadows that the

gent - ly, ev - er, gent - ly ev - er, Glid - eth thro' meadows that the

p *pp*

green - est be. Glid - eth thro' meadows that the green - est be.

green - est be. Glid - eth thro' meadows that the green - est be.

Digitized by Google

pp

Go lis - ten to your own be-

p

Go lis - ten to your own be - lov - ed, Go lis - ten to your own be-

pp

f

lov - ed riv - er, Go lis - ten to your own be - lov - ed riv - er,

lov - ed riv - er, Go lis - ten to your own be - lov - ed riv - er,

f

p *cres.* *f* *ff* *pp*

And think of me, think of me, And think of me, And think of me.

And think of me, think of me, And think of me, And think of me.

p *cres.* *f* *ff* *pp*

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Wan - der in for - ests where the small flower

Wan - der in for - ests, Wan - der in for - ests Where the small flower

p *pp*

Where the small flow - er lay - eth Its fair - y gem beneath the

Where the small flow - er lay - eth Its fair - y gem beneath the

p *pp*

gi - ant tree, Its fair - y gem beneath the gi - ant tree.

gi - ant tree, Its fair - y gem beneath the gi - ant tree.

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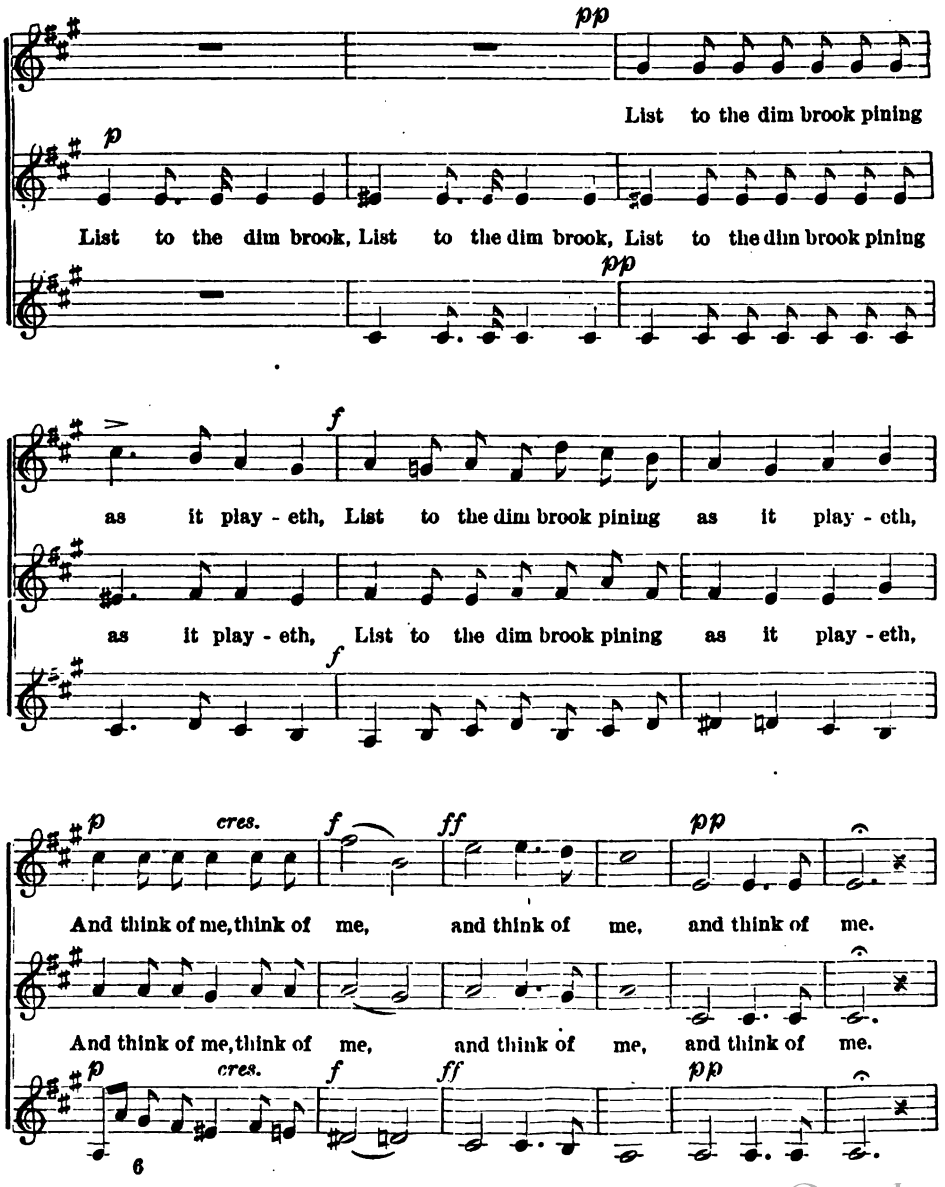

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And when the moon riseth as she were

p

And when the moon riseth, ris - eth as she were

p *pp*

dream - ing, as she were dreaming, And treadeth with white feet the

dream - ing, as she were dreaming, And treadeth with white feet the

p *pp*

lull - ed sea, And treadeth with white feet the lull - ed sea,

p

lull - ed sea, And treadeth with white feet the lull - ed sea,

p

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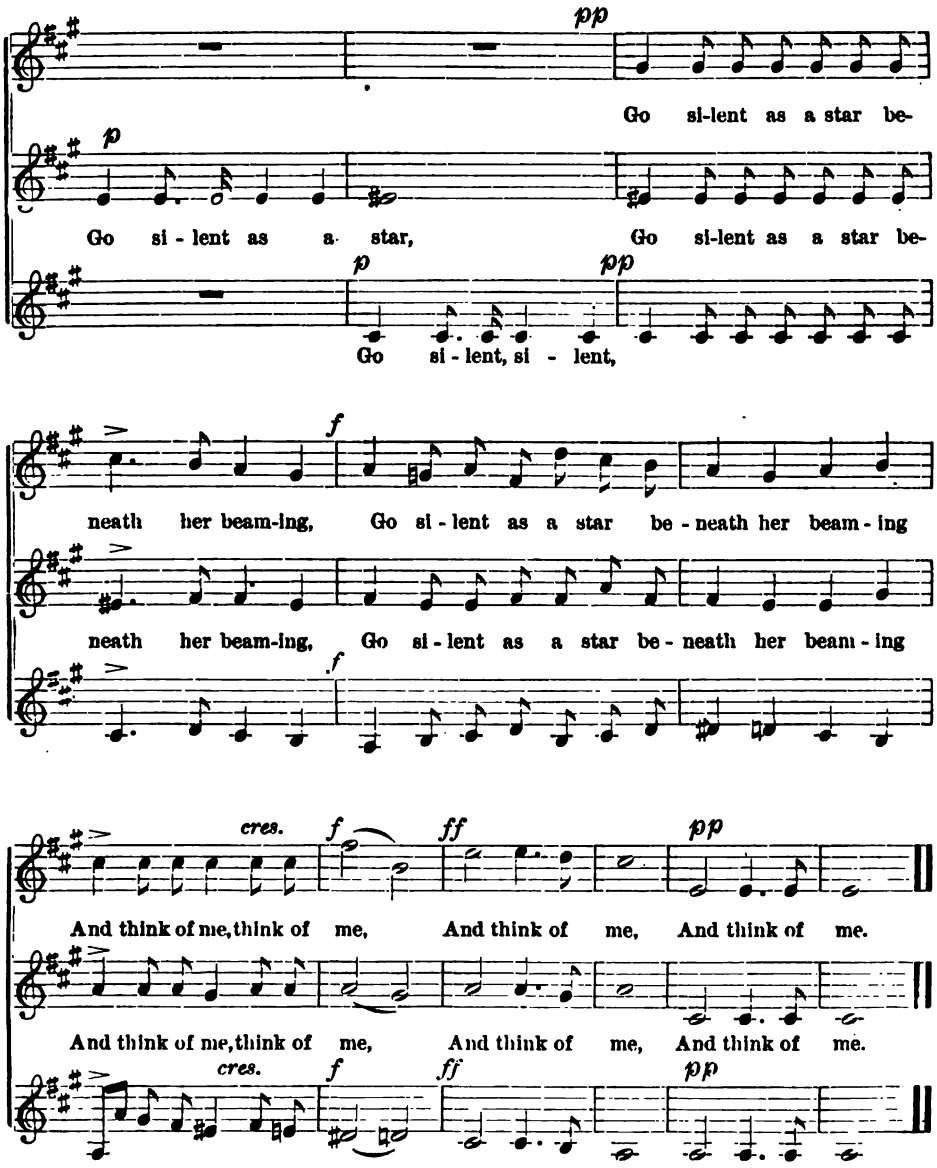

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No. 36. THE CHILD AWAKING.

BOHEMIAN FOLK-SONG. TABOR.

Con tenerezza.

1. Wilt thou sleep for - ev - er, Eye-lids o - pen nev - er,
2. Now from slum - ber tak - en, ... Let thy blue eyes wak - en!
3. Up the sun ad - vanc - es, ... With its gold - en glanc - es,

Child with cheeks the rose a - dorn-ing? Long a - go the birds of morn - ing
All is read - y for my dear - est, Bread and milk when thou ap-pear - est;
Shin-ing on thy bed so bright - ly, Kiss-ing mouth and cheek so light - ly;

Sweet - est songs did raise . . . . . To their Mak - er's praise.
Yet thou stay - est, child, ... Still in slum - ber mild.
In its cheer - ing ray, ... Wak - en in - to day.

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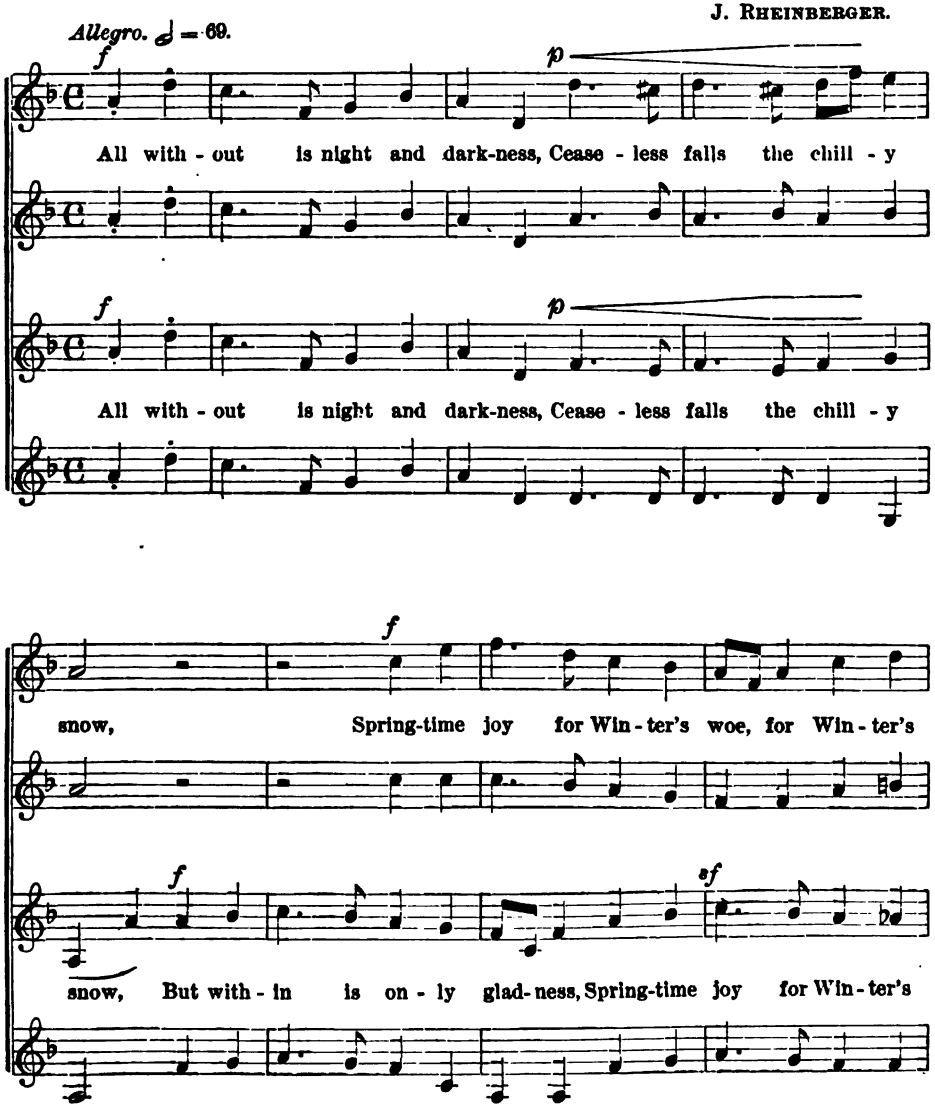
No. 37. Story-Magic.

J. Rheinberger.



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sf *p*

woe. Kit - tens play. - ing, pret - ty kit - tens, kit - tehs play - ing, pret - ty

p

sf *p* *cres.*

woe. Whirl - ing, twirl - ing, soft - ly purr, With their

f *sf*

kit - tens, With their vel - vet paws car - ess - ing one an - oth - er's gloss - y

f *sf*

f *sf*

paws car - ess - ing, vel - vet paws car - ess - ing one an - oth - er's gloss - y

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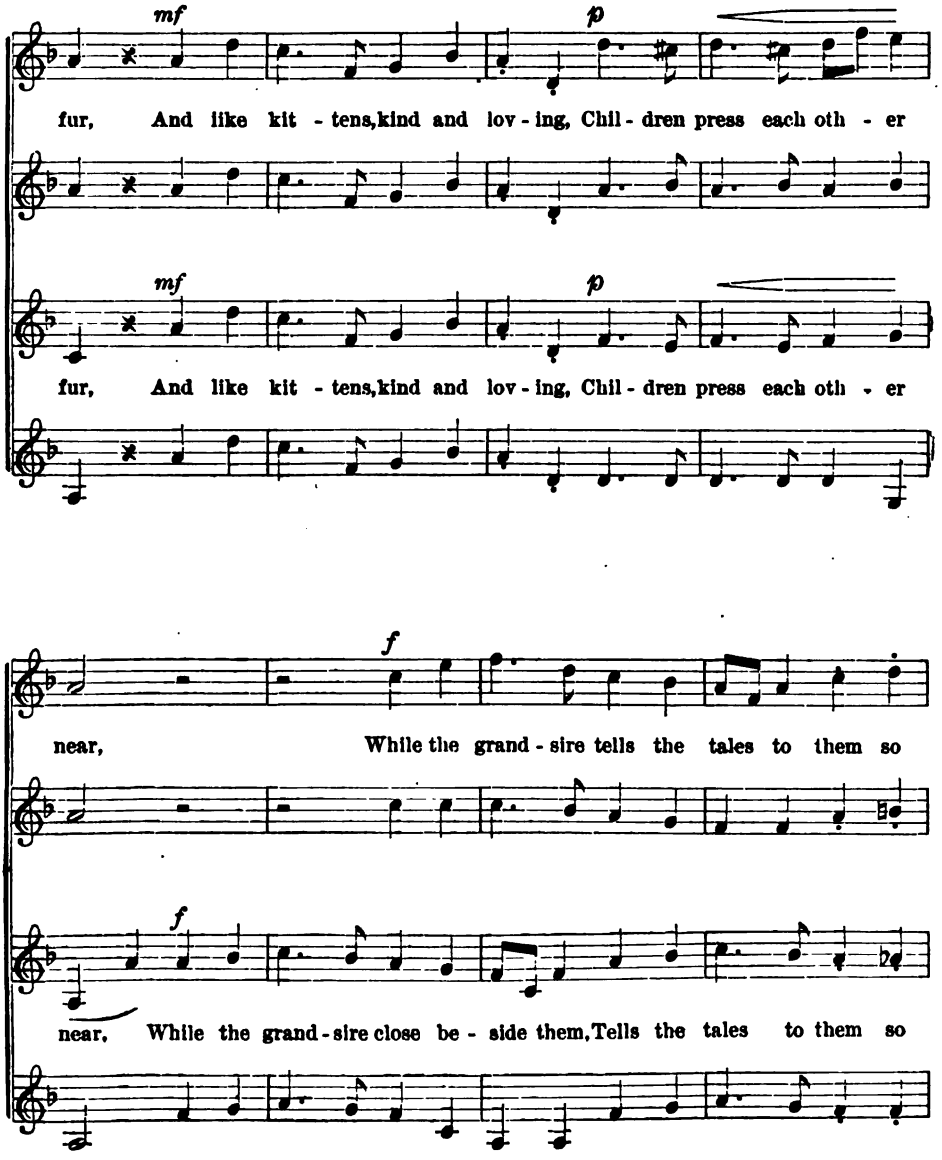

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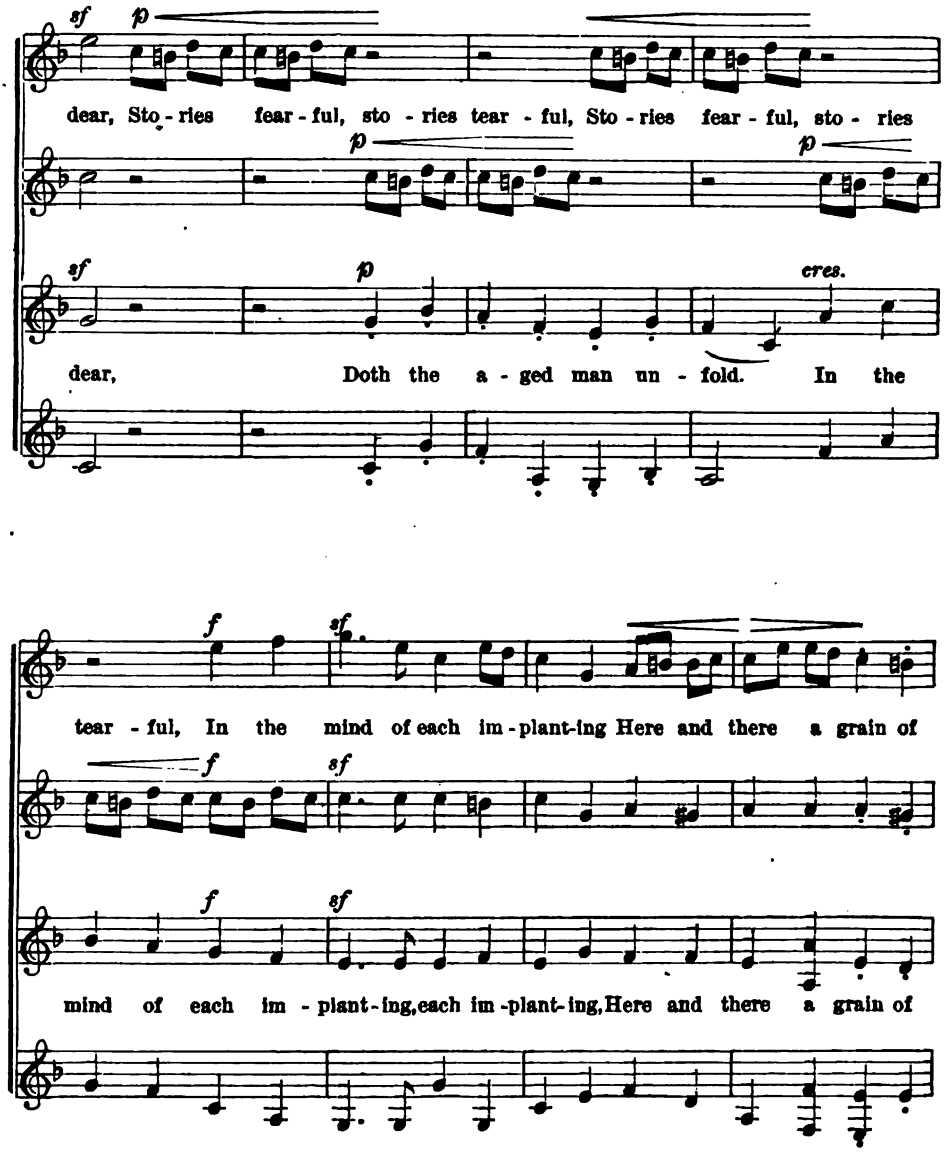

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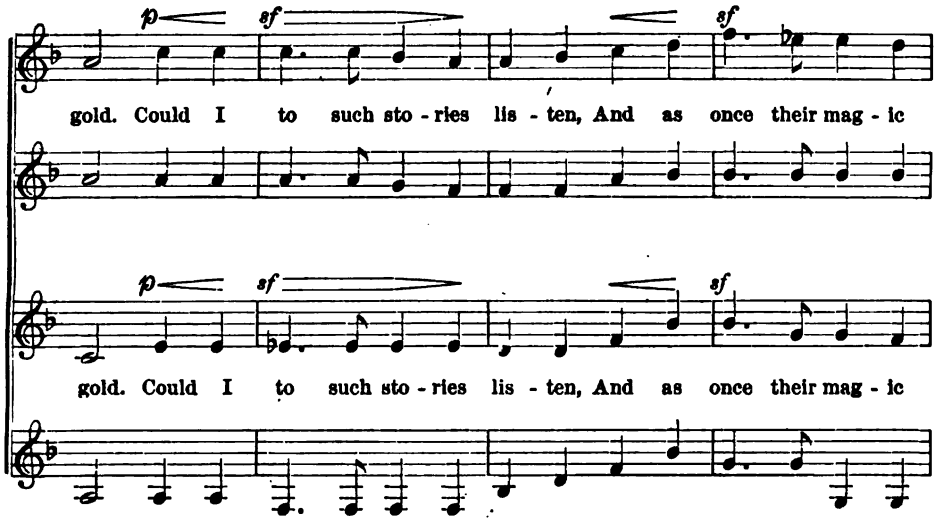

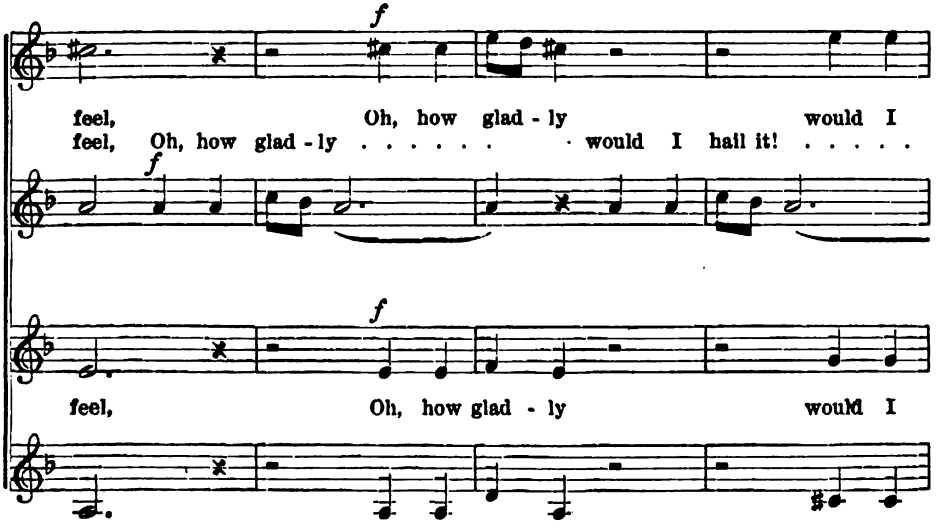

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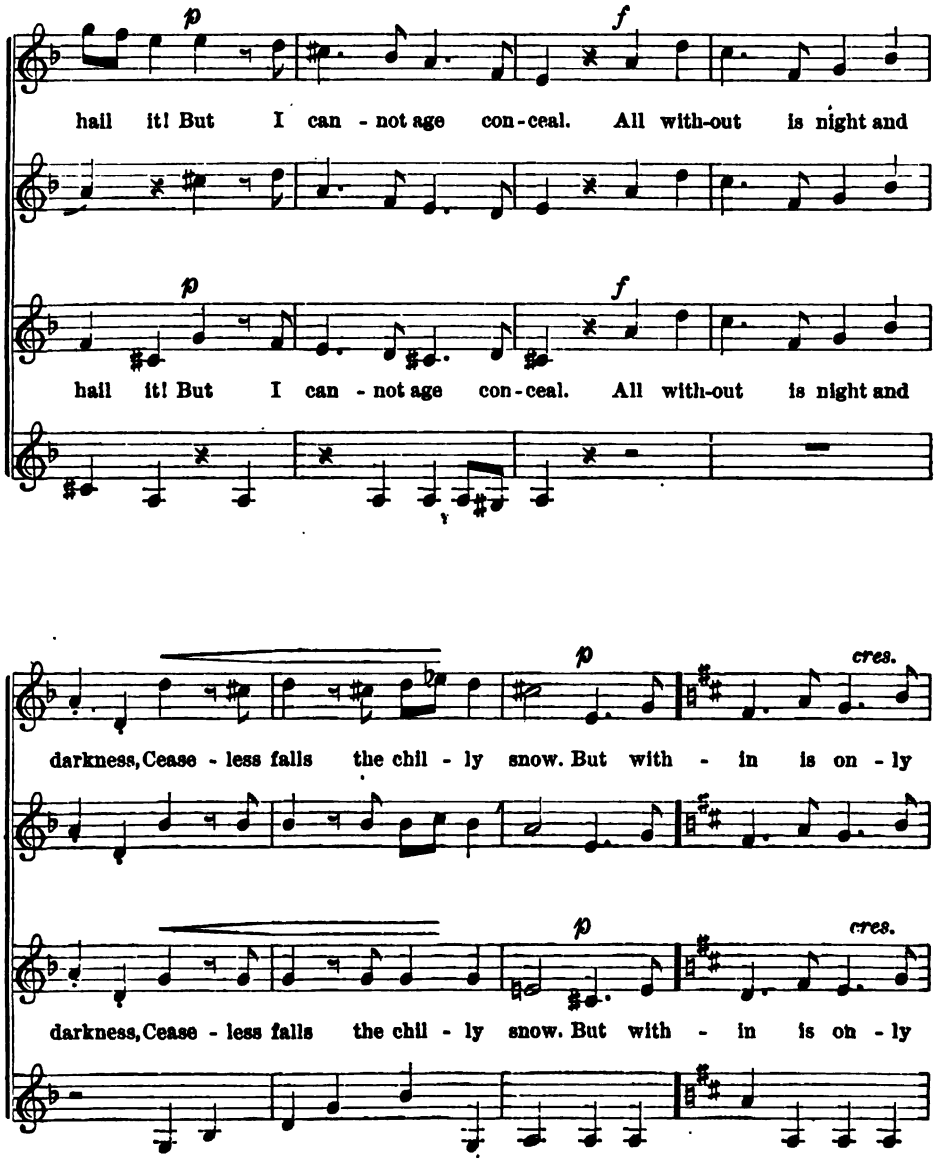

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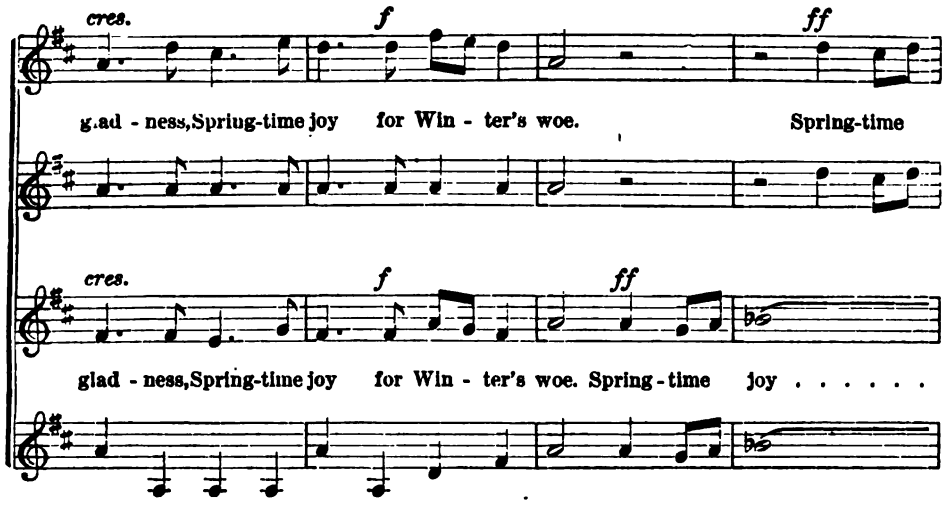

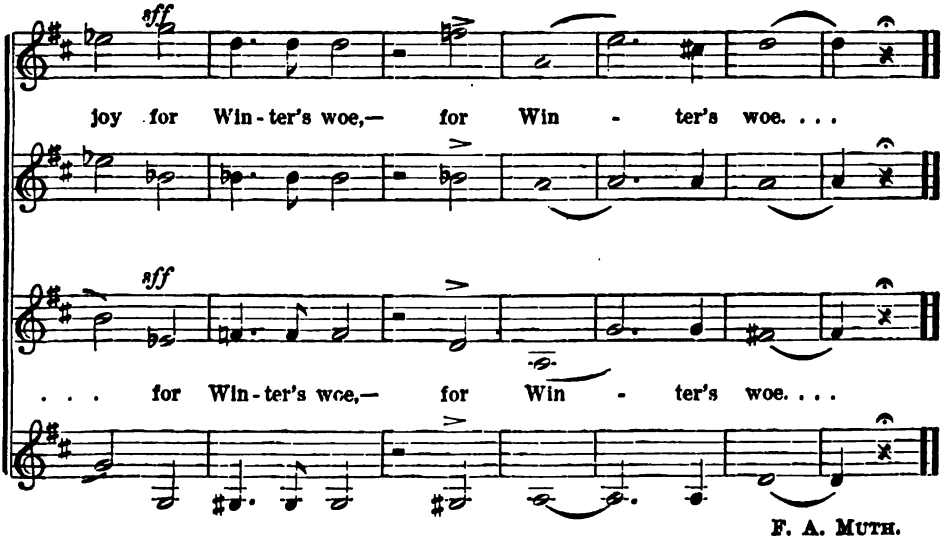

F. A. MUTH.

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No. 38. THE FAIRY REVEL.

ROSSINI, ARR.

Allegretto.

1. The foun - tains are spark - ling with pure li - quid

Allegretto.

2. The stars now keep watch from their home in the

light, While the moon-beams are danc - ing so ra - diant and

sky, And will tell when the foot - fall of mor - tal is

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bright; The flowers are re - pos - ing, The world is a -

nigh Then haste, Fair - y sis - ters, The hours wing a -

sleep, 'Tis time, Fair - y sis - ters, our rev - el to

long, And join in our rev - el of dance and of

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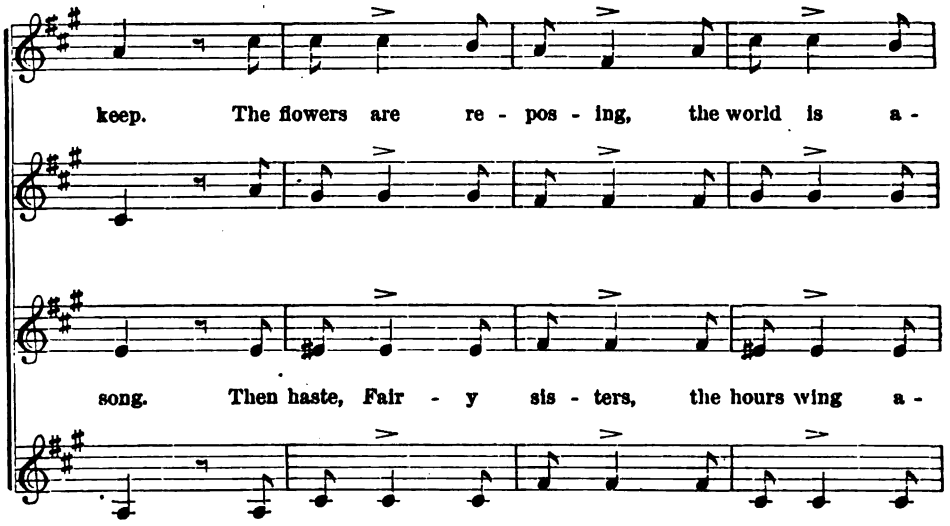

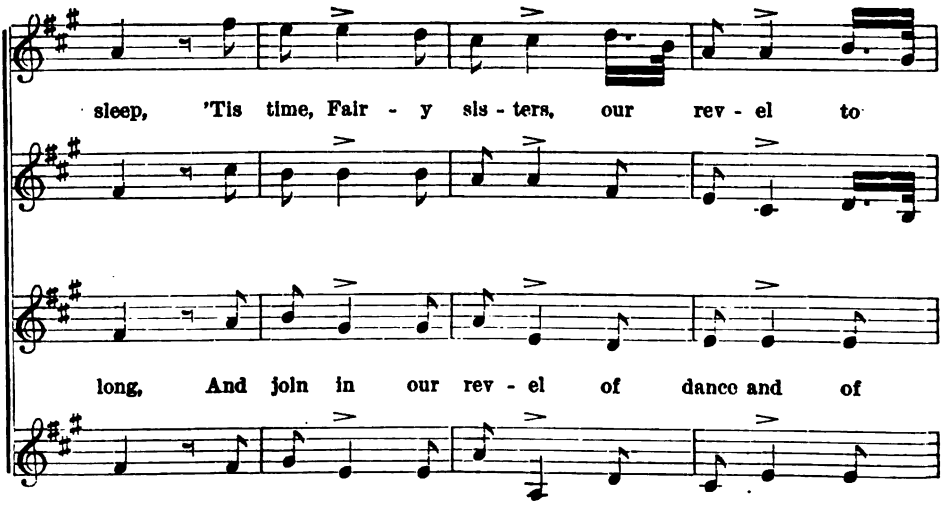

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keep 'Tis time, Fair - y sis - ters, our rev - el to

song 'Tis time, Fair - y sis - ters, our rev - el to

keep, yes, 'tis time, Fair - y sis - ters, our rev - el to keep.

keep, yes, 'tis time, Fair - y sis - ters, our rev - el to keep.

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No. 39. FRESH AND FAIR.

CECILE TOVEY. ART.

p Moderato.

1. There is a gen - tle la - dy, A - mong the flow - ers

2. The blush - ing o - le - an - der, In - clin - eth now to

p

3. Be - fore her meek lo - be - lias crouch, In - deed she is so

there, Who al - most looks like one of them, She is so fresh and

woo her, The li - lies, famed for pu - ri - ty, Do bow their heads un-

sweet, That in a-mong the blossoms, Love - lies - bleed - ing at her

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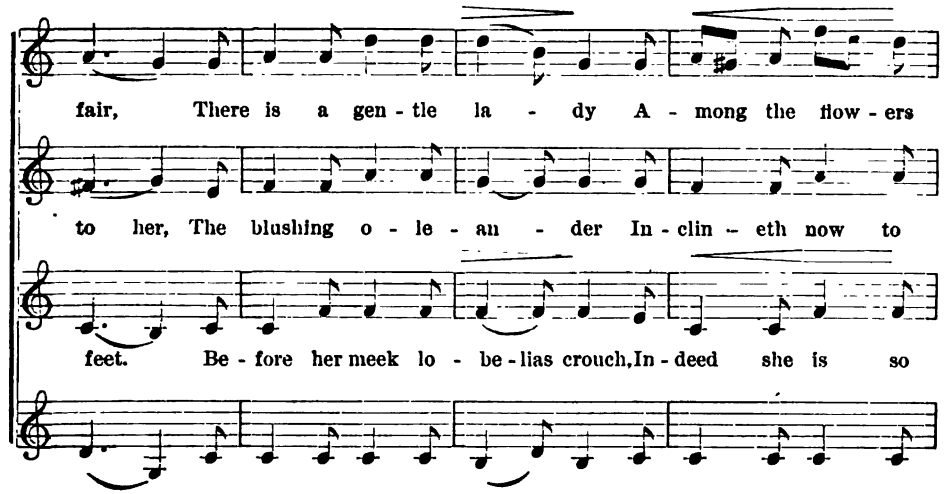

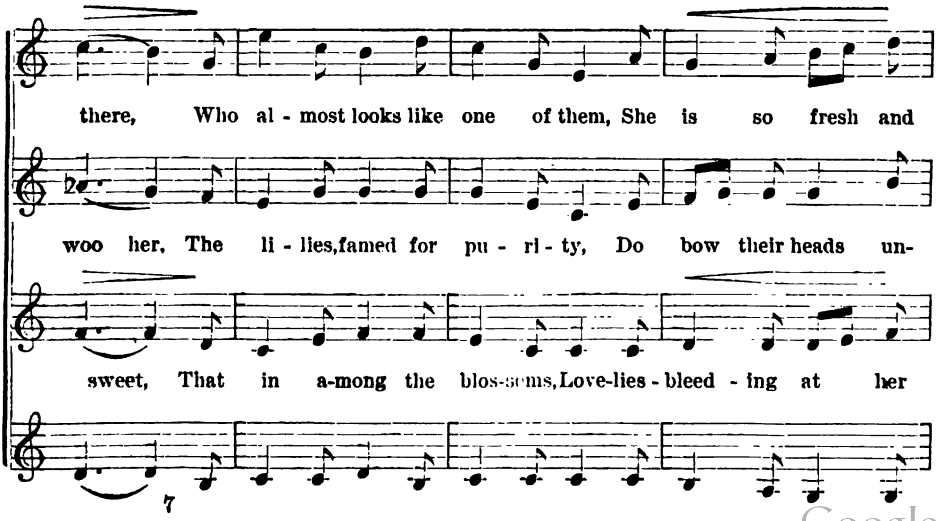

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f *rall.* *pp*

fair, Who al - most looks like one of them, She is so fresh and

to her, The li - lies, famed for pu - ri - ty, Do bow their heads un-

f *rall.* *pp*

feet, That in among the blos - soms Love - lies - bleed - ing at her

mf

fair, She is so fresh and fair She is so fresh and

to her, She is so fresh and fair She is so fresh and

mf

feet. She is so fresh and fair She is so fresh and

so fair,

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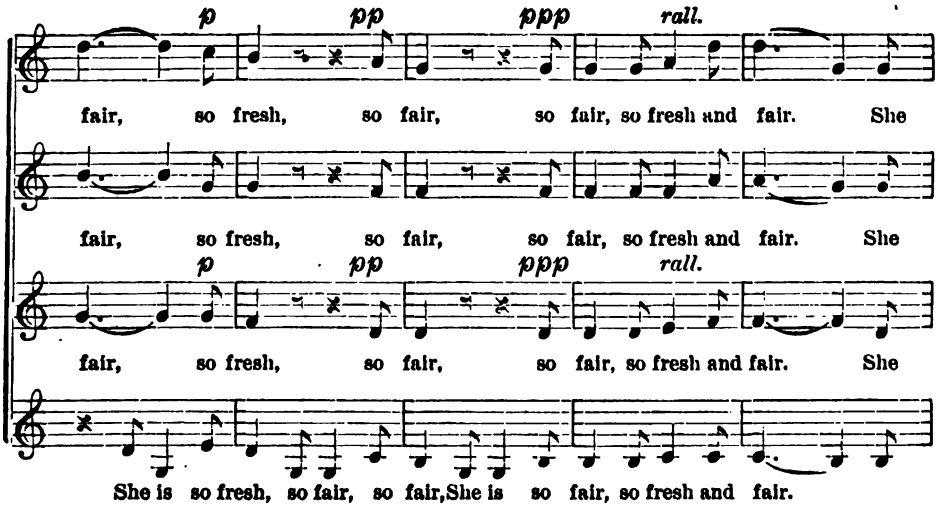

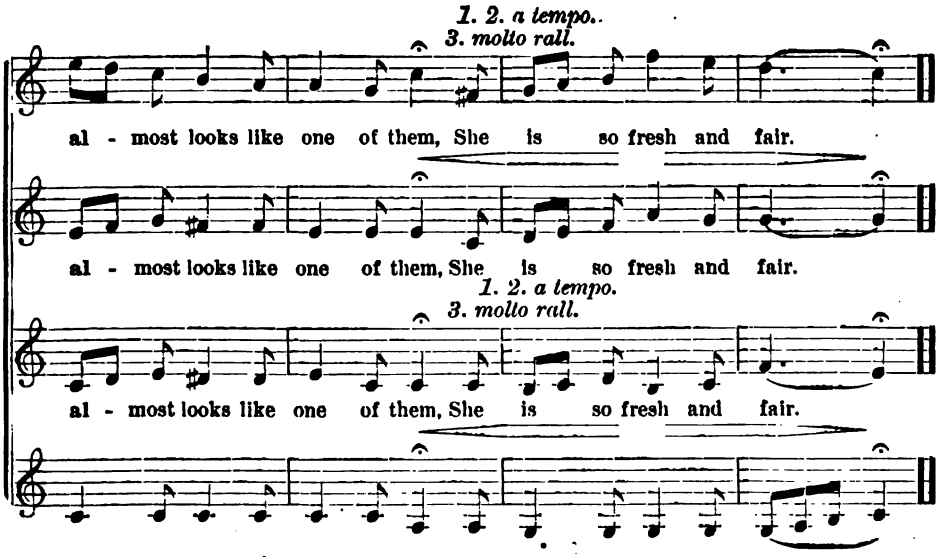

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No. 40. GONE.

W. Bargiel, arr.

Moderato.

Oh where - fore is the Spring so fair, With scent and light and

Oh where - fore is the Spring so fair, With scent and light and

song, Since sing - ing o - ver hill and plain So swift it hastes a-

song, Since sing - ing o - ver hill and plain So swift it hastes a-

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long? And where-fore is the dream so sweet That first love weaves al-

long? And where-fore is the dream so sweet That first love weaves al-

way, Since quick-er than the bloom on bough It ev-er fades a-

way, Since quick-er than the bloom on bough It ev-er fades a-

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way? And yet such warmth it

And yet . . . .

way? And yet such warmth it

leaves behind, So rich the heart doth seem, That to have loved so bliss-ful

leaves behind, So rich the heart doth seem, That to have loved so bliss-ful

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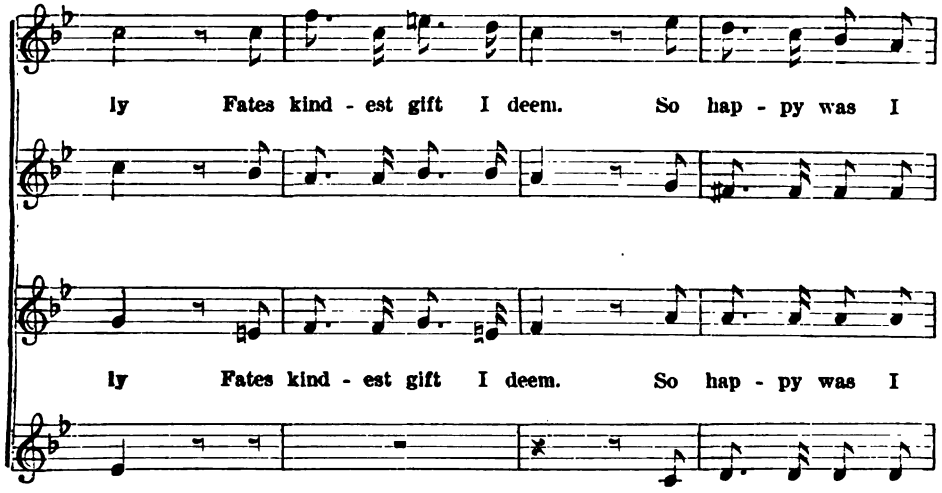

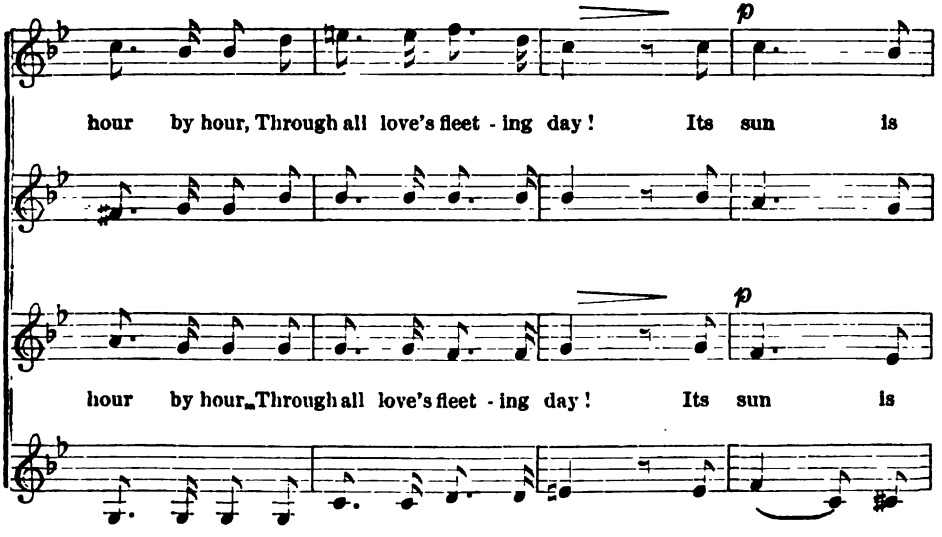

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mf

set be-neath the vale, Now let aught come that may— Now

set be-neath the vale, Now let aught come that may— Now

mf

f

let aught come that may! . . . Or bit-ter pain, or joy renewed, A-

f

let aught come that may! . . . Or bit-ter pain, or joy renewed, A-

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like endured shall be, The treas - ure hid with - in my breast Can-

like endured shall be, The treas - ure hid with - in my breast Can-

dim.

not be ta'en from me Can - not be ta'en, be ta'en . . from me.
ta'en from me.

dim.

not be ta'en from me Can - not be ta'en, be ta'en . . from me.
ta'en from me.

GEIBEL.

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No. 41. Morning Song.

M. Hauptmann.

Andante, un poco sostenuto.

dolce.

1. A - gain the o - rient gleams With morn - ing's gol - den

1. A - gain the o - rient gleams With morn - ing's gol - den

dolce.

mf

beams, And in its beau - ty each heart re - joic - es, each

beams, And in its beau - ty each heart re - joic - es, each

mf

dim. *dolce.*

heart re - joic - es! To du - ty one and

heart re - joic - es! re - joic - es.

dim.

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all . . . . . Its bright rays gently call, its bright rays

To du - ty one and all Its bright rays gent-ly call, its bright rays

dolce.

mf *cres.*

call. And we sa - lute . . . . . it with tune - ful

gent - ly call. And we sa - lute, sa - lute it with tune - ful

mf *cres.*

dolce. *mf*

voic - es! with tune - ful voic - - - - es. To

voic - es! with tune - ful voic - - - - es. To du - ty

dolce. *mf*

To

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cres. *un poco ril.*

du - ty one and all Its bright, its bright rays gent - ly

one and all, Its bright, its bright rays

cres. *un poco ril.*

du - ty one and all, Its bright,

a tempo. *p* *cres.*

call. To du - ty one and all Its bright rays

p

call. To du - ty one and all Its bright rays

a tempo. *p* *cres.*

To du - ty one and all Its bright rays

f *dolce.*

gent - ly call. O

gent - ly call. O thou . . .

f *dolce.*

gent - ly call. O

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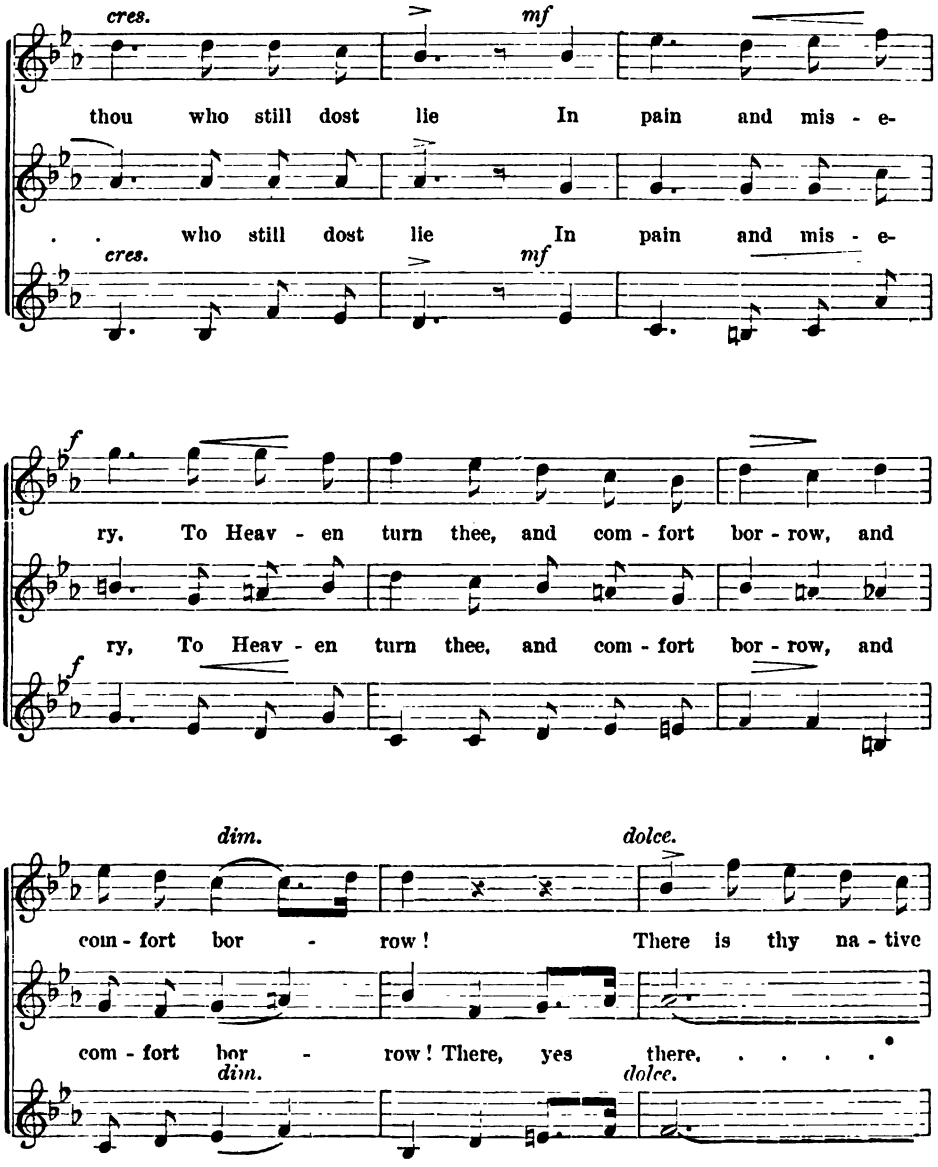

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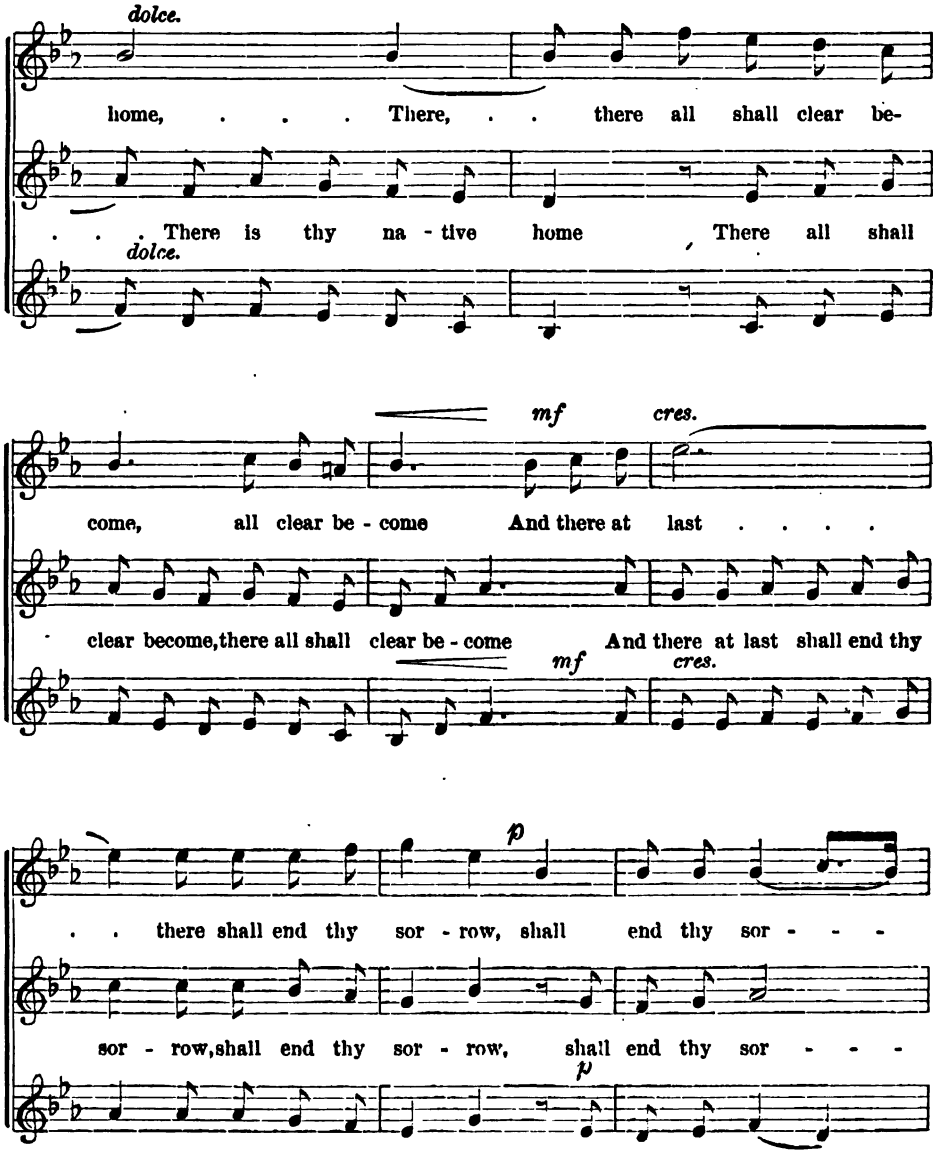

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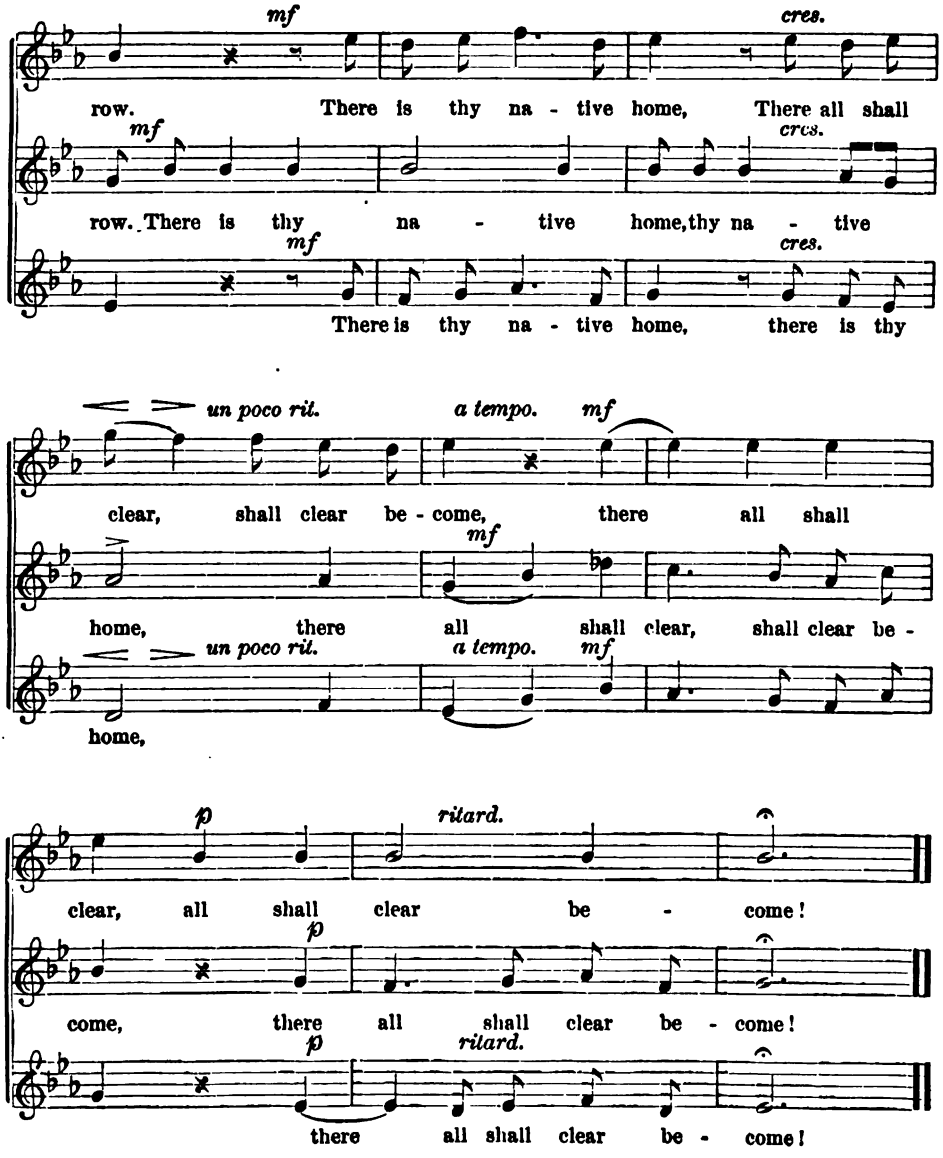

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No. 42. The Little Knitter.

H. Marschner.

Allegro.

p

1. If no feet a man had, No stock - ings he'd need! And
2. If there were no i - ron, No threads could be had! And
3. If sheep were not har - dy, There would be no wool! And
4. Oh yes, feet and i - ron And wool just sup - ply, And

p

if I should knit - ting hate, 'Twere shame - ful in - deed!
could I no knit - ting do, Ah! that would be bad!
how could I ev - er know The mesh - es were full?
then see how bus - i - ly My fin - gers will fly!

f *p*

Stock - ings for feet! My moth - er I greet!
Threads on the move! My moth - er I love!
Sheep in the hay! With moth - er I stay!
Knit - ting's my cheer! My moth - er is dear!

f *p*

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fp

Stock - ings for feet! My moth - er I greet! O
Threads on the move! My moth - er I love! O

Sheep in the hay! With moth - er I stay! O
Knit - ting's my cheer! My moth - er is dear! O

fp

fz *p*

O stock - ings rare and fine!

stock - - - - - ings rare and fine!

fz *p*

O stock - ings rare and fine.

O . . . . . stock - ings rare and fine.

8

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No. 43. The Bright Stars are Beaming.

F. Paer.

Allegretto.

p

The bright stars are beam - ing, The pale moon is dream - ing O'er

The bright stars are beam - ing, The pale moon is dream - ing O'er

p

f

mead-ow and streamlet all si - lent - ly blest! all si - lent - ly

mead-ow and streamlet all si - lent - ly blest! all si - lent - ly

f

blest! The flow - 'rets are clos - ing, And zeph - yrs re -

blest! The flow-'rets are clos - ing, And zeph-yrs re - pos - ing, While

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pos - ing. While na - ture in slum - ber sinks calm - ly, yes,

na - ture in slum - ber sinks calm - ly to rest sinks

sf

calm - ly to rest, sinks calm - ly to rest . . . . . Yet

calm - ly to rest, sinks calm - ly to rest . . . . . Yet

sad - ly we pon-der As on - ward we wan-der, Still pen - sive - ly

sad - ly we pon-der As on - ward we wan-der, Still pen - sive - ly

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watch-ing the bright orbs a - bove. The si - lent tear fall - eth, While

watch-ing the bright orbs a - bove. The si - lent tear fall - eth, While

f

mem - ory re - call - eth The sad hour of part - ing With

mem - ory re - call - eth The sad hour of part - ing With

f

cres. *f*

friends that we love. The sad hour of part - ing With friends that we

friends that we love. The sad hour of part - ing With friends that we

cres. *f*

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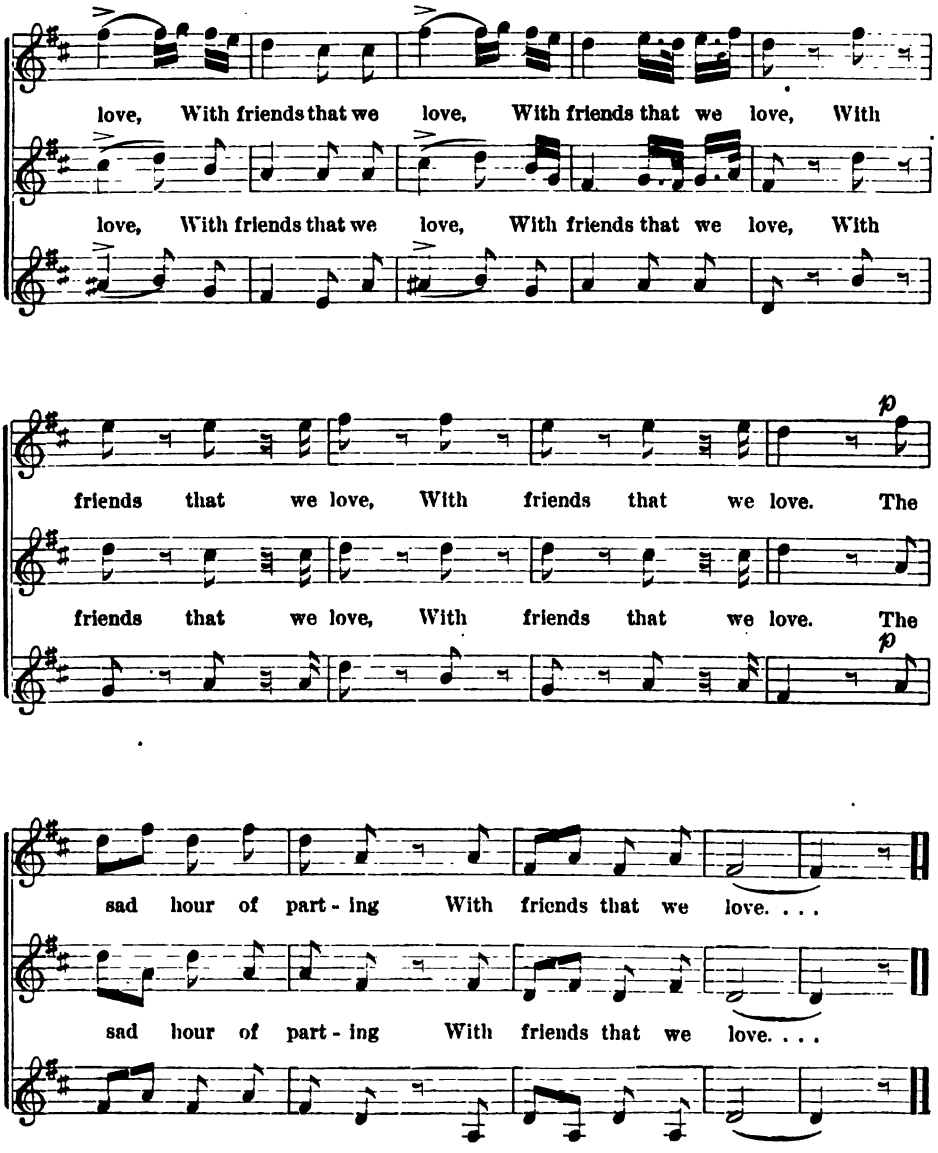

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No. 44. THE PARTING HOUR.

Arranged from BELLINI.

p

1. Still let our voic - es The part - ing hour pro - long, prolong, And

2. Now o'er the wa - ters Sweet dreamy, dreamy ech - oes swell;

p *p*

breathe o'er the wa - ters Our last sad fare - well song. For

Like distant voic - es Re - peat - ing our fare - well; And

gen - tle mu - sic lulls each grief, And brings the wear - y heart re-lief;

though the cadence dies a - way, Its tones shall yet in mem - ory stay:

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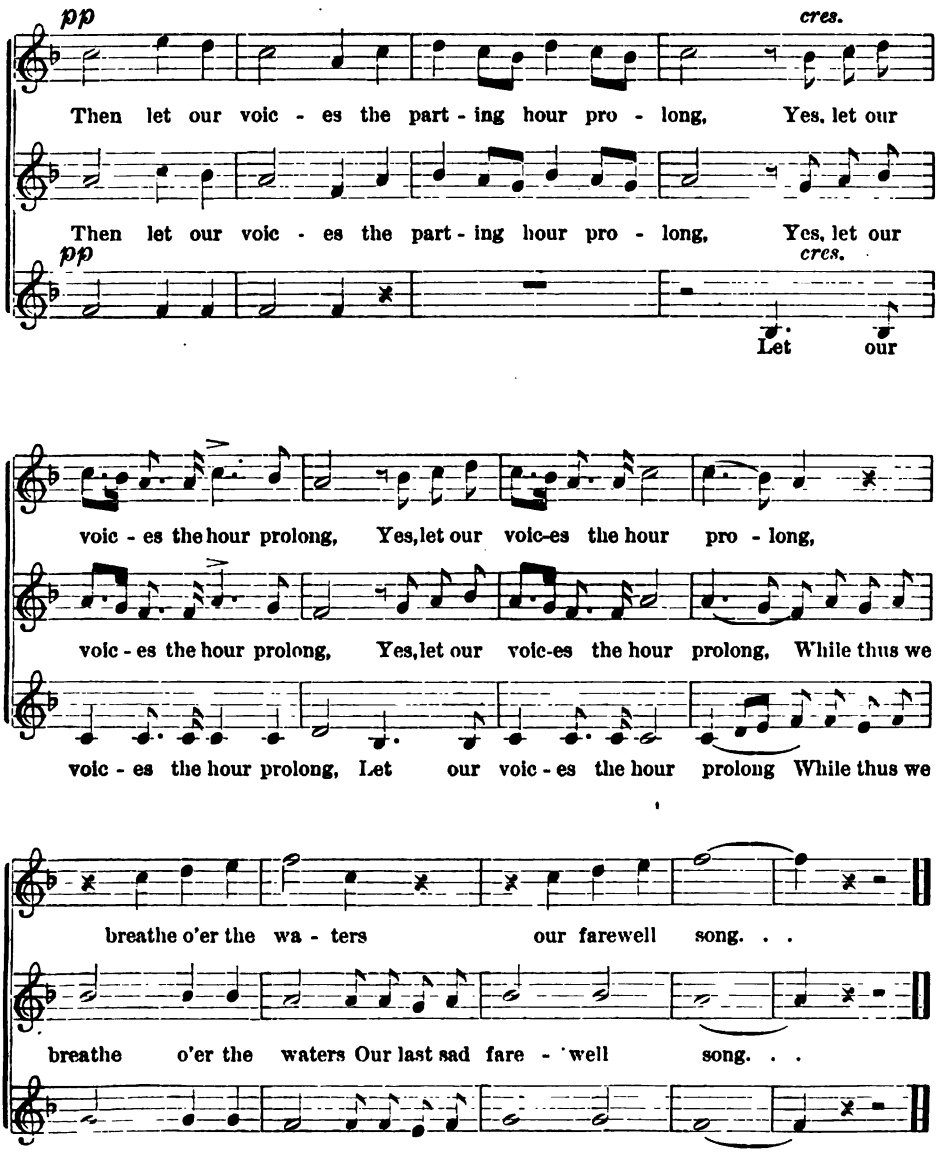

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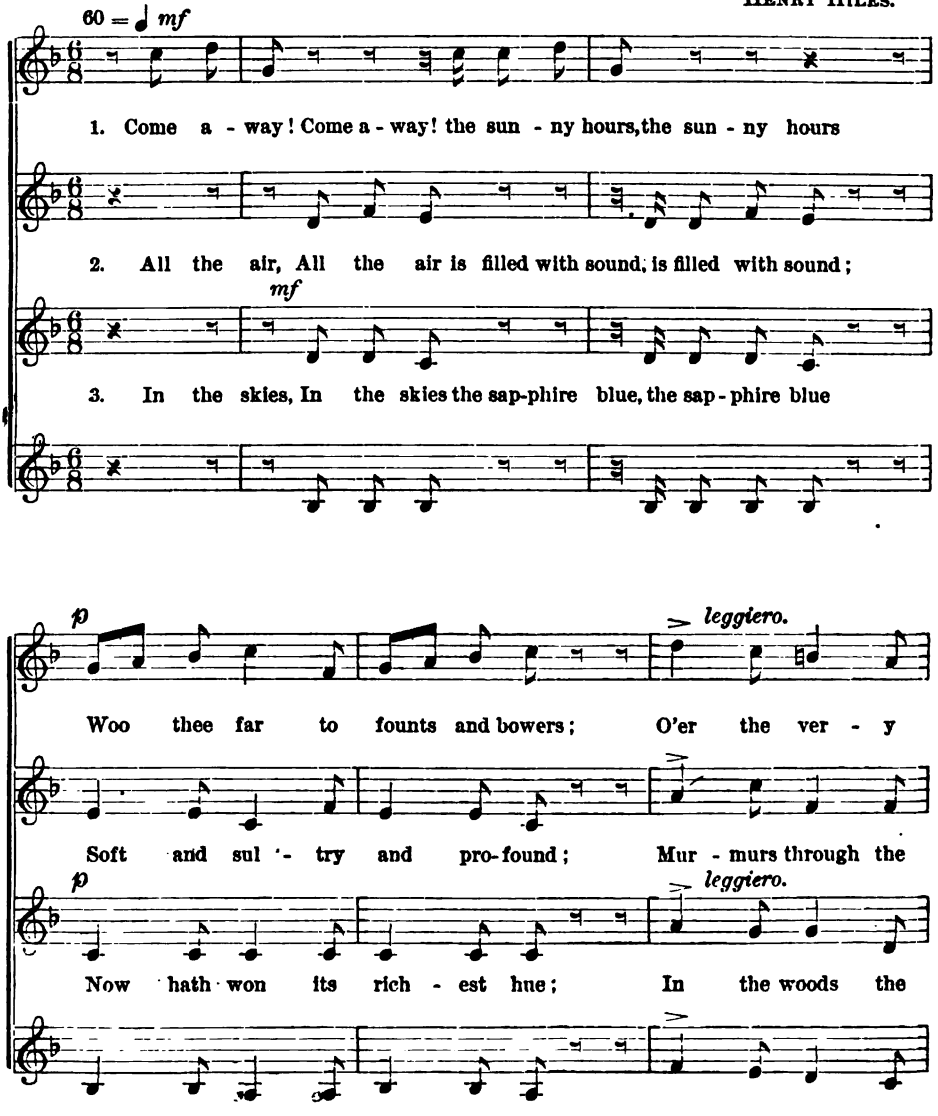
NO. 45. THE SUMMER'S CALL.

HENRY HILES.



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wa - ters now, In their play, Flowers are shed - ding beau - ty's glow. Come a-

shad - owy grass Light - ly stray; Faint winds whis - per as they pass, "Come a-

breath of song, Night and day, Floats with leaf - y scents a - long. Come a-

way! Come a - way! Come a-way! Come a - way O'er the ver - y

way!" Come a - way! Come a - way All the air is

way! Come a - way! Come a - way In the woods the

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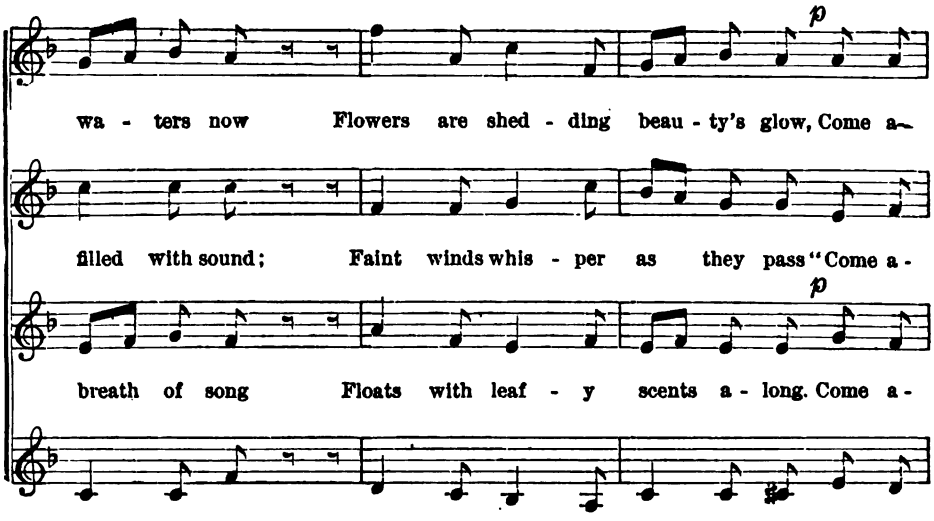

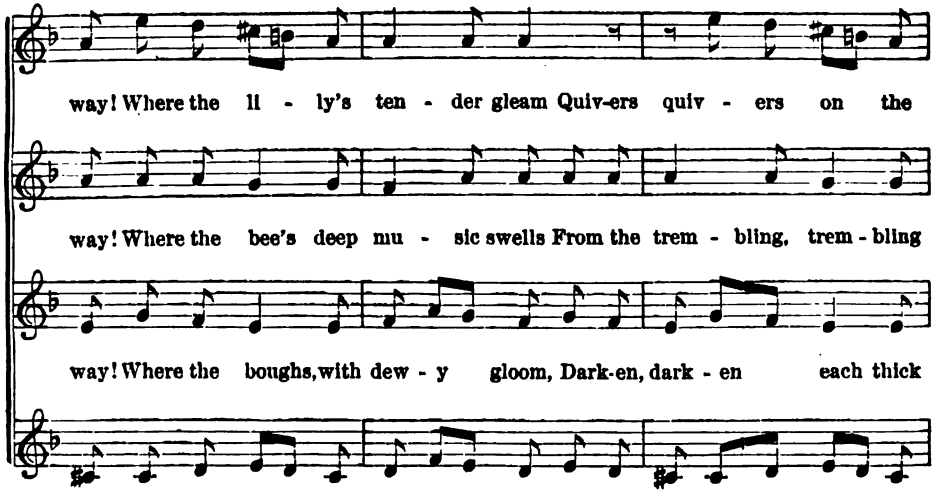

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cres.

glanc-ing stream. Come a-way! Come a-way! Come a-

fox-glove bells. Come a-way! Come a-way! Come a-

cres.

bed of bloom. Come a-way! Come away! Come a-way! Come a-way! Come a-

Come, come a-way! a-

f *p* *pp*

way! Come! Come! Come a-way!

way! Come! Come! Come a-way!

f *p* *pp*

way! Come! Come! Come a-way!

FELICIA HEMANS

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No. 46. Gentle Pity Soothe our Anguish.

Martini.

Largo.

p

Gen - tle pi - ty soothe our an - guish, Sev - er

not the faith - ful heart; If from home we're

p

Gen - tle pi - ty

doomed to lan - guish, Bid us not for - ev - er

soothe our an - guish, Sev - er not the faith - ful

Digitized by Google

part, If from home we're doomed to lan - guish,

heart, Gen - tle pit - y soothe our an - guish,

Bid us not for - ev - er part.

Sev - er not the faith - ful heart;

Gen - tle pi - ty soothe our an - guish,

If from home we're doomed to lan guish

Digitized by Google

Sev - er not the faith - ful heart.

Bid us not for - ev - er part.

If from home we're doomed to lan - guish.

Gen - tle pi - ty soothe our an - guish,

If from home we're doomed to lan - guish,

Bid us not for - ev - er part.

Sev - er not the faith - ful heart.

Bid us not for - ev - er part.

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No. 47. The Old Fir Tree.

J. Rheinberger.

Andante molto. ♩ = 63.

p

There in the wood alone, Dark - ly it stands, Though by the

p

There in the wood alone, Dark - ly it stands, Though by the

f *p*

Sum - mer air, Scent - ed with flow - ers fair, Ten - der - ly fanned,

f *p*

Sum - mer air, Scent - ed with flow - ers fair, Ten - der - ly fanned Dark

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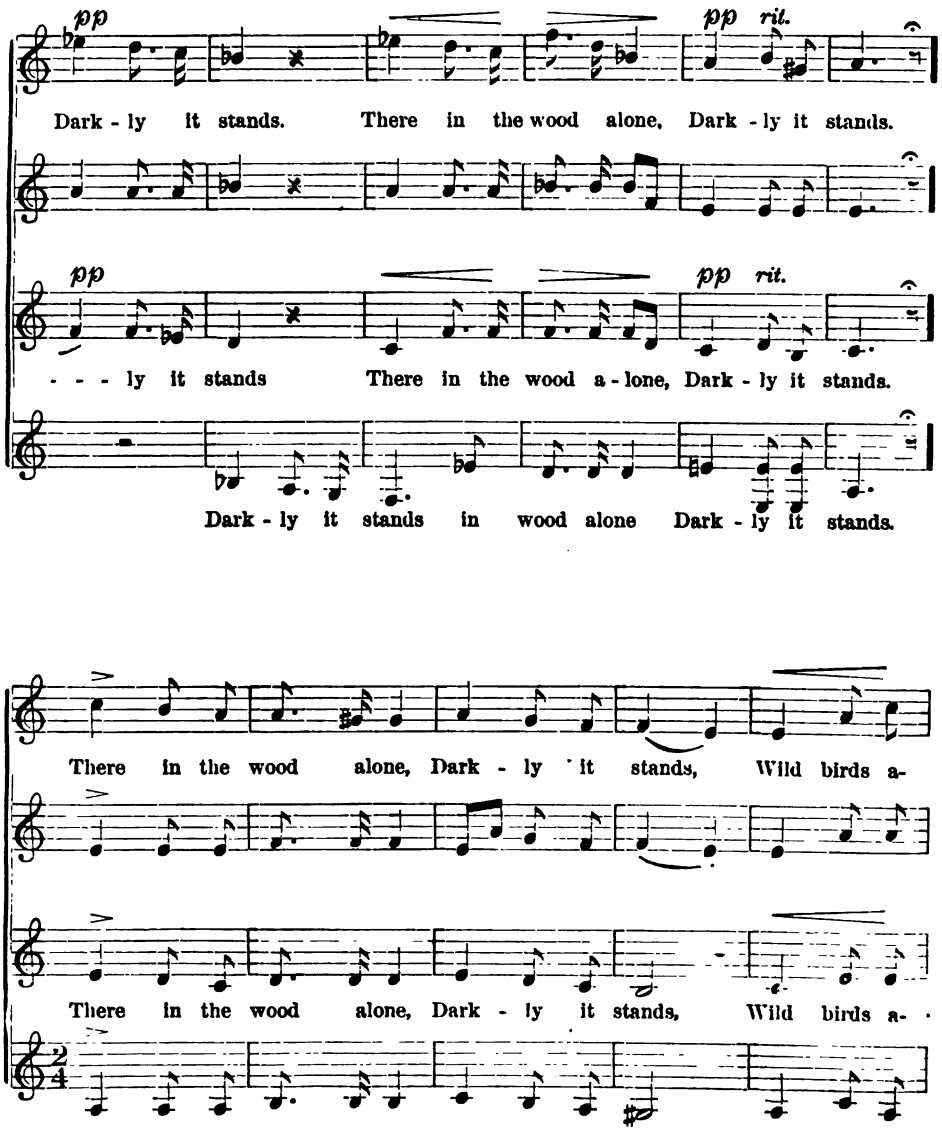

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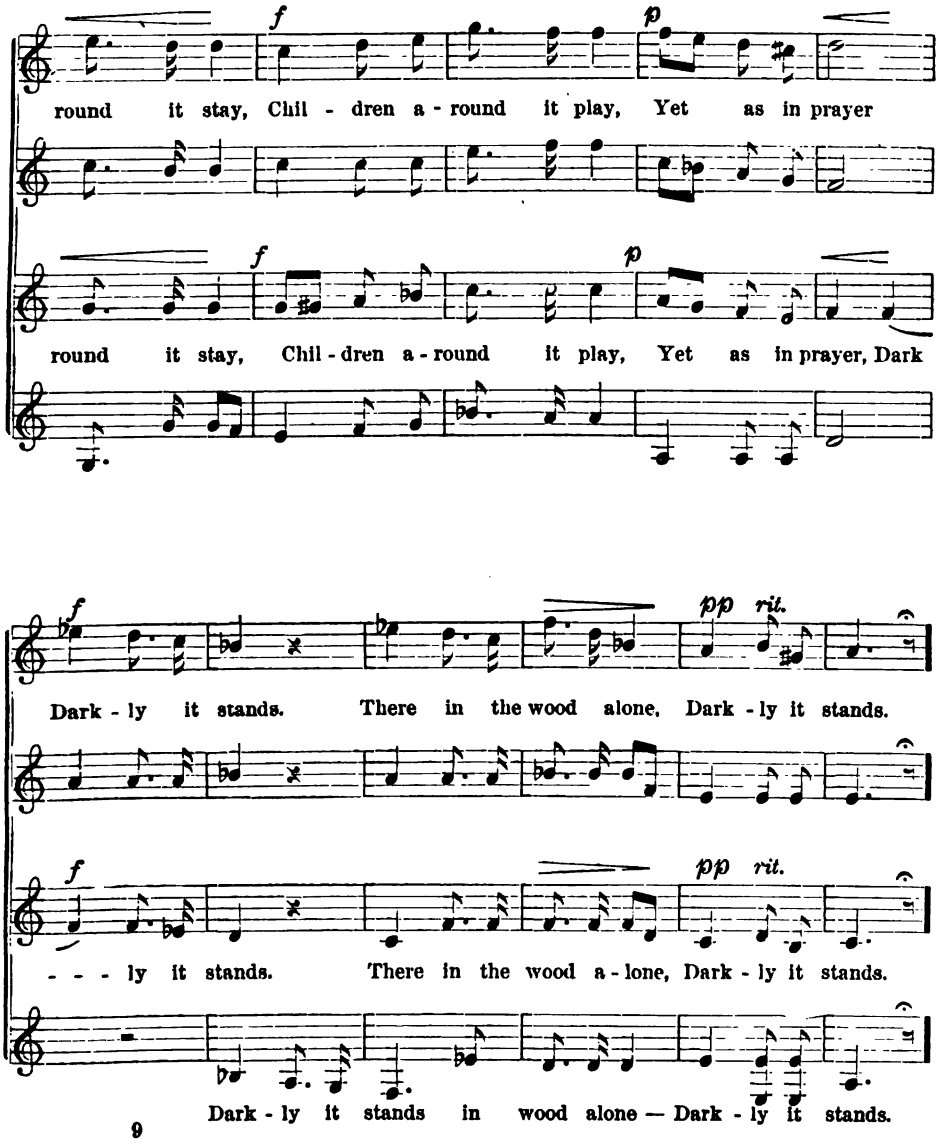

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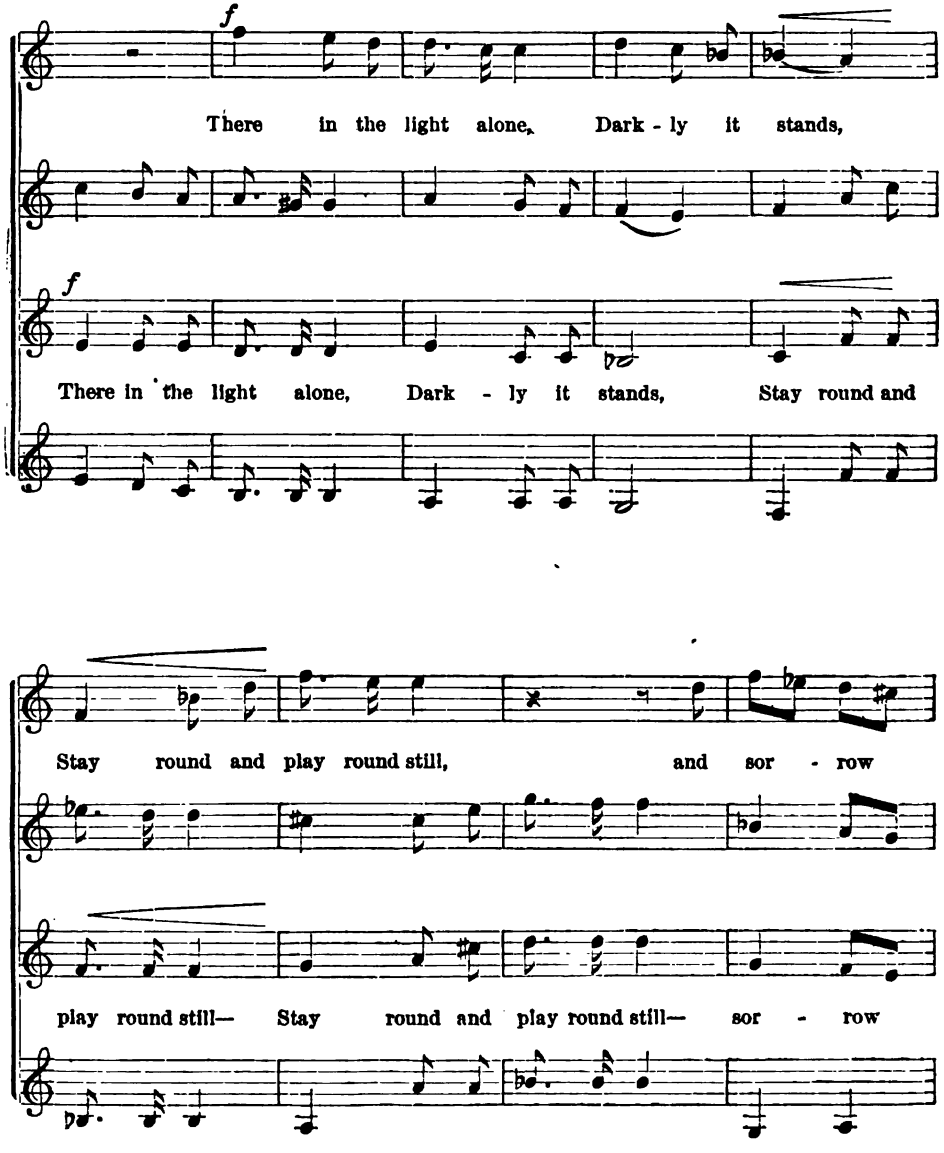

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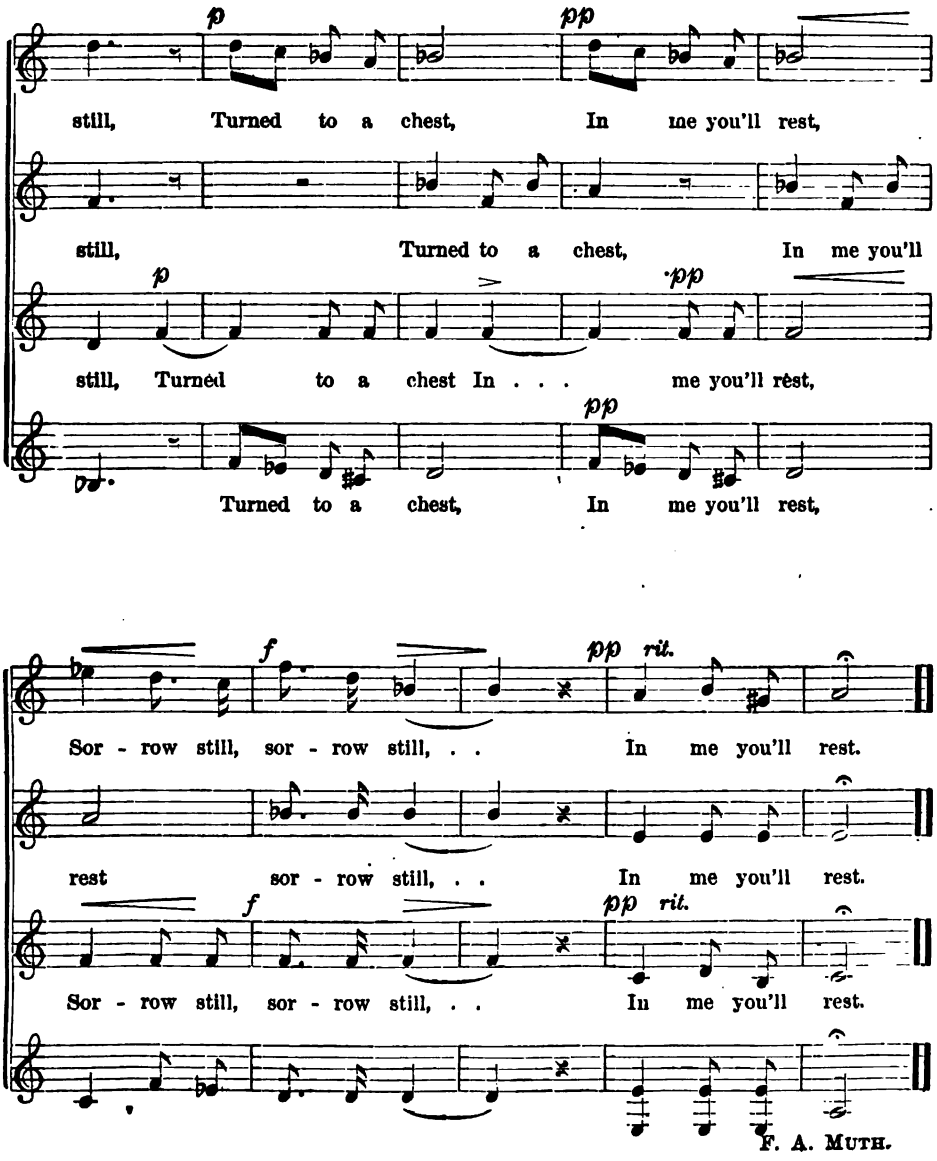

F. A. MUTH.

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No. 48. Kind Words.

Ciro Pinsuti, arr.

Andante tranquillo.

p

Pure thoughts ex-pressed like jew - els shine, And gen - tle words are ros - es

Pure thoughts ex-pressed like jew - els shine, And gen - tle words are ros - es

sweet, And all is blest, if not di - vine, Where these har - mo - nious gra - ces

sweet, And all is blest, if not di - vine, Where these har - mo - nious gra - ces

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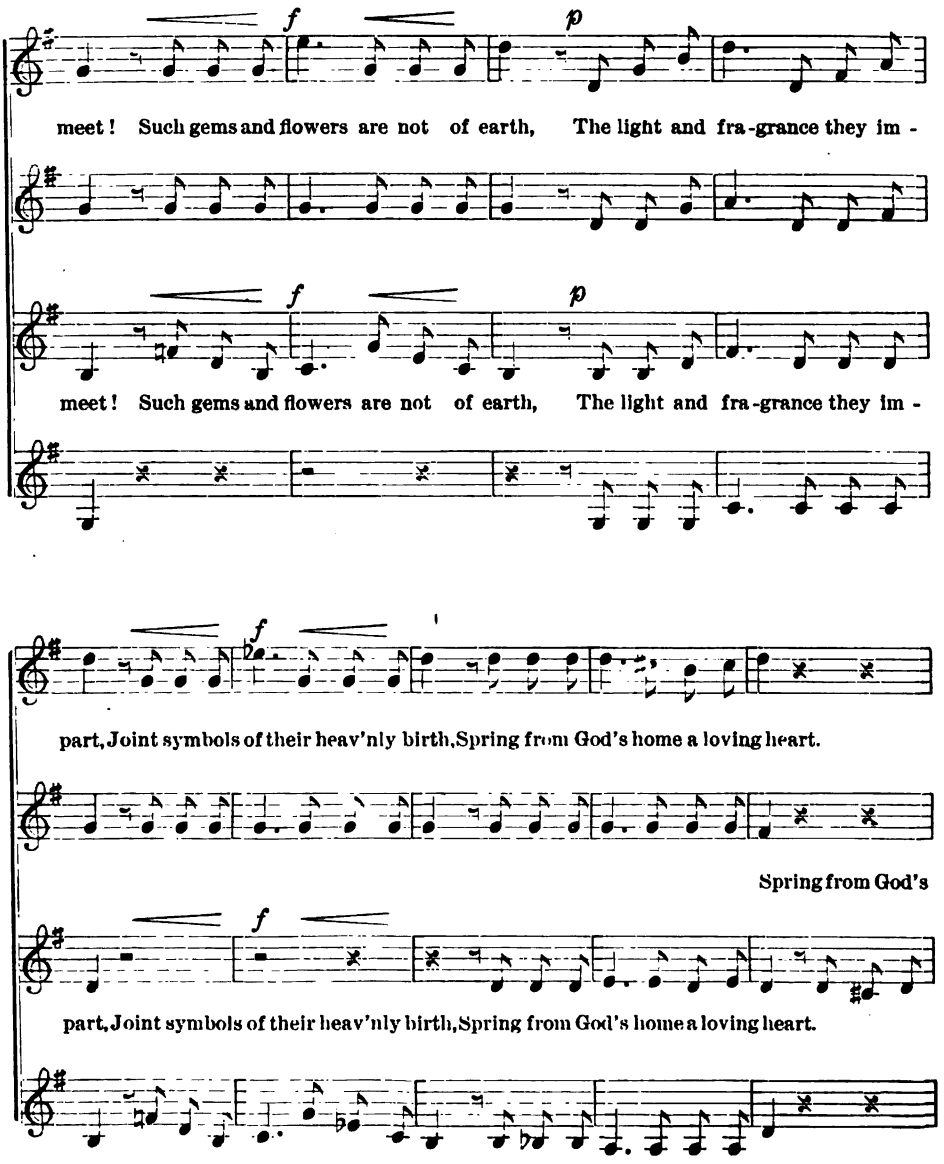

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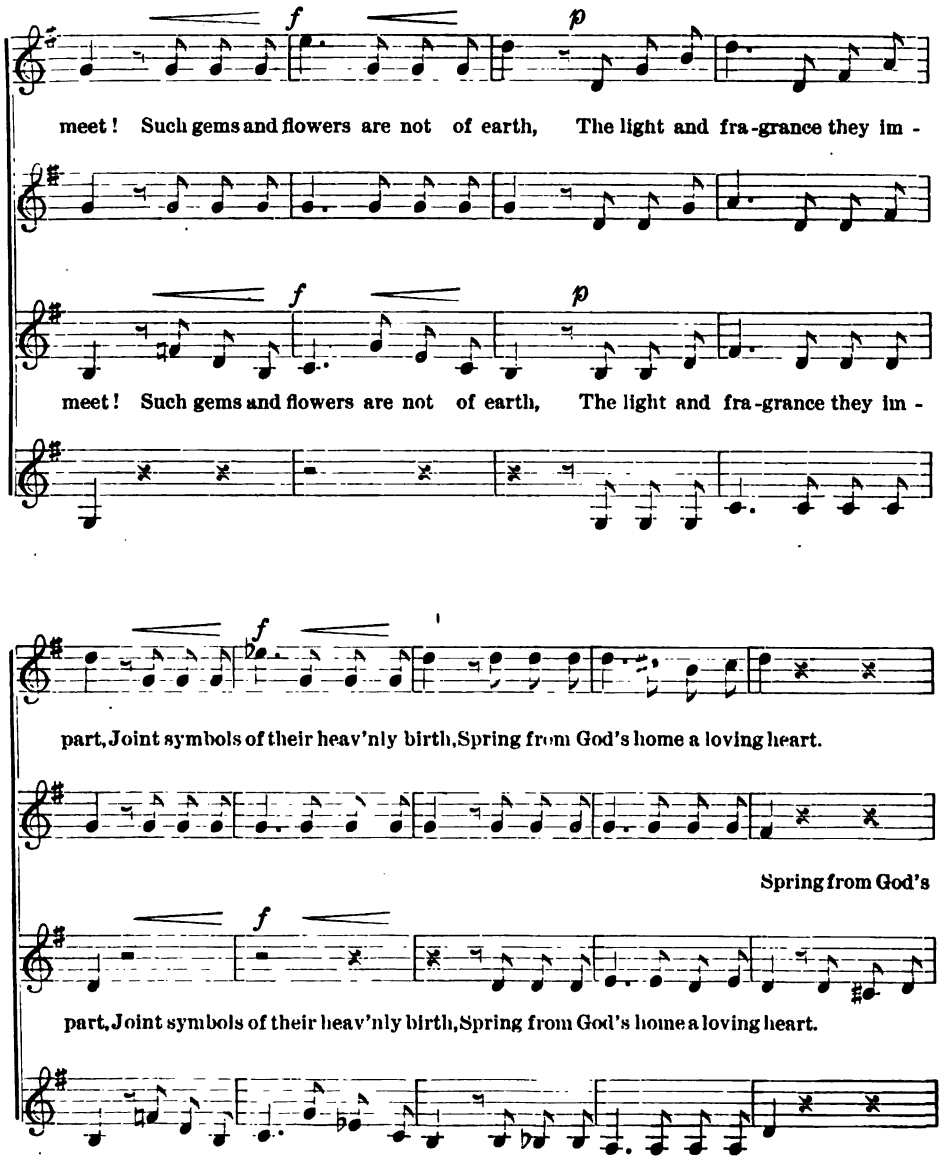

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p *p* *f* *p a tempo.*

a lov-ing heart, a lov-ing heart! O lov-ing heart! O gen-tle

p *p* *p a tempo.*

home a loving heart, Spring from God's home, a lov-ing heart! O lov-ing heart! O gen-tle

cres. e animando.

voice! Rich gifts of Him who loves us all, Your ver - y names make men re-

cres. e animando.

voice! Rich gifts of Him who loves us all, Your ver - y names make men re -

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f *cres. e animando.*

joice, And smile a - mid their earth - ly thrall, Your ver - y names make men re-

f *cres. e animando.*

joice, And smile a - mid their earth - ly thrall, Your ver - y names make men re -

f *p con espress.*

joice, And smile a - mid their earth - ly thrall. No health so weak, no home so

f *p con espress.*

joice, And smile a - mid their earth - ly thrall. no home so

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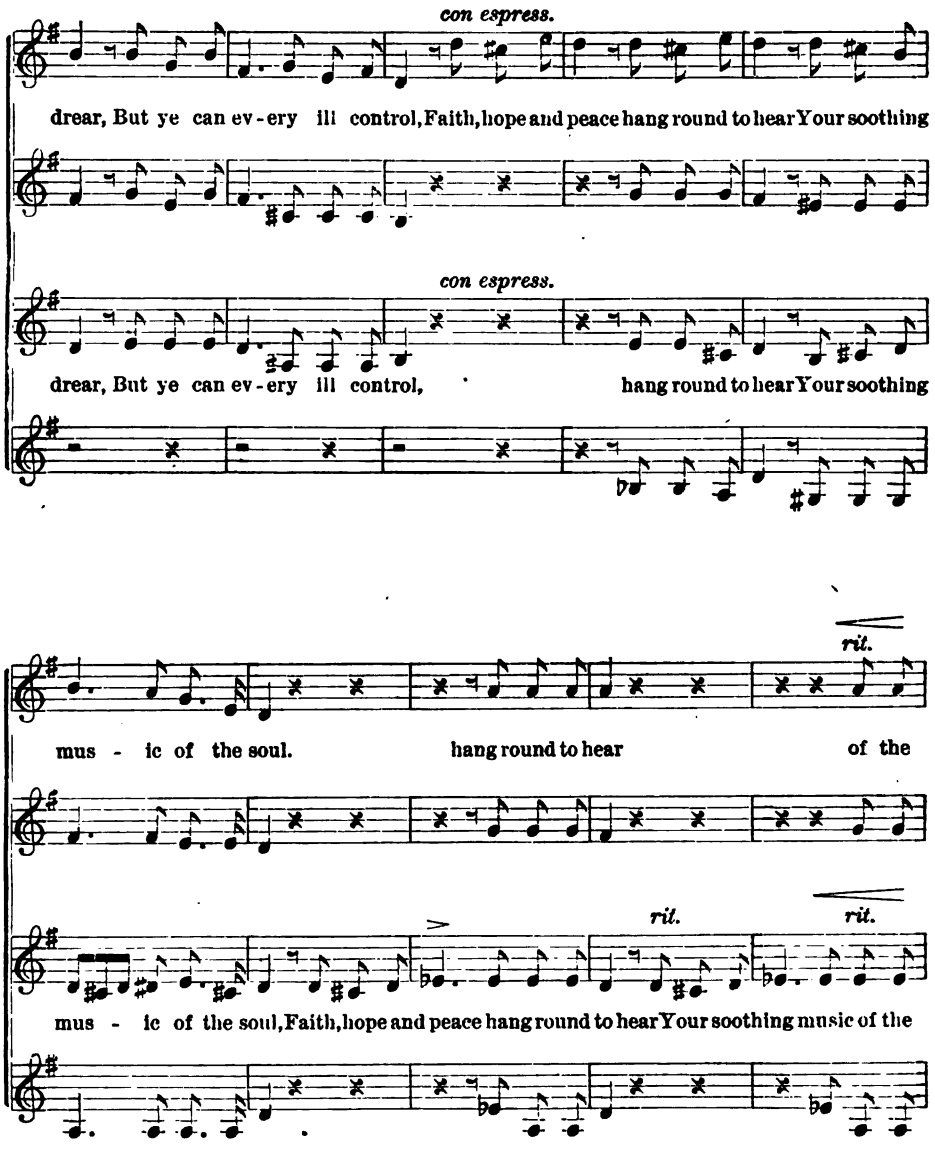

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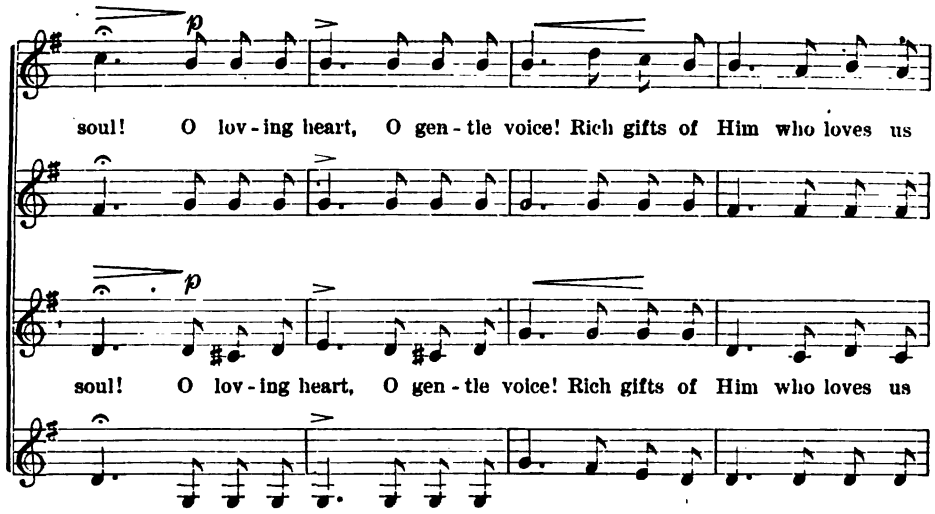

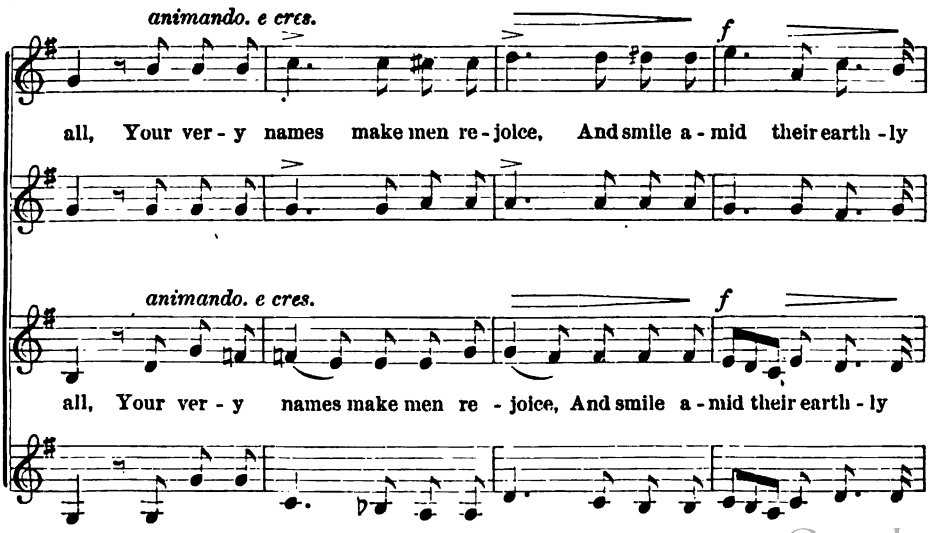

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animando e cres. *f ritenuto.*

thrall, Your ver - y names make men re-joice, And smile a - mid their earth - ly

animando e cres. *f ritenuto.*

thrall, Your ver - y names make men re - joice, And smile a - mid their earth - ly

meno mosso.

thrall. Pure thoughts expressed like jew-els shine, And gen - tle words are ros - es

meno mosso.

thrall. Pure thoughts expressed like jew - els shine, And gen - tle words are ros - es

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sweet, And all is blest, if not di-vine, Where these har-mo-nious grac-es

sweet, And all is blest, if not di-vine, Where these har-mo-nious grac-es

p rall. *rit.* *p*

meet! And all is blest, if not di-vine, Where these har-mo-nious grac-es meet.

p rall. *rit.* *p*

meet! And all is blest, if not di-vine, Where these har-mo-nious grac-es meet.

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No. 49. Brightly glows the morning star.

Mercadante, arr.

pp Allegretto.

1. Bright-ly glows the morn-ing star, With a soft and

2. Star of morn! thy cheer-ing beam, Kin-dles hope in

pp Allegretto.

ten-der light, Beam-ing from its home a-far,

ev-ery breast, Like a bright and fair-y dream,

p

Sweet-ly o'er the fad-ing night, Yes, o'er the fad-ing night.

Lull-ing care and grief to rest, Lull-ing grief to rest.

p

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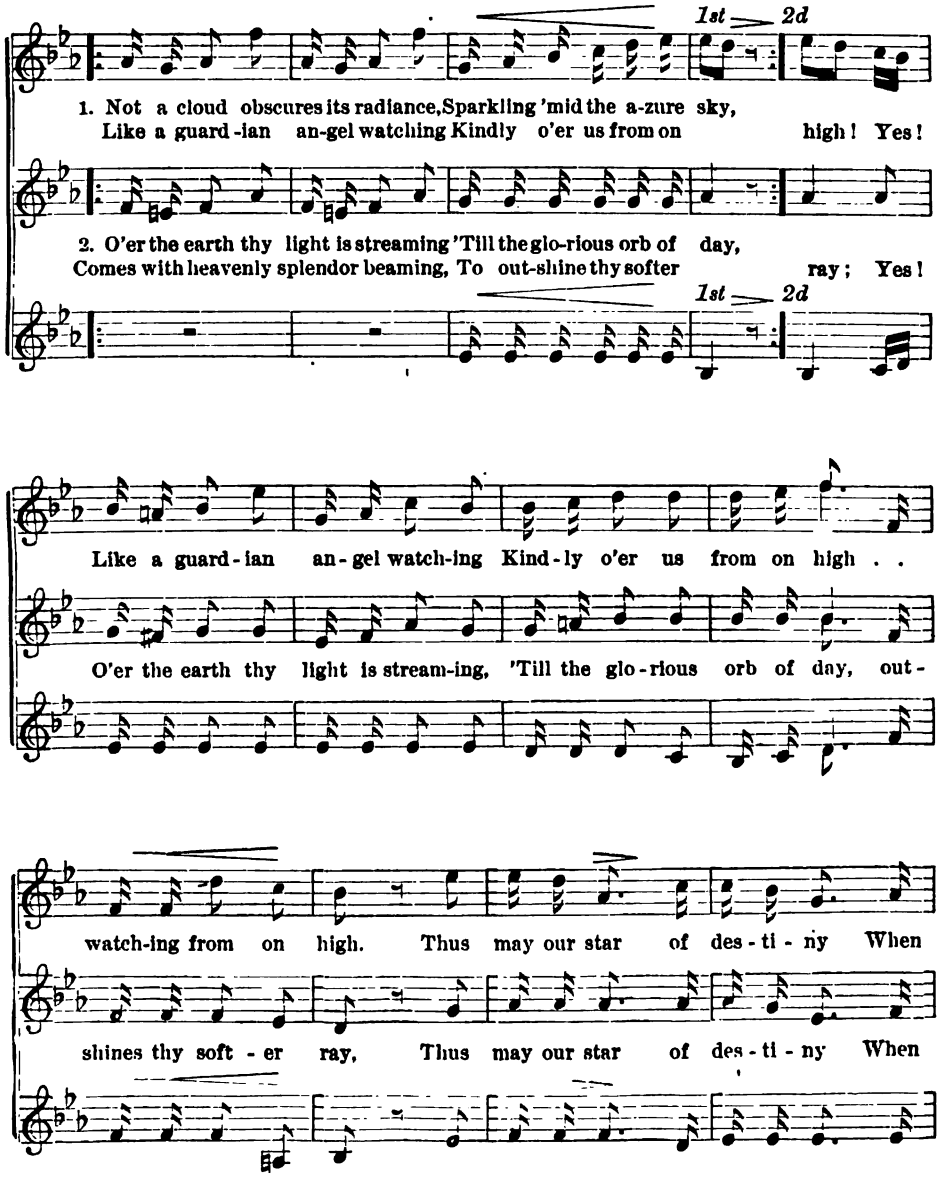

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hope fades in - to night Shed o'er the dark - ness of our way, Its

hope fades in - to night Shed o'er the dark - ness of our way, Its

cheer-ing rays of light. Thus may our star of des - ti-ny Shed

cheer-ing rays of light. Thus may our star of des - ti-ny Shed

o'er the dark-ness of our way It's cheer-ing light. . . .

o'er the dark-ness of our way It's cheer-ing light. . . .

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No. 50. Rest thee on this mossy Pillow.

Henry Smart, arr.

Lento e molto tranquillo.

pp

Rest thee on this moss - y pil - low Till the morn - ing light, . . .

pp

Rest thee on this moss - y pil - low Till . . . . the morning light,

Till the morn - ing light, Soft - ly,

Soft - ly wave this whisp'ring wil - low O'er thy bed to - night.

Soft - ly wave this whis-p'ring wil - low O'er thy bed to - night. Ev - 'ry

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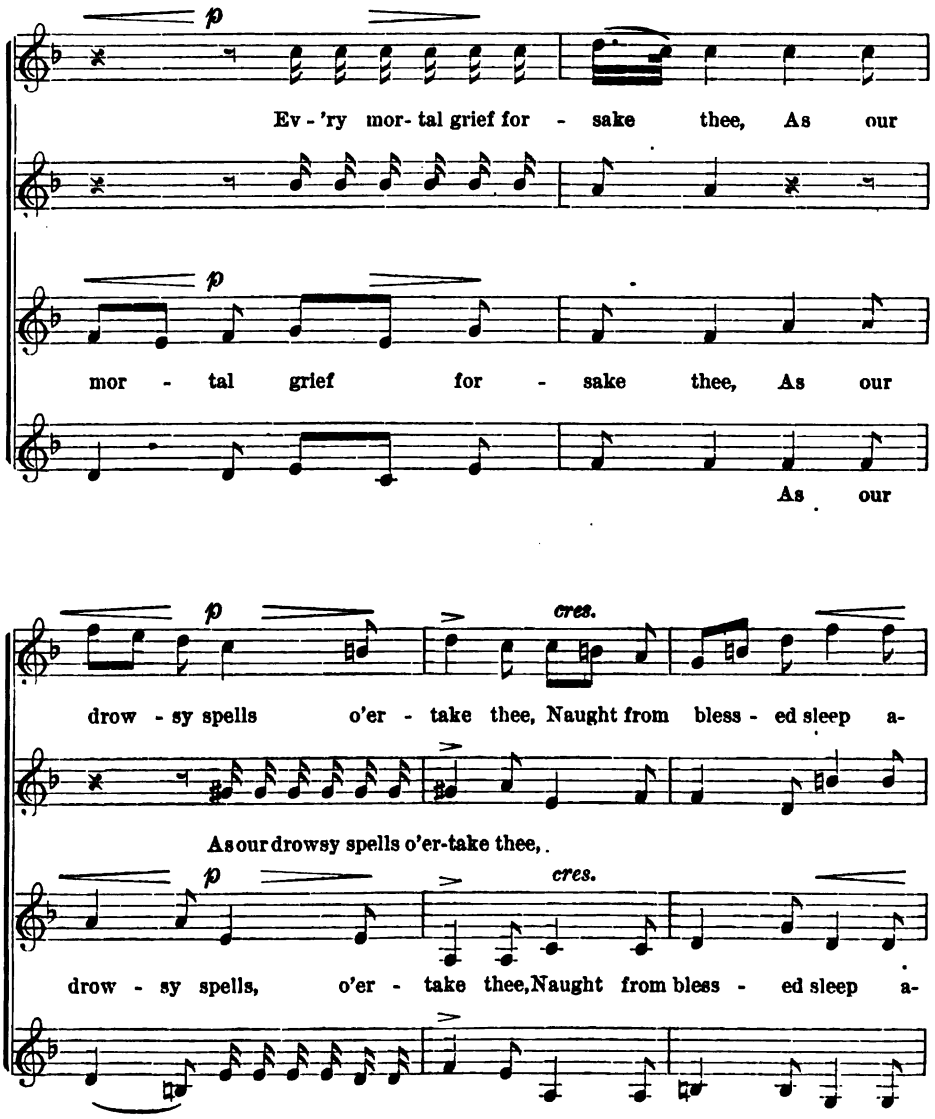

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wake thee, Till the morning light . . . . Till the morning light,

wake thee, Till the morning light . . . . Till the morning light,

pp *ritard.*

rest thee, rest thee, rest thee, rest thee, rest thee, . . .

pp *ritard.*

rest thee, rest thee. rest thee, rest thee, Till the morning light.

rest thee, rest thee,

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pp a tempo.

Rest thee on this moss - y pil - low Till the morn - ing light, . . .

pp a tempo.

Rest thee on this moss - y pil - low Till . . . the morning light,

Till the morn - ing light, Soft - ly

cres.

Soft - ly wave this whisp'ring wil - low O'er thy bed to - night.

cres.

Soft - ly wave this whis-p'ring wil - low O'er thy bed to -night. Ev - 'ry

wave . .

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p

Ev - 'ry mor- tal grief for - sake thee, As our

p

mor - tal grief for - sake thee, As our

As our

f

drow - sy spells o'er - take thee, Naught . . . from sleep a -

f

spells, As our drowsy spells o'ertake thee. Naught from bless - ed sleep a -

drow - sy spells o'er - take thee,

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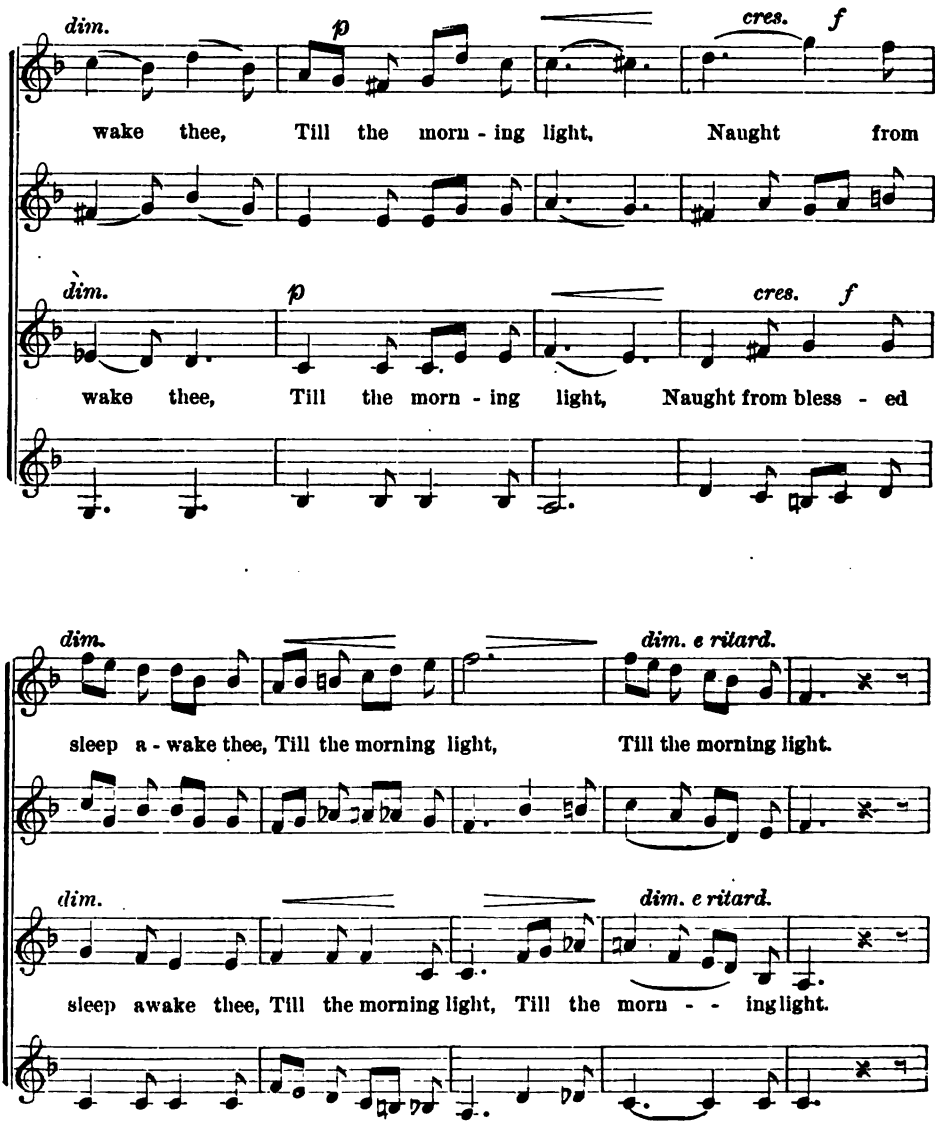

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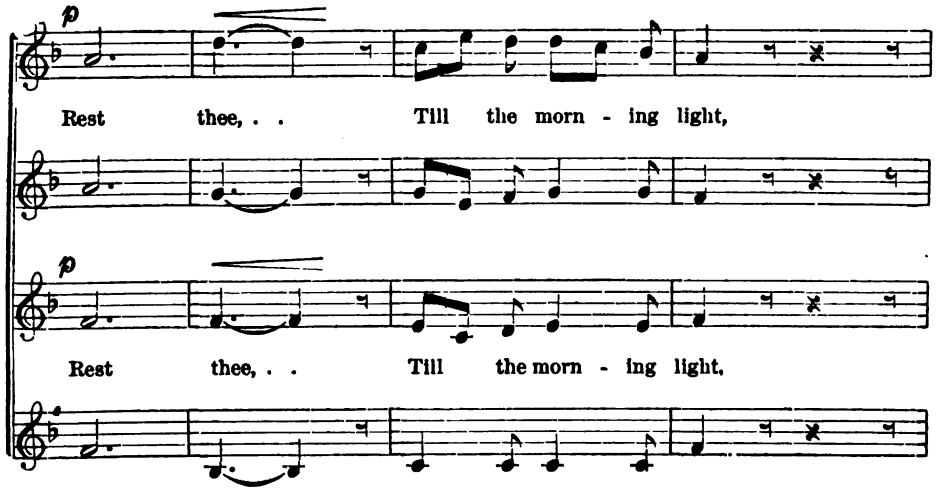

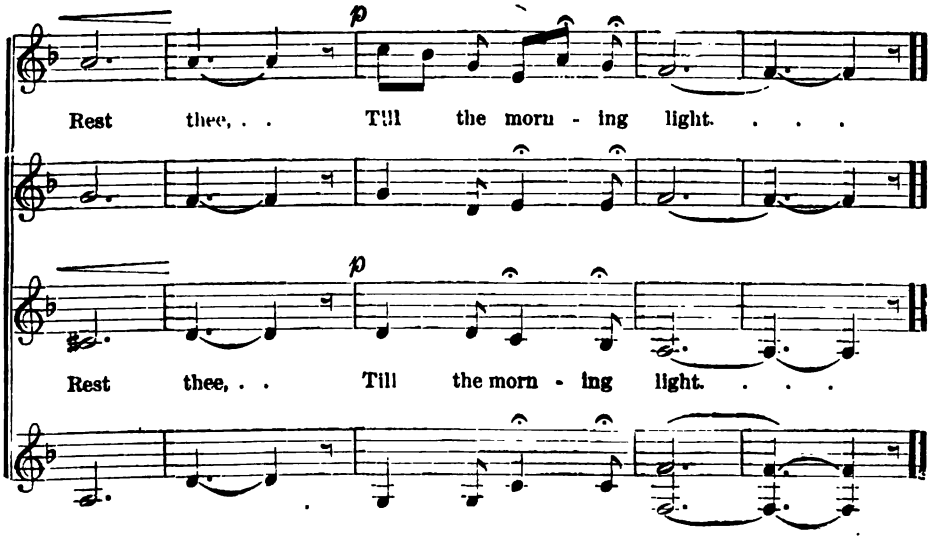

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No. 51. Let's be singing.

Canon. Hauptmann.

Allegretto giojoso.

mf

Let's be sing - ing, danc - ing, spring-ing, Liv - ing thus in glad - ness,

Liv - ing thus in peace-ful-ness. Free from care and stress — Let's be sing-ing, let's be

mf

Let's be sing-ing,

mf

danc-ing, springing, Liv-ing thus in glad-ness, Liv- ing thus in peace - ful -

danc-ing, springing, Liv-ing thus in glad-ness, Liv- ing thus in peace-ful-ness,

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mf

ness, in peace - ful - ness — Let's be sing - ing, be sing - - -

Free from care and stress — Let's be sing - ing, let's be dancing, springing.
Let's be sing - ing,

mf

ing, let's be sing - ing, and liv - ing thus in glad - ness,

liv - ing thus in glad - ness, liv - ing thus in peace - - ful-
peace-ful-ness,

and free from care. Let's . . . be sing - ing, danc - ing, springing,

ness, in peace - ful - ness. Let's be sing - ing, be sing - - -
Free from care and stress. Let's be sing- ing, let's be danc - ing, springing,

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Liv-ing thus in glad-ness, Liv-ing thus in peace-ful-ness, Free from care and

ing, let's be sing-ing, and liv-ing thus in glad-ness, and free from

Liv-ing thus in glad-ness, Liv-ing thus in peace-ful-ness, in peace-ful-

stress! Let's be sing-ing, let's be danc-ing, spring-ing, Liv-ing thus in

care, let's . . be sing-ing, danc-ing, spring-ing, Liv-ing thus in

ness. Let's be sing-ing, be sing-ing, let's be

glad-ness, liv-ing thus so glad, free from care and pain.

glad-ness, liv-ing thus so glad, free from care and stress.

sing-ing, and

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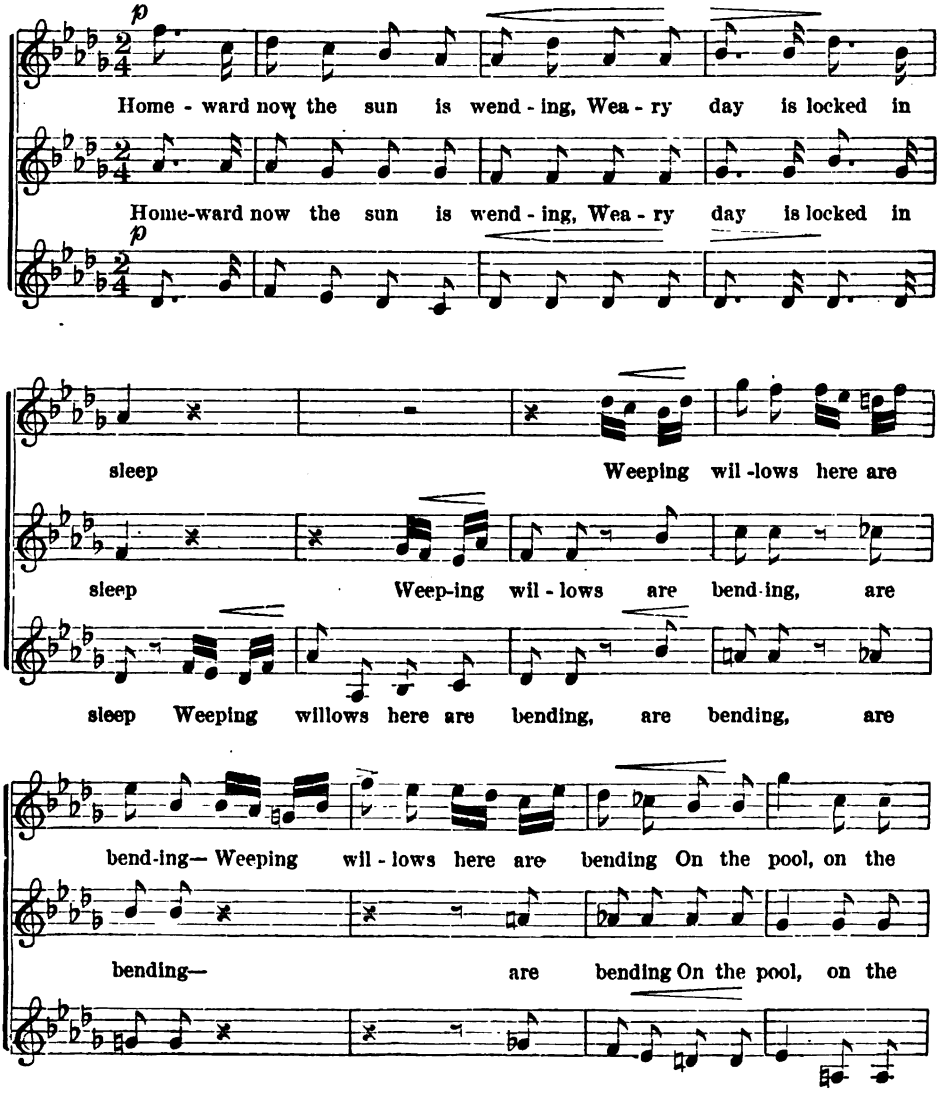
No. 52. HOMEWARD BOUND.

JULES BENEDICT.



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pool, The pool so still and deep.

pool, The pool so still and deep.

Tears of sor - row, nev - er

cres.

Tears of sor - row nev - er end - ing, Tears that mourn the lost one

Tears of sor - row nev - er end - ing, Tears that mourn the lost one

cres.

end - ing—

dim. *cres.*

flow—Tears that mourn the lost one flow; To the breeze the reeds are

flow—Tears that mourn the lost one flow; To the breeze the reeds are

dim. *cres.*

To the

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cres. *p* *p*

bending, And the wil - lows whisper low, The wil - lows, the

bending, And the wil - lows whisper low, The wil - lows, the

cres. *p* *p*

pp *f* *p*

wil - lows, the wil-lows whisper low, the willows, the

wil - lows, the wil-lows whisper low, the willows, the

pp *f* *p*

The wil - lows whisper low, . . the reeds . . are

f *p* *cres.*

willows, they whis - per low— and the wil - lows whisper low.

wil - lows, they whis - per low— and the wil - lows whisper low.

f *p* *cres.*

bend - ing, the wil - lows whisper low.

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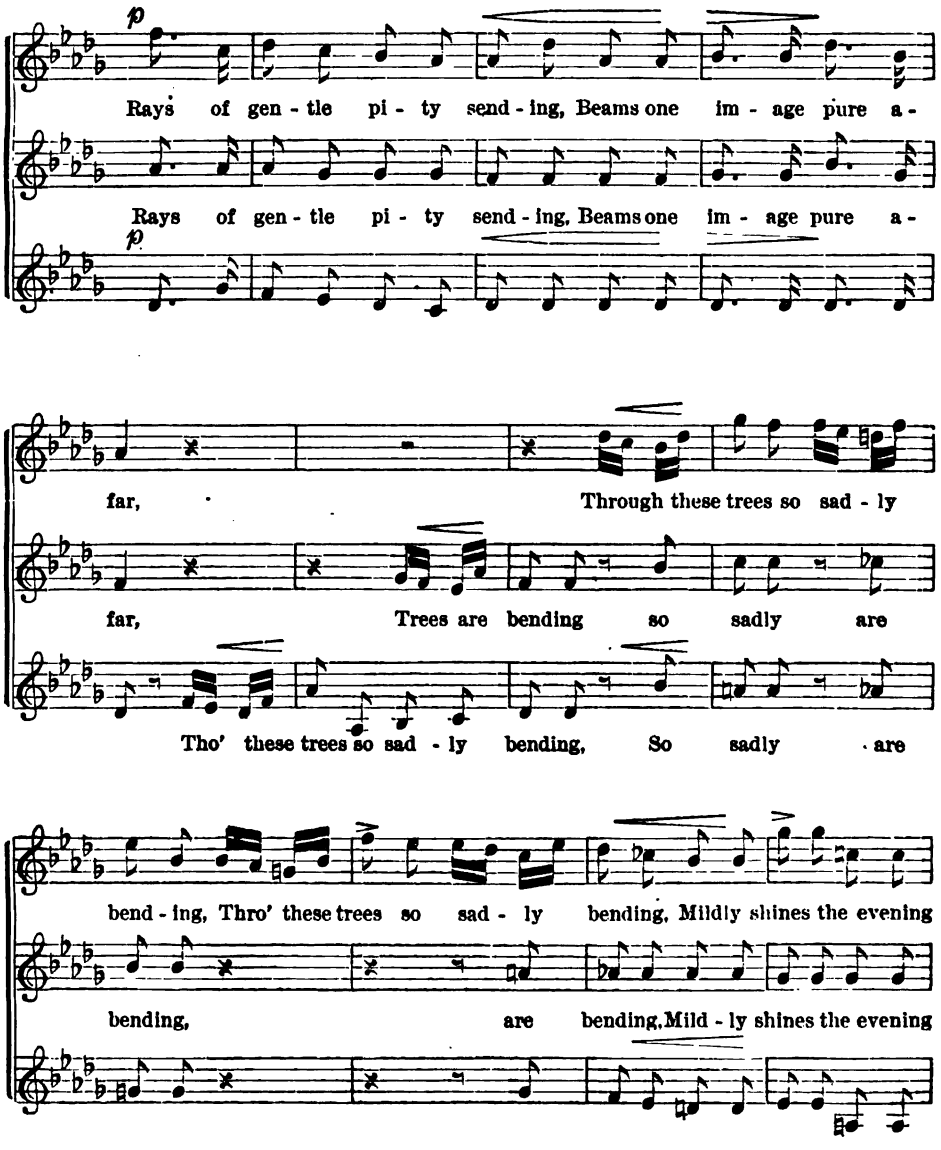

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pp *poco rall.* *cres.*

star, Mild - ly shines the eve - ning star Through these

star, Mild - ly shines the eve - ning star Through these

pp *poco rall.* *cres.*

dim.

trees so sad - ly bend - ing, Mild - ly shines the eve - ning

trees so sad - ly bend - ing Mild - ly shines the eve - ning

dim.

trees so sad - ly bend - - - - - - - - - - -

calando e rit. assai. *pp*

star, the eve - ning star, the eve - ning star.

star, the eve - ning star, the eve - ning star.

calando e rit. assai. *pp*

ing, Mild - ly shines the evening star, the eve - ning star.

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No. 53. The Return of the Stork.

H. Marschner.

Allegro ma non troppo.

p

1. See, see, see, the Stork, the Stork the Stork a - gain is here! See, see, see, the Stork a - gain is here! What now up there de - lays . . him. What now up Stork must hur - ry du - - ly! Frau Stork must

2. Look, look, look, there goes, there goes, there goes his wife al - so! Look, look, look, there goes his wife al - so! Frau Stork must hur - ry du - - ly!

3. Hark, hark, hark, he flaps, he flaps, how loud - ly now he flaps! Hark, hark, hark. how loud - ly now he flaps! That is his way of hum - ming! That is his

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there de - lays him? He's search - ing for, He's search - ing for the

hur - ry du - ly! The good - man likes, The good - man likes not
way of hum - ming! Both now in peace, Both now in peace to -

cres.

last year's nest, the last year's nest, He's search - ing for, he's search - ing for, he's

long to wait, not long to wait, The good - man likes, the good - man likes, the
geth - er rest, to - geth - er rest, Both now in peace, both now in peace, both

cres.

fp

search - ing for the last year's nest, And all the sum-mer there will rest: He's

good - man likes not long to wait, The nest for one is far too great, The
now in peace to - geth - er rest, But still they find too large the nest: Both

fp

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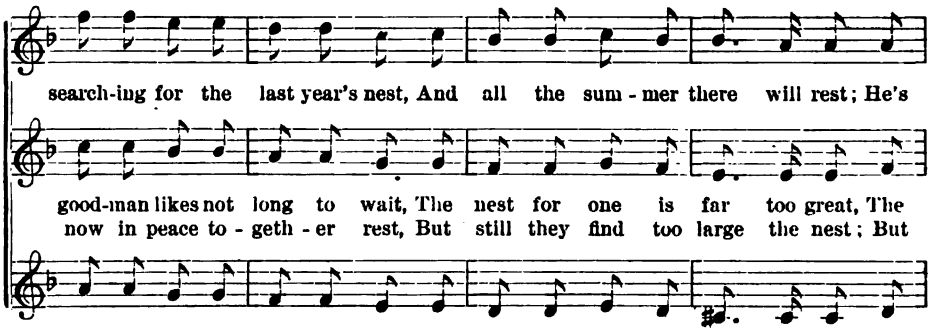

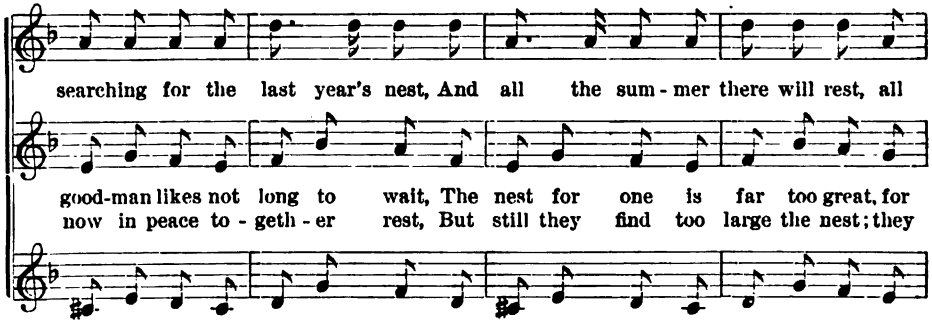

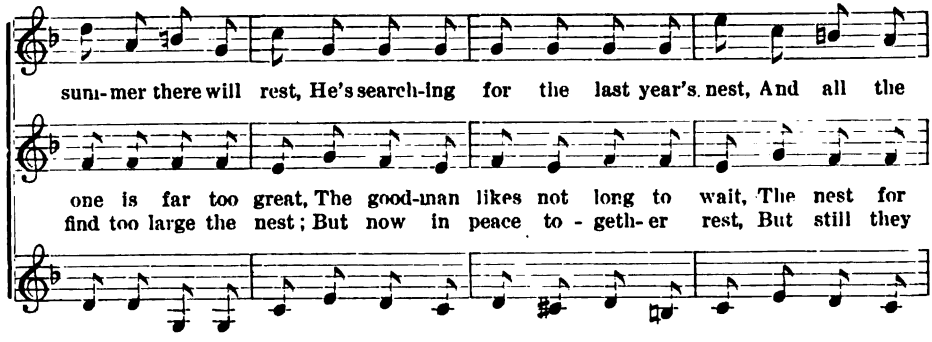

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sum-mer there will rest; The Stork, . . . The Stork. . . .

one is far too great; She too . . . . She too. . . .

find too large the nest; The chil - - dren, the chil - - -

. . . the . Stork! Oh let . . . . us

. . . she too must share . . . . it

dren, the chil - dren soon . . . . are

praise . . . . him! He's search - ing for the last year's

tru - - - - - - ly. The good - man likes not long to

com - - - - - - ing! Both now in peace to - geth - er

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nest, And all the sum - mer there will rest; he there will

wait, The nest for one is far too great, is far too
rest, But still they find too large the nest; too large the

rest, He's search-ing for the last year's nest, And all the sum-mer there will

great, The good-man likes not long to wait, The nest for one is far too
nest, But now in peace to - geth - er rest, But still they find too large the

cres. *f*

rest, And all the sum - mer there will rest; The

great, The nest for one is far too great; She
nest, But still they find too large the nest; The

cres. *f*

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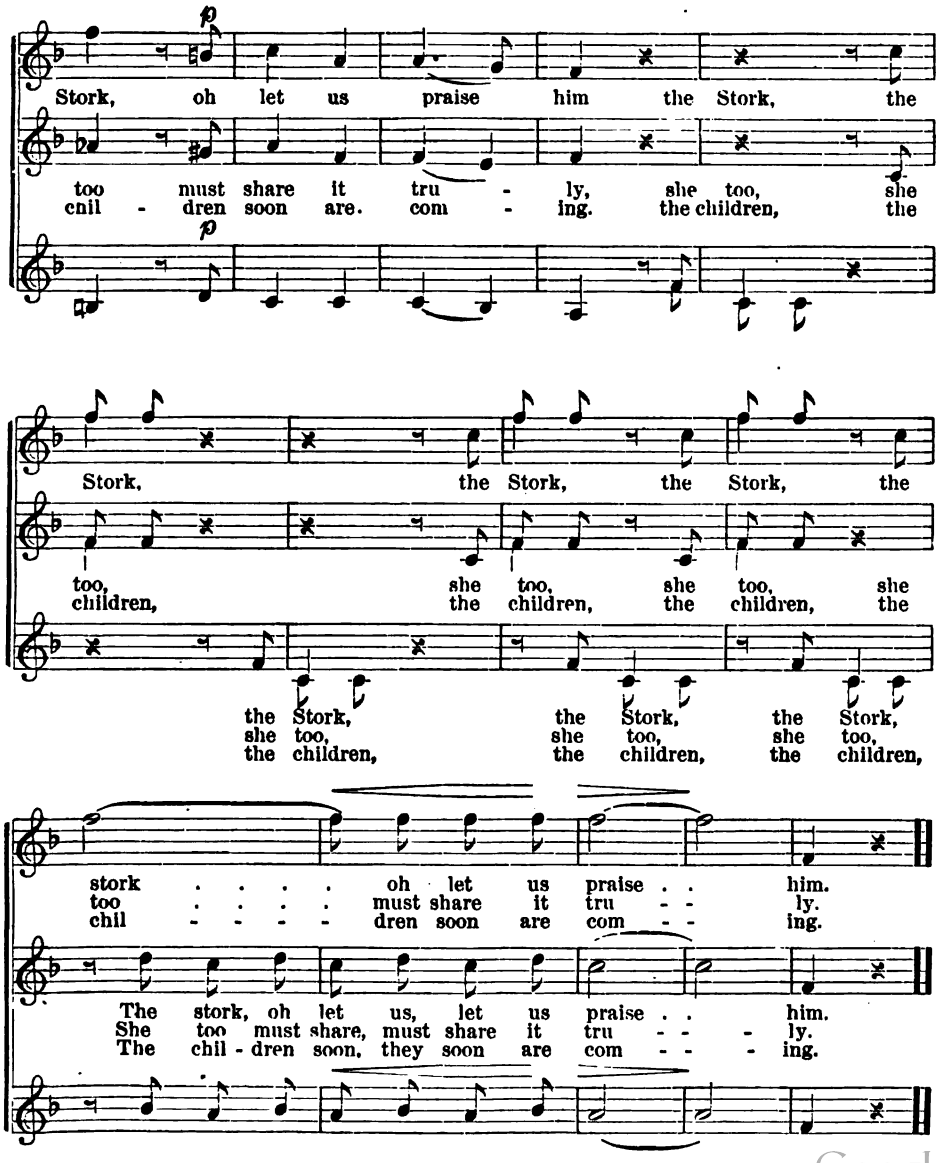

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NO. 54. HERDSMAN'S SONG.

ARR. FROM MENDELSSOHN.

1. O Win-ter, ruth-less Win-ter, You make the world so small! When shrinking in-to the val-leys—When shrinking in-to the val-leys, We sum-mer glo-ry re-call . . . . sum-mer glo-ry re-call.

2. Before my dear one's win-dow, Whene'er I chance to stray, I scarce can see her peep-ing— I scarce can see her peep-ing, No pleas-ant word can we say . . . . no word can we say.

3. O Sum-mer, boun-teous

4. When on the height thou art

5. Up-on the breez-y

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Sum - mer, You make the world so wide! As high - er we mount, ev-er

stand - ing, I call thee my dar - ling be-low, The sound is waft -ed be -
moun - tain, I clasp thee fond - ly thus, The world ly - ing far be -

high - er, It wid - ens on ev - ery side, As high - er we mount, ev - er

yond us, Though none can hear it but thou— The sound is waft-ed be -
low us, We see, but none can see us— The world ly - ing far be -

high - er, It wid- ens on ev - ery side— It wid - ens on ev-ery side.

yond us, Though none can hear it but thou— Though none can hear it but thou.
low us, We see, but none can see us— We see, but none can see us.

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No. 55. Away to the West.

Charles E. Horn.

Allegretto moderato e con delicatezza.

mf

Who's for a flight, for a flight? I, I, I, I, I.

mf

Who's for a flight, Oh, who's for a flight? I, I, I, I, I, or

for a flight? I, I, I, I, I,

or frol - ic to-night, I, I, I, I, I,

frol - ic to-night, to - night, ... I, I, I, I, I,

or frol - ic to - night, . . . I, I, I, I, I,

pp

Where shall it be? Over earth, O-ver sea? Where shall it be? Over earth, O-ver sea?

Where shall it be? Over earth, O-ver sea? Where shall it be? Over earth, O-ver sea?

pp

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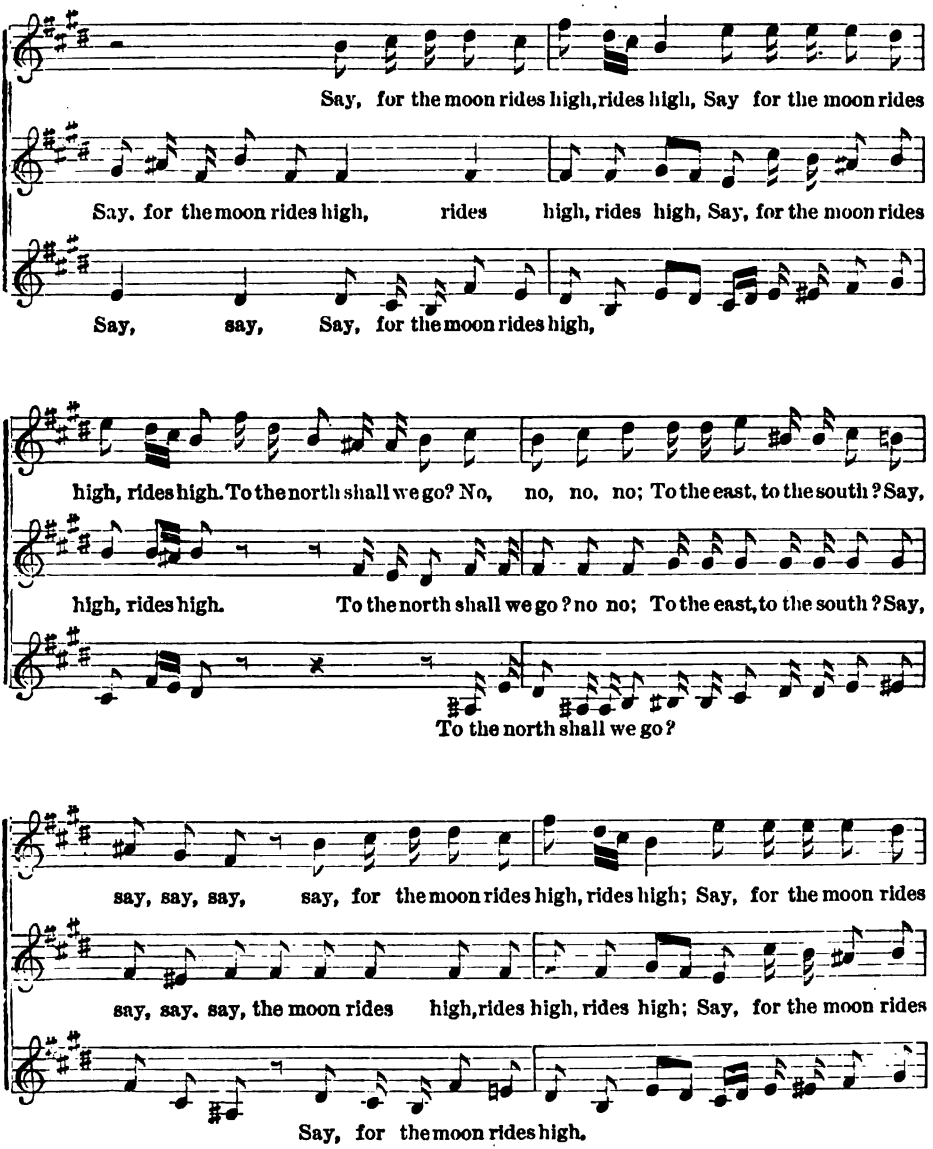

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high, rides high, To the north shall we go? No, no, no, no; To the east, to the south? Say,

high, rides high. Shall we go? To the north? No, no; To the east, to the south? Say,

To the north shall we go?

p *p*

say, say, say, Or shall we go west on the white wave's crest?

say, say, say, Or on the white wave's crest?

p *p*

or shall we go west? we go west on the white wave's crest?

There, there the sun doth rest, On the white wave's crest, To the

There, there the sun doth rest, wave's crest, There the sun doth rest . . . .

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west, the west . . . . . a - way! a - way! Or

. . . . . The sun doth rest, a - way! a - way! or shall we go west?

shall we go west on the white wave's crest? There, there the sun doth rest, on the

on the white wave's crest? There, there the sun doth rest,

we go west on the white wave's crest?

white wave's crest. To the west, the west, ... a-

wave's crest, There the sun doth rest, ... the sun doth rest, a-

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way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way! to the

way, a - way, a - way, a - way, a - way! to the west, a -

to the west, to the west, a - way!

west, to the west, a - way, a - way! a -

way, a - way, a - way, to the west, a - way, to the west, a -

a - way! a - way! a -

dim. *pp*

way! to the west, a - way, a - way!

way, to the west, a - way, to the west, a - way!

dim. *pp*

way! a - way! to the west, a - way!

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No. 56. MAY.

JULES BENEDICT.

Allegretto vivace.

f *pp* *f*

Song, while I sing, song, while I sing, Soar a -

Song, while I sing, song, while I sing, Soar a -

f *pp* *f*

p

loft, soar a - loft, Bring breath of flow - ers, balm of

loft, soar a - loft, Bring breath of flow - ers, balm of

p

cres. *f* *p*

May, Fra - grant, fra - grant, must be my lay.

May, Fra - grant fra - grant, must be my lay.

cres. *f* *p*

Song, while I

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p

Song,— while I sing, Song,—while I sing, Float on light

Song, while I sing, Float on light

p

sing,— Float on light wing,

ff

wing, Sparkling like stars, like stars are seen, . . Gems on the

wing, Sparkling like stars, . . . are seen, Gems on the

ff

pp *pp*

plain . . . of green, Sparkling like stars, like stars are seen Gems on the

plain . . of green, Sparkling like stars, like stars are seen Gems on the

pp *pp*

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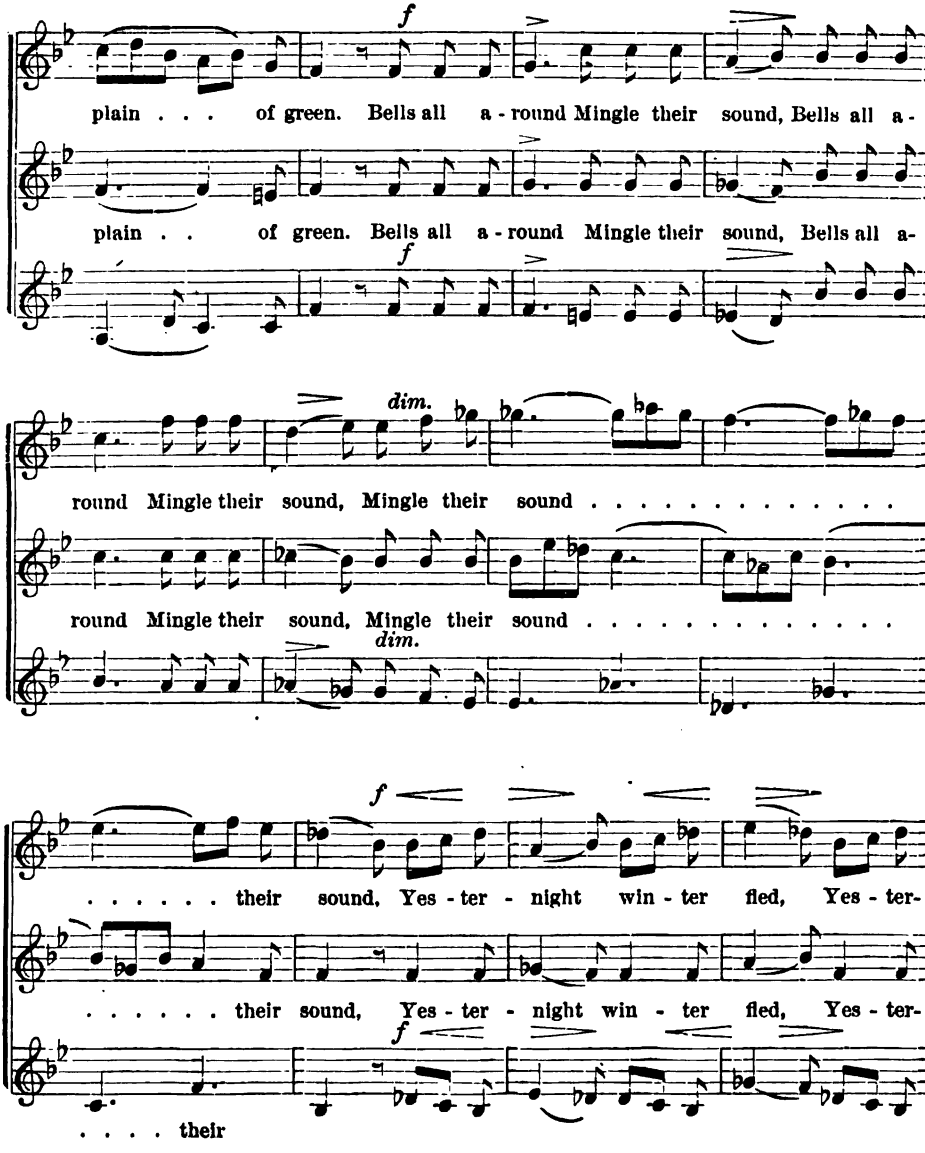

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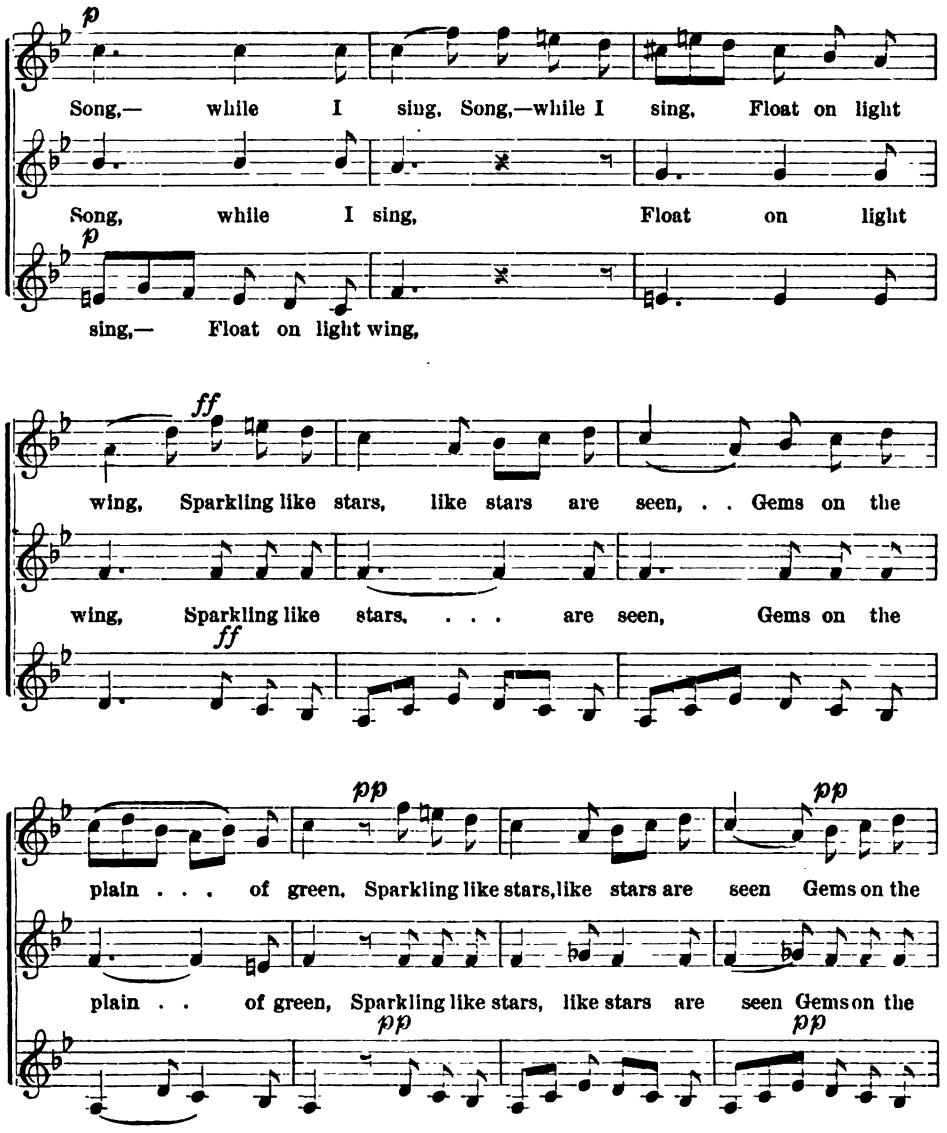

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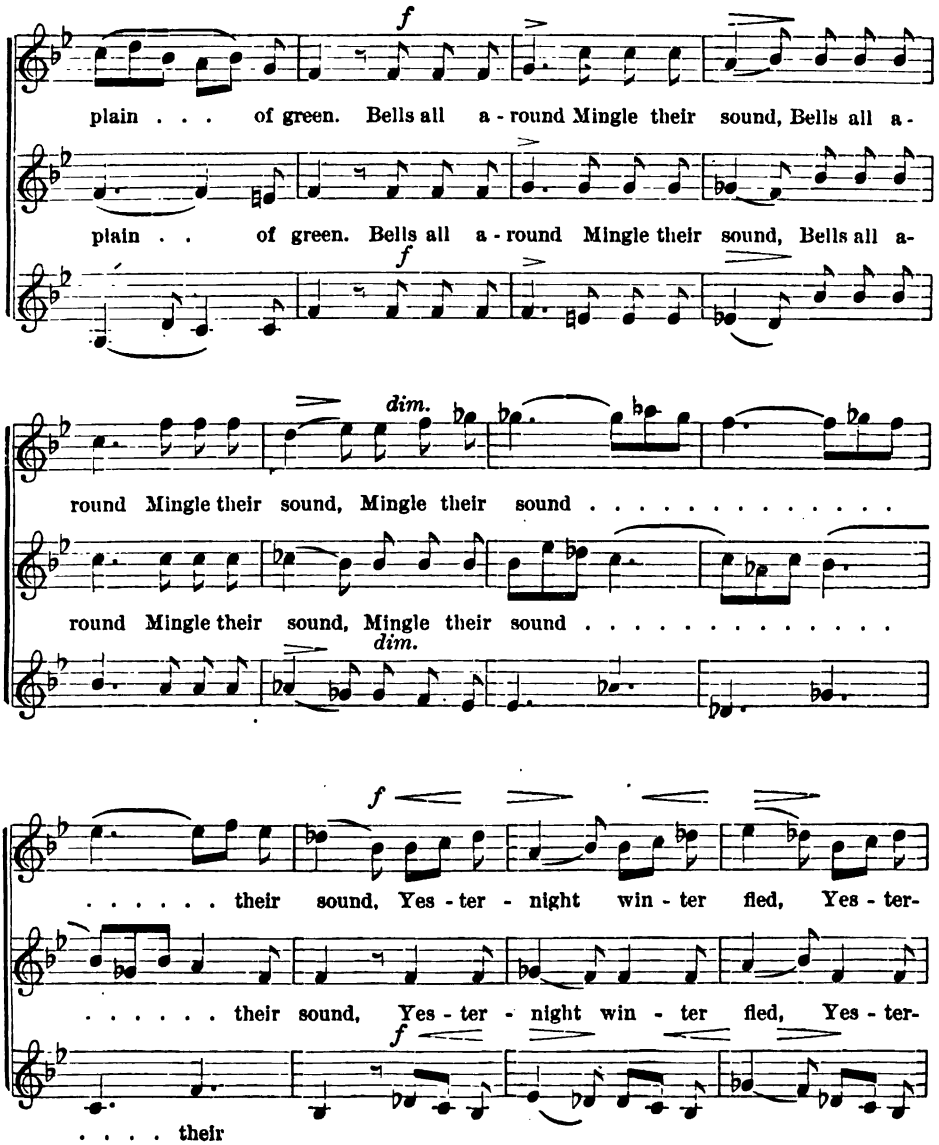

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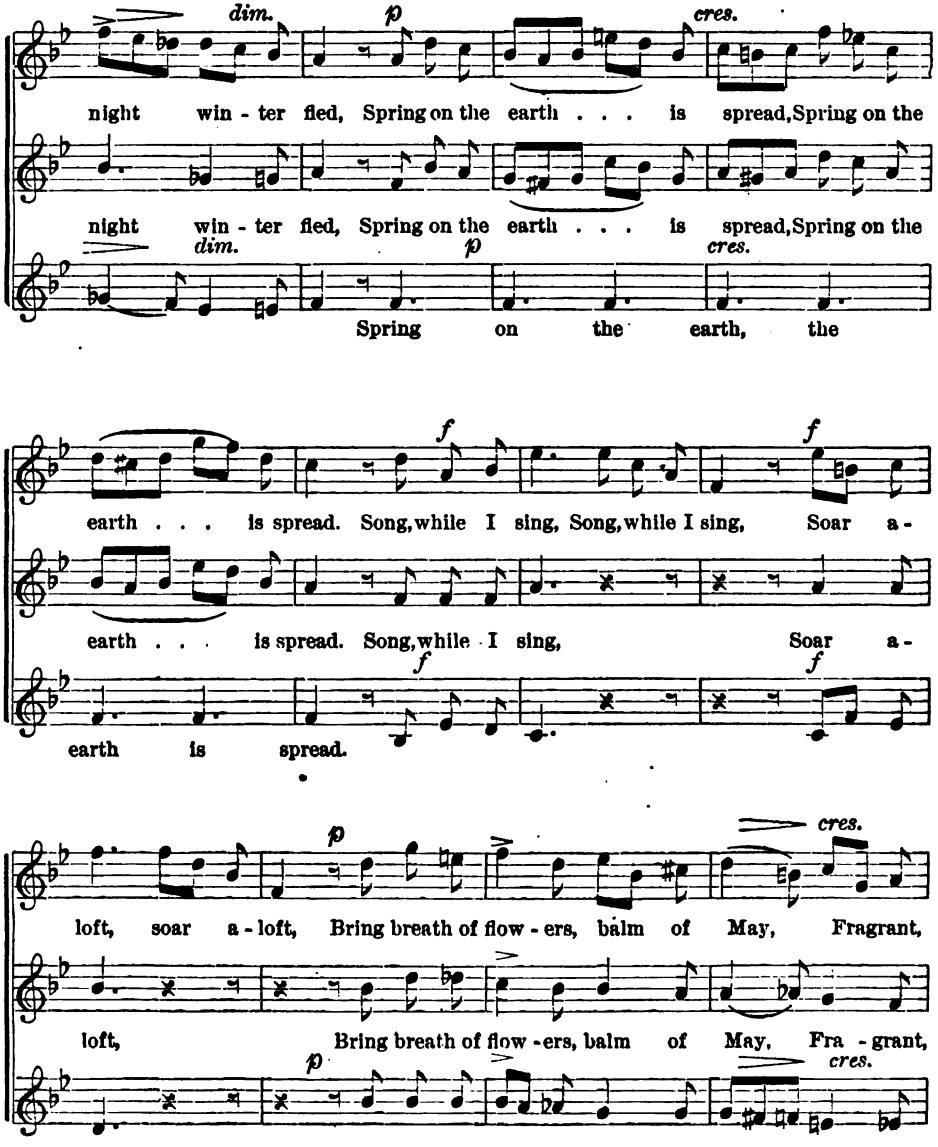

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f *dim.*

fra - grant must be my lay. Bring breath of flow - ers, balm of May, Fragrant,

fra - grant must be my lay. Bring breath of flow - ers, balm of May, Fra - grant,

f *dim.*

ff

fragrant be my lay. Yes - ter - night, win - ter fled, Yes - ter-

fragrant be my lay. Yes - ter - night, win - ter fled, Yes - ter -

ff

night win - ter fled. Spring on the earth, on

night win - ter fled. Spring on the earth, on

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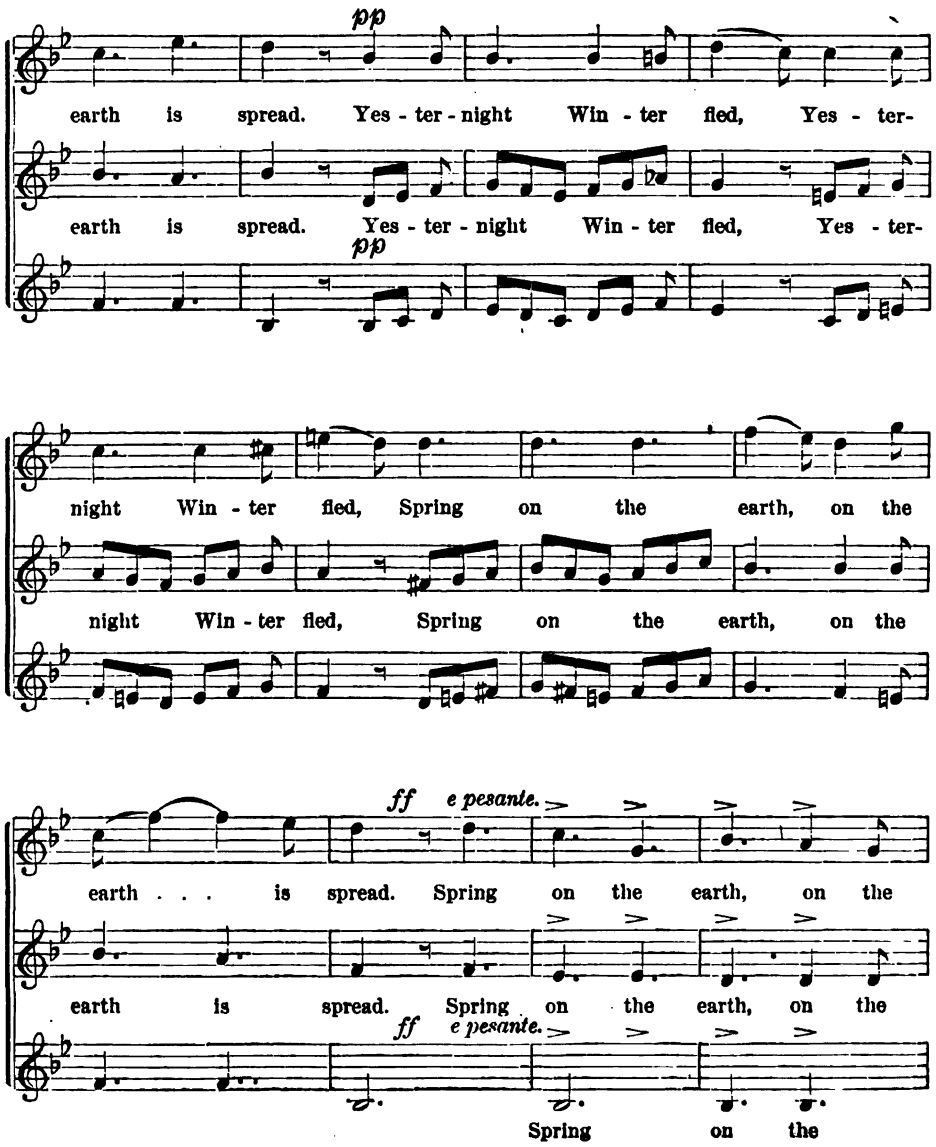

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dim.

earth is spread. Spring on the earth, on the

earth is spread. Spring on the earth, on the

dim.

earth is spread. Spring on the

p rall. *p piu lento.*

earth is spread, on earth is spread, Spring

earth is spread, on earth is spread, Spring

p rall. *p piu lento.*

earth is spread.

on the earth . . . is spread.

on the earth . . . . is spread.

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No. 57. SUMMER IS A COMING IN.

CANON IN UNISON.

Pastorale.

1st Soprano.

Sum - mer is a com - ing in, ... Loud - ly sing cuck -

2nd Soprano.

Sum - mer is a

3rd Soprano.

4th Soprano.

oo. Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and spring - eth

com - ing in . . . Loud - ly sing cuck - oo, Grow - eth

Sum - mer is a com - ing in . . . Loud - ly

Sum - mer

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wood a-new. Sing cuck - oo.

seed, and blow-eth mead, and spring-eth wood a-new.

sing cuck-oo, Grow-eth seed, and blow-eth mead, and

is a com-ing in, . . . Loud-ly sing cuck-oo.

Ewe . . . bleat-eth aft-er lamb, and aft-er calf . . . .

Sing cuck - oo. Ewe . . . bleat-eth

spring-eth wood a-new. Sing cuck -

Grow-eth seed, and blow-eth mead, and spring-eth wood a -

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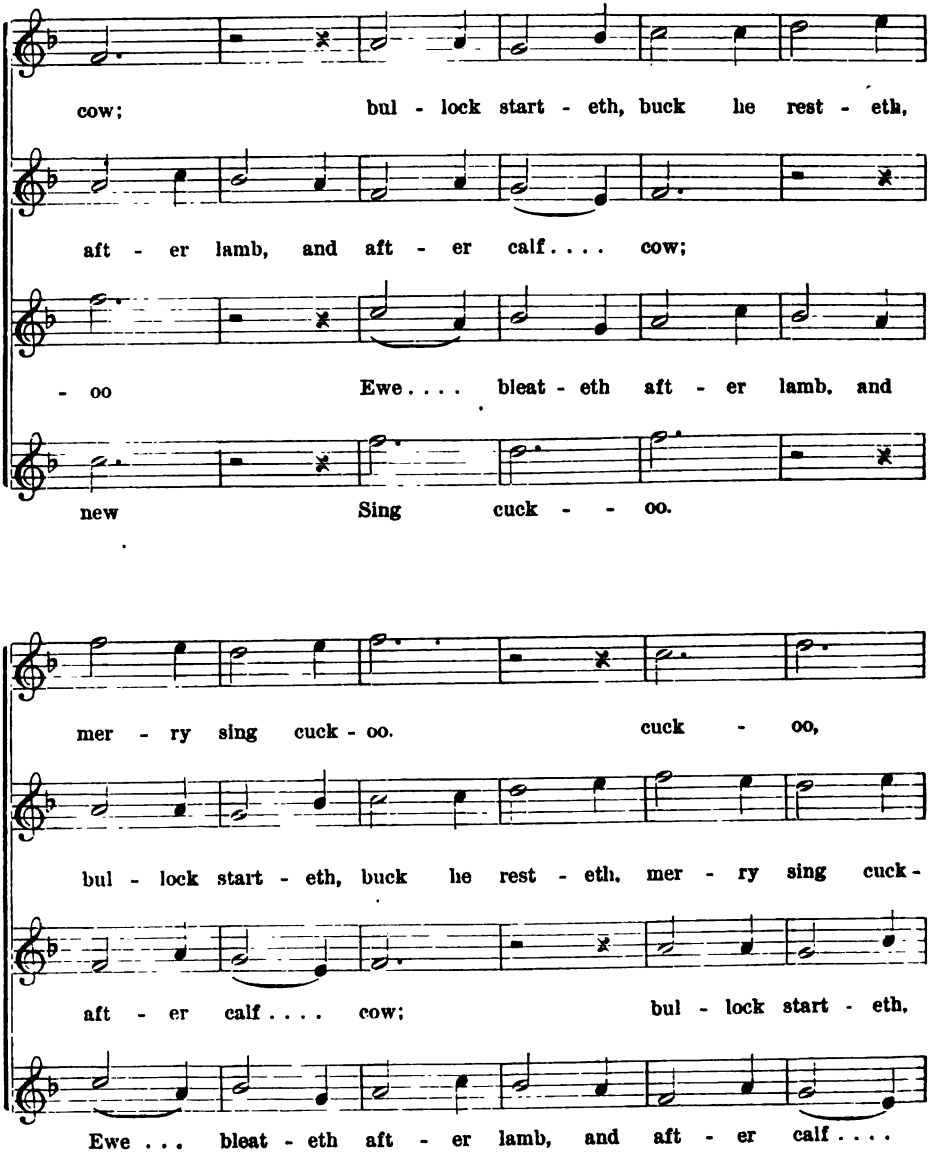

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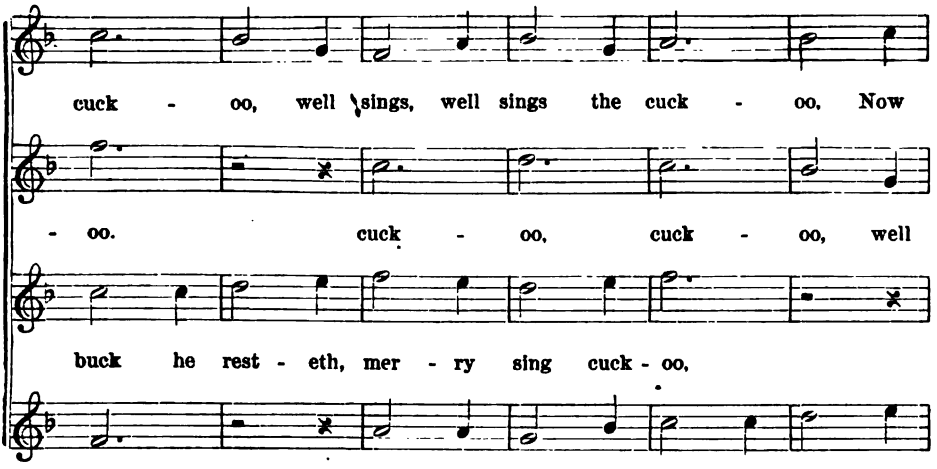

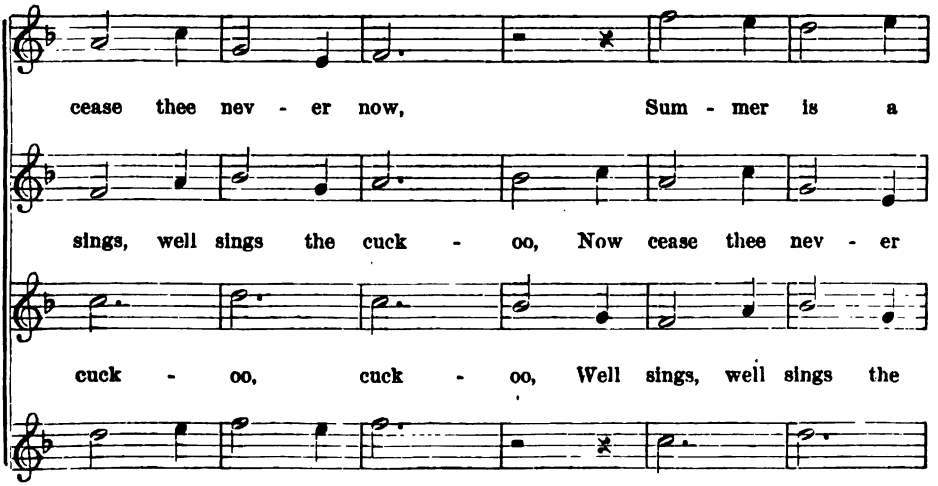

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com - ing in, ... Loud - ly sing cuck - oo,

now. Sum - mer is a com - ing in, . . .

cuck - oo, Now cease thee nev - er now.

cuck - oo, Well sings, well sings the cuck - oo, Now

rall.

Grow - eth seed, and blow - eth mead, and spring - eth wood a - new.

Loud - ly sing cuck - oo, loud - ly sing cuck - oo.

rall.

Sum - mer is a com - ing in, ... Loud - ly sing cuck - oo.

cease thee nev - er now, cease thee nev - er now.

"The most ancient English composition in harmony extant. The words and music written in the early half of the thirteenth century."

Rimbault's Ancient Vocal Music of England.

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No. 58. Lift Thine Eyes.

From "Elijah"—Mendelssohn.

Andante con moto. ♪ =100.

1st Soprano. *sf* *p*

Lift thine eyes, Oh, lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence

2nd Soprano.

Lift thine eyes, Oh, lift thine eyes to the moun - tains, whence

Alto. *sf* *p*

to the

com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - - - eth help.

com - eth, whence com - eth, whence com - - - eth help. Thy help

com - eth help.

cres.

Thy help com - eth from the

com - eth, com - eth from the Lord, from the

cres.

Thy help com - eth the

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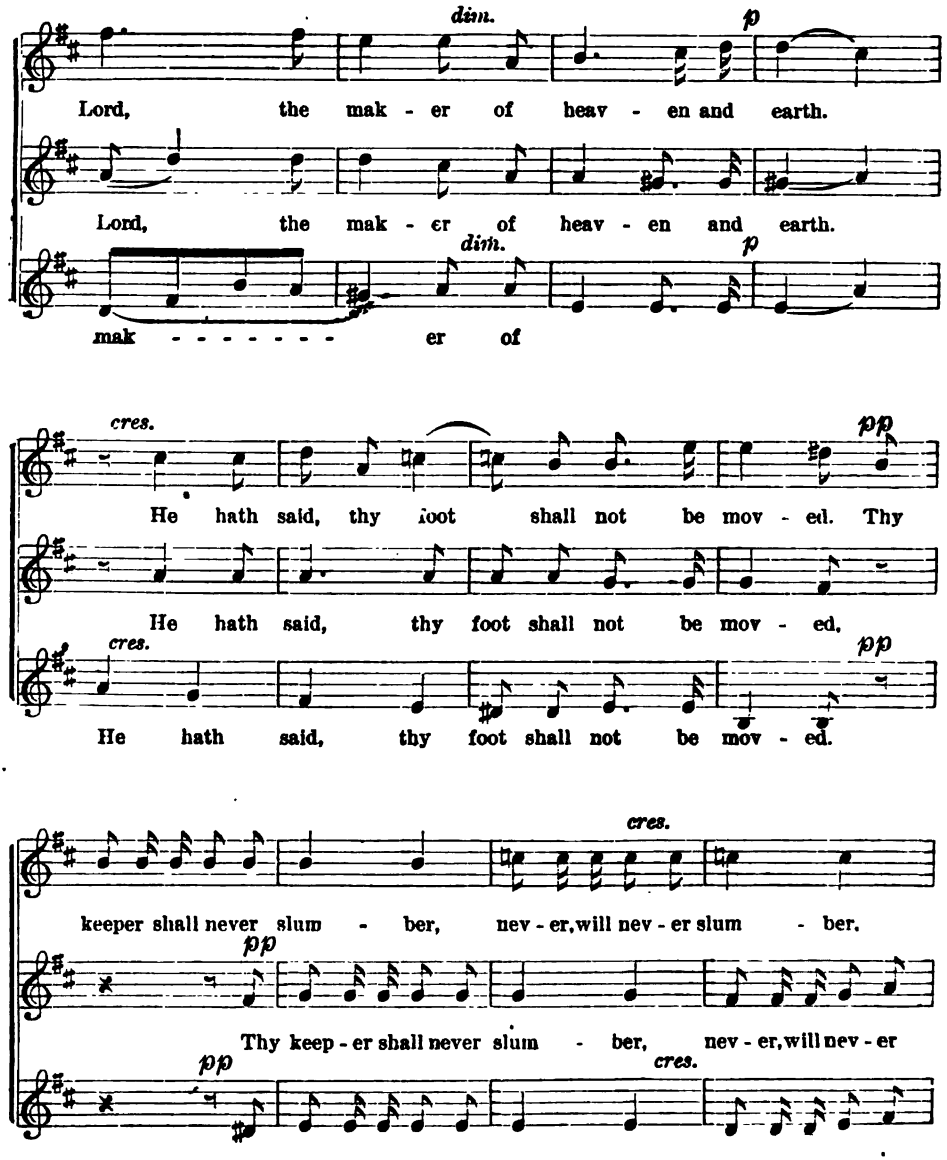

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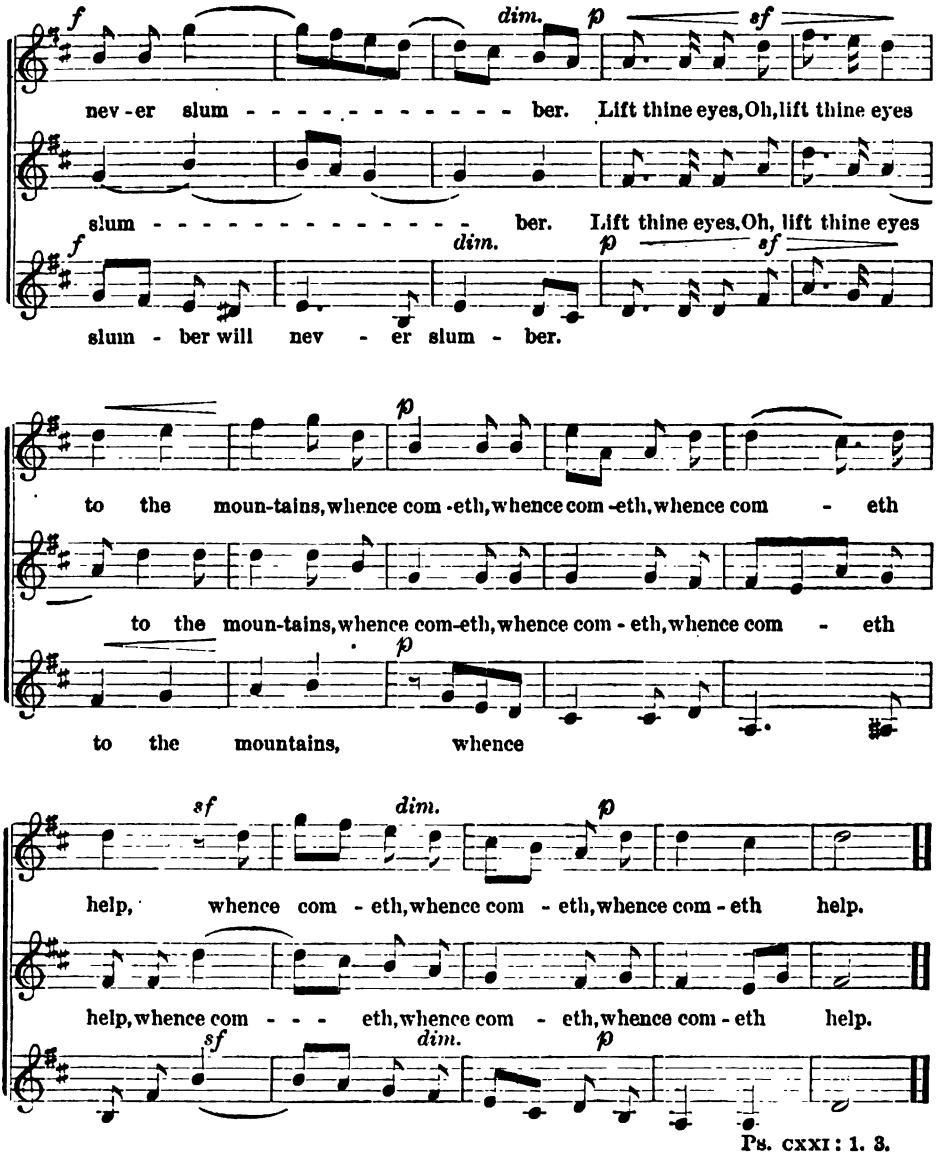

Ps. cxxi: 1. 3.

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No. 59. HOME, SWEET HOME.

SICILIAN MELODY.

1. Mid pleas-ures and pal - a - ces, though we may roam, Be it ev - er so

2. An ex - ile from home, splendor daz - zles in vain; Oh, give me my

hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us

low - ly thatched cot - tage a - gain; The birds sing - ing gai - ly, that come to my

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there, Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-where. Home, home,

call; Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all. Home, home,

sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

sweet, sweet home, There's no place like home, there's no place like home.

JOHN HOWARD PAINE.

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No. 60. SUNDAY MORNING.

RÖHR.

p Andante.

1. Hark, what mu - sic ris - es yon - der! Voic - es sweet and church bells peal - ing, Where the sha - dy beach trees un - der glad - ly meet - ing, All with smiles of glad - ness beam - ing, Morn - ing light is slow - ly steal - ing! All the sky with beau-ty glow-ing, Thus with praise the Fa - ther greet - ing, Who His ten - der love is show-ing

2. From the hills and val - leys stream - ing, Old and young come on - ward glid - ing, Per - fumes rise from rose and li - ly.

3. O'er the mead - ow soft and stil - ly See the brook - let And the tim - id vio - let hid - ing; Mem - o - ries of childhood wak-ing,

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Sab - bath rest to earth be - stow - ing. All the sky with beau - ty glow-ing,

In the har-vests round them grow - ing. Who His ten-der love is show-ing
And the spir-it heaven-ward tak - ing, Mem - o - ries of child-hood wak-ing.

p *rit.* *p*

Sab - bath rest to earth be - stow - ing.

In the har - vests round them grow - ing.
And the spir - it heaven - ward tak - ing.

p *rit* *p*

NO. 61. CHURCH BELLS.

W. F. TAYLOR.

Andante.

p

1. Hark! how sweet the bells are ring - ing, Bidding each sad heart to come,

2. Still the bells are soft - ly chim - ing, Come and see the way here lies,

p

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cres.

And to lay its wea - ry bur - then Down at God's e - ter - nal throne;

That will bring the tir'd soul's wand'ring To sweet rest in Par - a - dise.

cres.

f *p*

Where the Cher - u - bims are sing - ing, Sanc - tus, sanc - tus Do - mi - nus.

Where the Cher - u - bims are sing - ing, Sanc - tus, sanc - tus Do - mi - nus.

f *p*

cres. *f* *rall.*

In their song all an - gels min - gling, Sanc-tus, sanc-tus, Do - mi-nus!

In their song all an - gels min - gling, Sanc-tus, sanc-tus, Do - mi-nus!
Glo - ry be to God on high, and world with-out end. A - men.

cres. *f* *rall.*

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No. 62. The Pilgrim's Song.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

1. Let noth - ing cloud thy glad - ness with sad - ness! De - ni - als thou
2. What fills thy heart with sor - row? To - mor - row? Thou'rt guided— Heaven
3. Serve God, o - bey, re - vere Him, and fear Him; Stand fast, man! What

must a- bide, thou must a - bide; thou'rt pu - ri - fied by tri - als— thou'rt
cares for thee—Heaven cares for thee; thy wants will be pro - vid - ed— thy
He decrees—what He decrees, must be and is the best plan— must

pu - - - ri - fied } by tri - - - als.
thou'rt, pu - ri - fied }

wants will be } pro - vid - - ed.
thy wants will be }
be and is } the best plan.
must be and is }

Paul Flemming, tr.

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No. 63. God the All-Terrible.

Alexis Lvoff. arr.

Moderato.

1. God, the all ter - ri - ble, Thou who or - dain - est

2. God, the om - ni - po - tent, might - y a - veng - er,

3. So will thy peo - - ple, with thank - ful de - vo - tion.

Thun - der thy clar - ion, and light - ning thy sword,

Watch - ing in - vis - i - ble, judg - ing un - heard,

Praise Him who saved them from per - il and sword,

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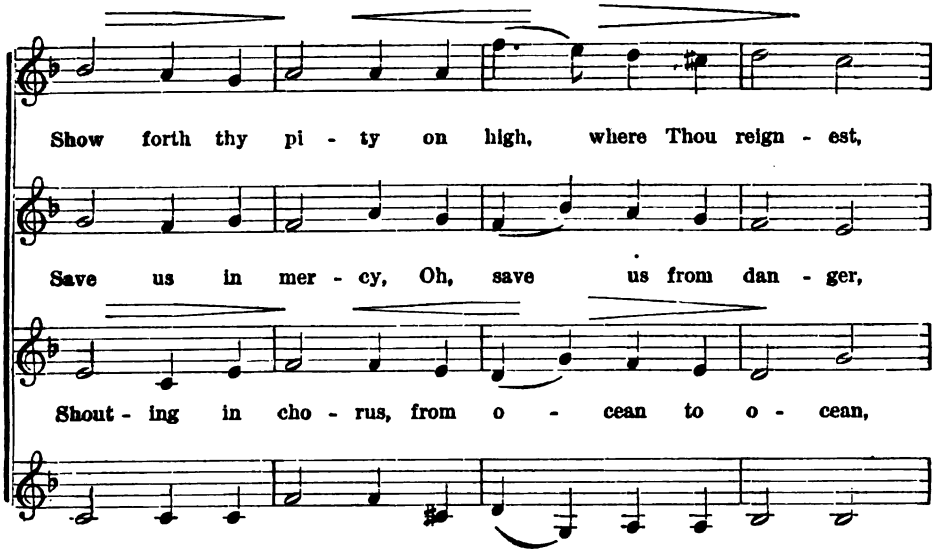

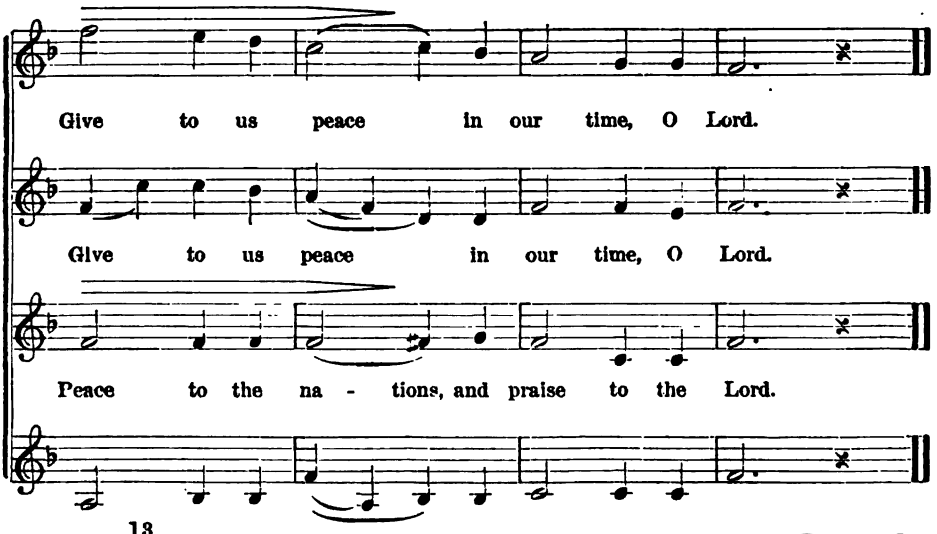

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No. 64. Come unto Him.

Handel, arr.

Larghetto. ♪ = 126.

Come un - to Him all ye that la - bor, Come un - to Him ye that

Come un - to Him all ye that la - bor, Come un - to Him ye that

are heav - y la - den, and He will give you rest. Take his yoke upon you, and

are heav - y la - den, and He will give you rest. Take his yoke upon you, and

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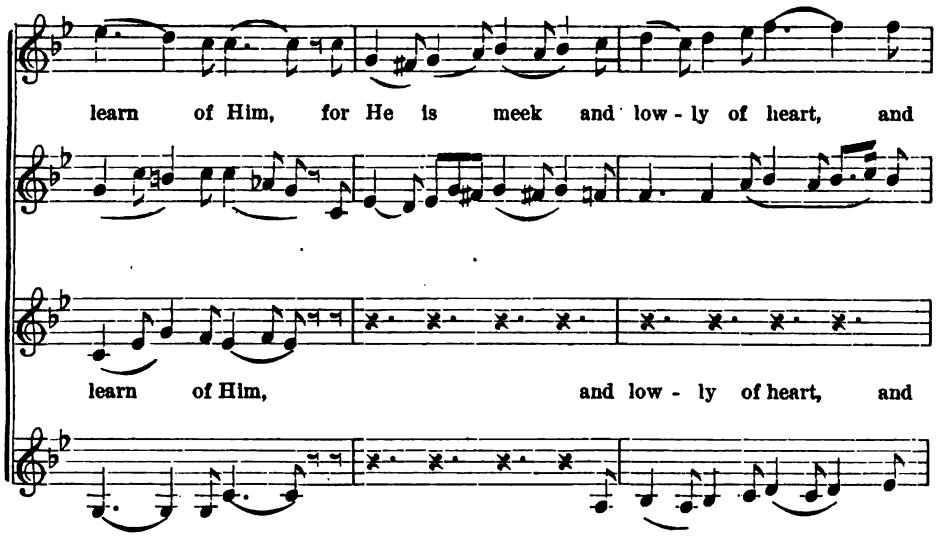

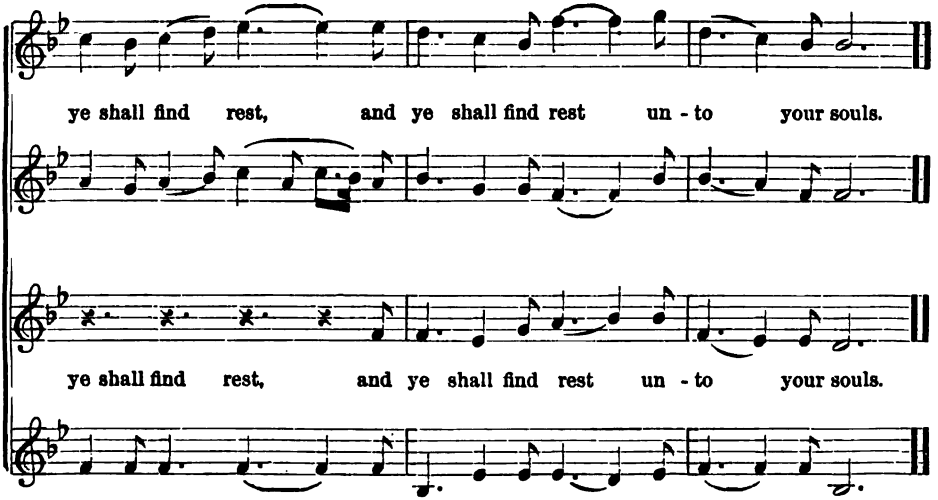

ISAIAH XL. V.

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No. 65. Oh rest in the Lord.

Arr. from Mendelssohn.

p

Oh rest in the Lord, wait pa - tient - ly for Him, and He shall

Oh rest in the Lord, wait pa - tient - ly for Him, and He shall

give thee thy heart's de - sires, Oh rest in the Lord, wait pa - tient - ly for

give thee thy heart's de - sires, Oh rest in the Lord, wait pa - tient - ly for

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall

Him, and He shall give thee thy heart's de - sires, and He shall

and He shall

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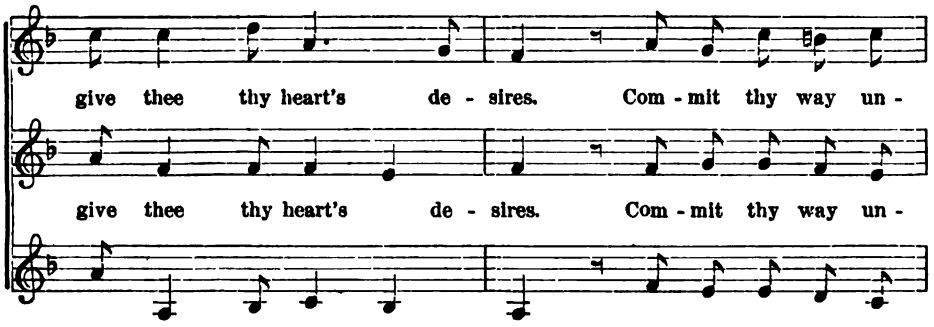

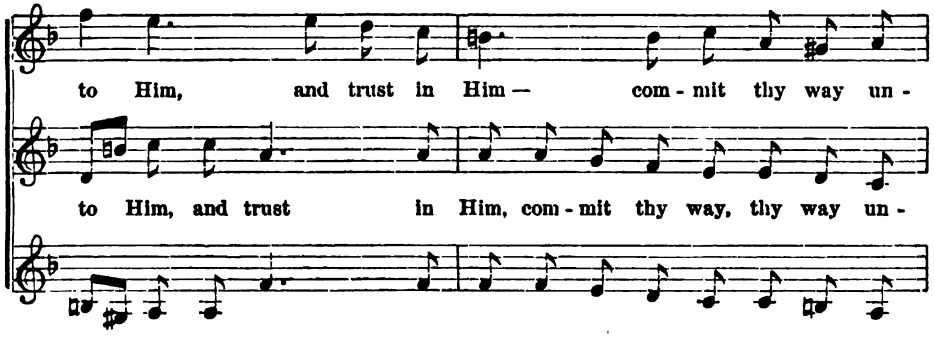

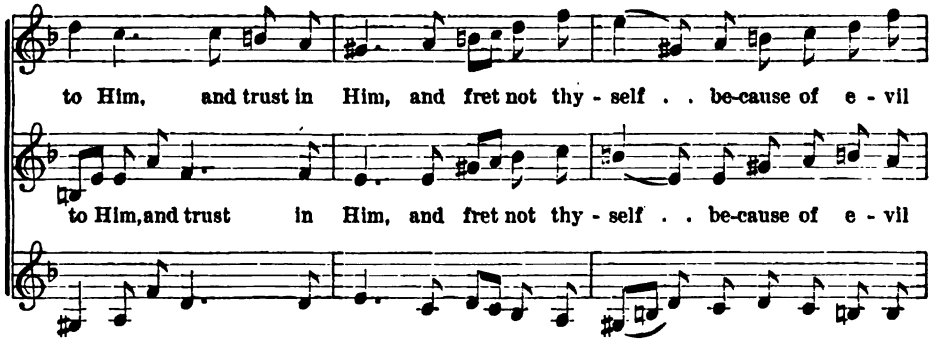

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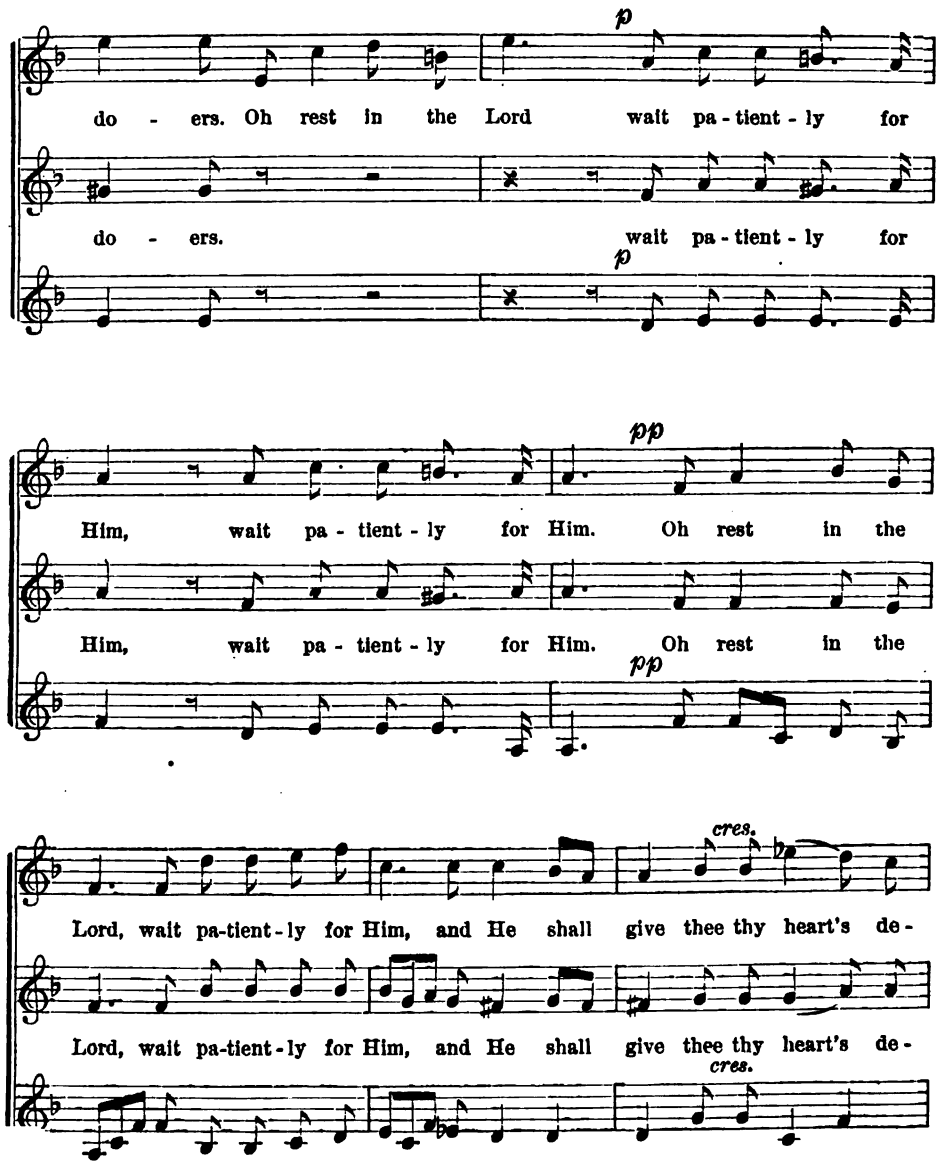

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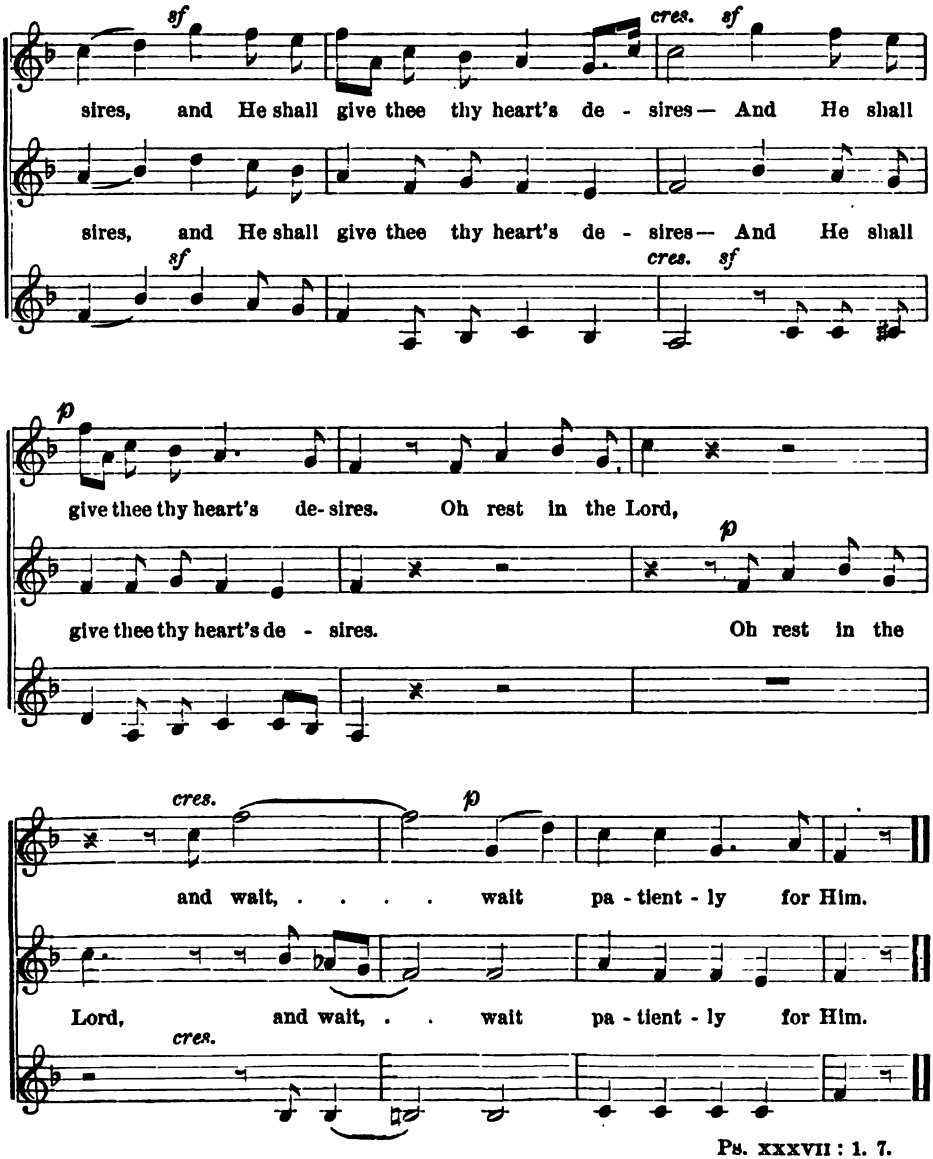

Ps. XXXVII : 1. 7.

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No. 66. GASTORIUS.

SEVER GASTORIUS died 1675.

1. { Lead - er of Is - rael's host, and guide Of
Be - neath thy shad - ow we a - bide, The

2. { By thine un - err - ing spir - it led, We
We shall not full di - rec - tion heed, Nor

all who seek the land a - bove, } Our strength thy
cloud of thy pro - tect - ing love,— }

shall not in the des - ert stray, } As far from
miss our prov - i - den - tial way; }

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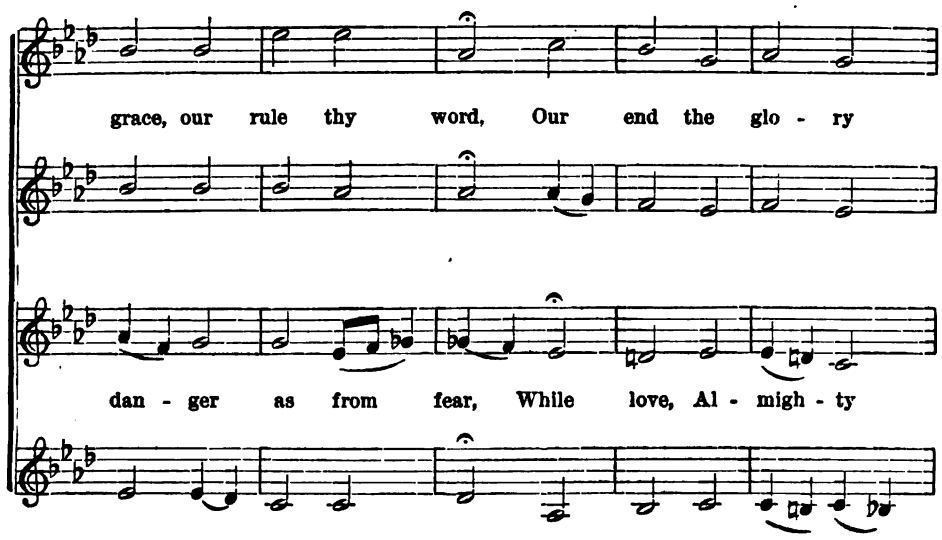

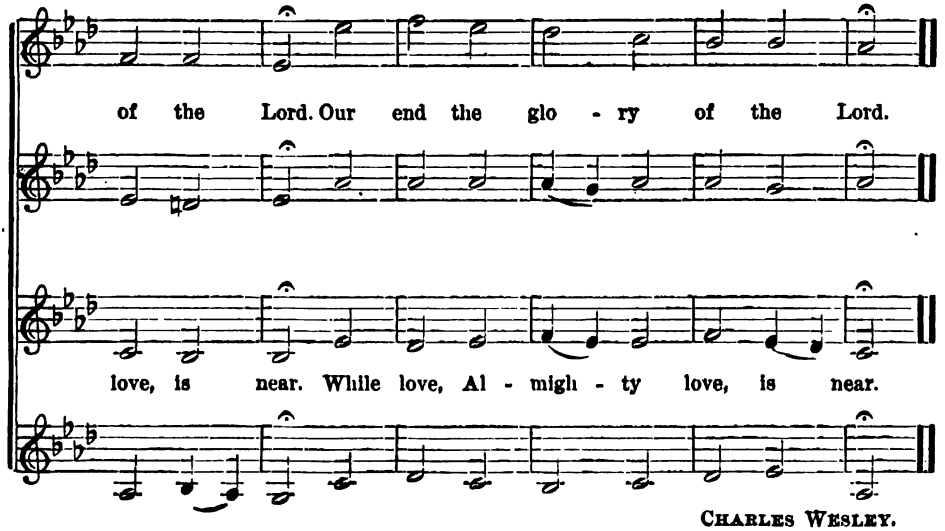

CHARLES WESLEY.

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NO. 67. WHERE'ER I GO.

H. ISAAK. 1493.

1. Wher-e'er I go, what-e'er my task, The coun-sel of my God I ask, Who

2. I lean up-on his might-y arm, It shields me well from ev-ery harm, All

all things hath and can; Un-less He give both thought and deed, The

e-vil shall a-vert; If by his pre-cepts still I live, What-

ut-most pains can ne'er suc-ceed, And vain, and vain the wis-est plan.

e'er is use-ful He will give, And nought, and nought shall do me hurt.

PAUL FLEMMING, 1631.
TR. BY CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

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No. 68. Evening Hymn.

Thomas Tallis (died 1585).

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night, For all the bless-ings of the

2. Oh may my soul on Thee re - pose; And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids

light; Keep me, Oh keep me, King of kings, Beneath thine own al - migh-ty wings!

close; Sleep, that may me more vigorous make To serve my God when I a-wake.

Bishop Ken. 1700.

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NO. 69. ST. MICHAEL'S.

FROM DAY'S PSALTER. 1588. ARR.

1. Give to the winds thy fears;— Hope, and be un - dis - mayed; God

2. Thro' waves, thro' clouds and storms, He gent - ly clears thy way; Wait

hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears; God shall lift up thy head. . .

thou his time; so shall the night Soon end in joy - ous day. . .

PAUL GERHARDT.

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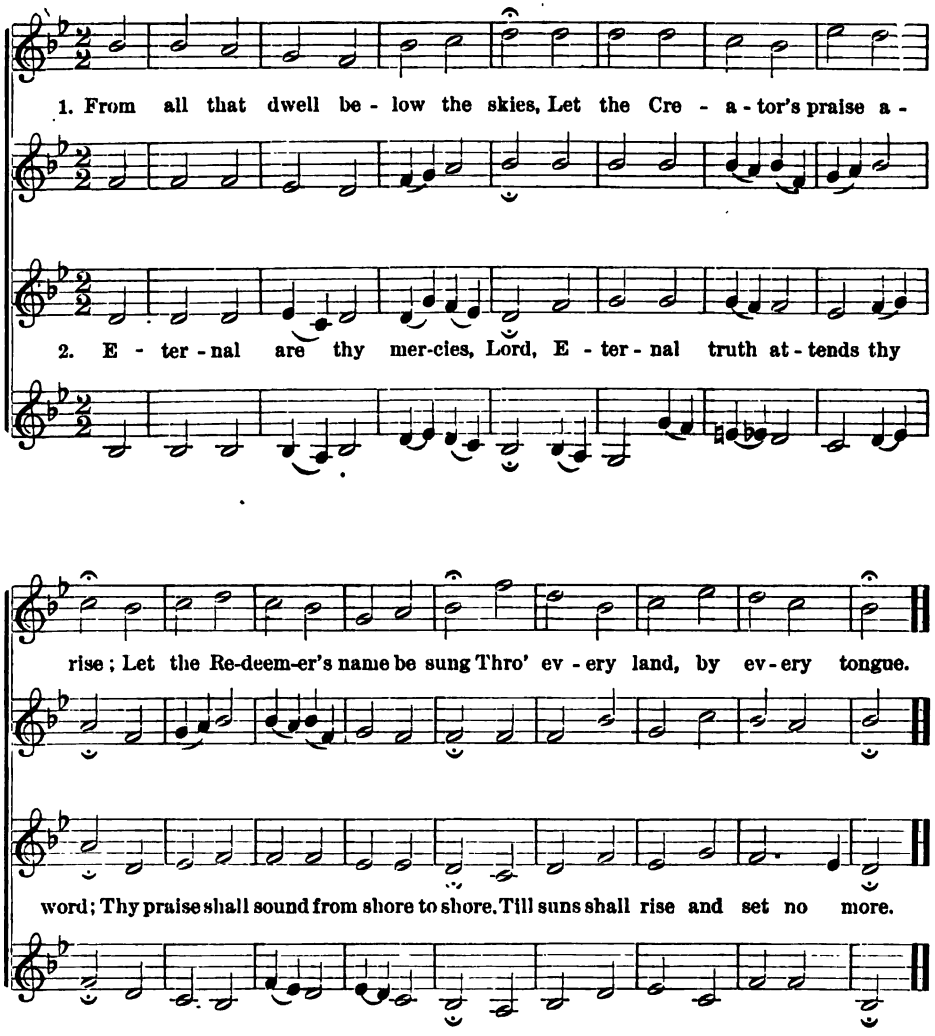
No. 70. THE OLD HUNDREDTH.

GOUDIMEL OR
LOUIS BOURGEOIS. 1551.



ISAAC WATTS.

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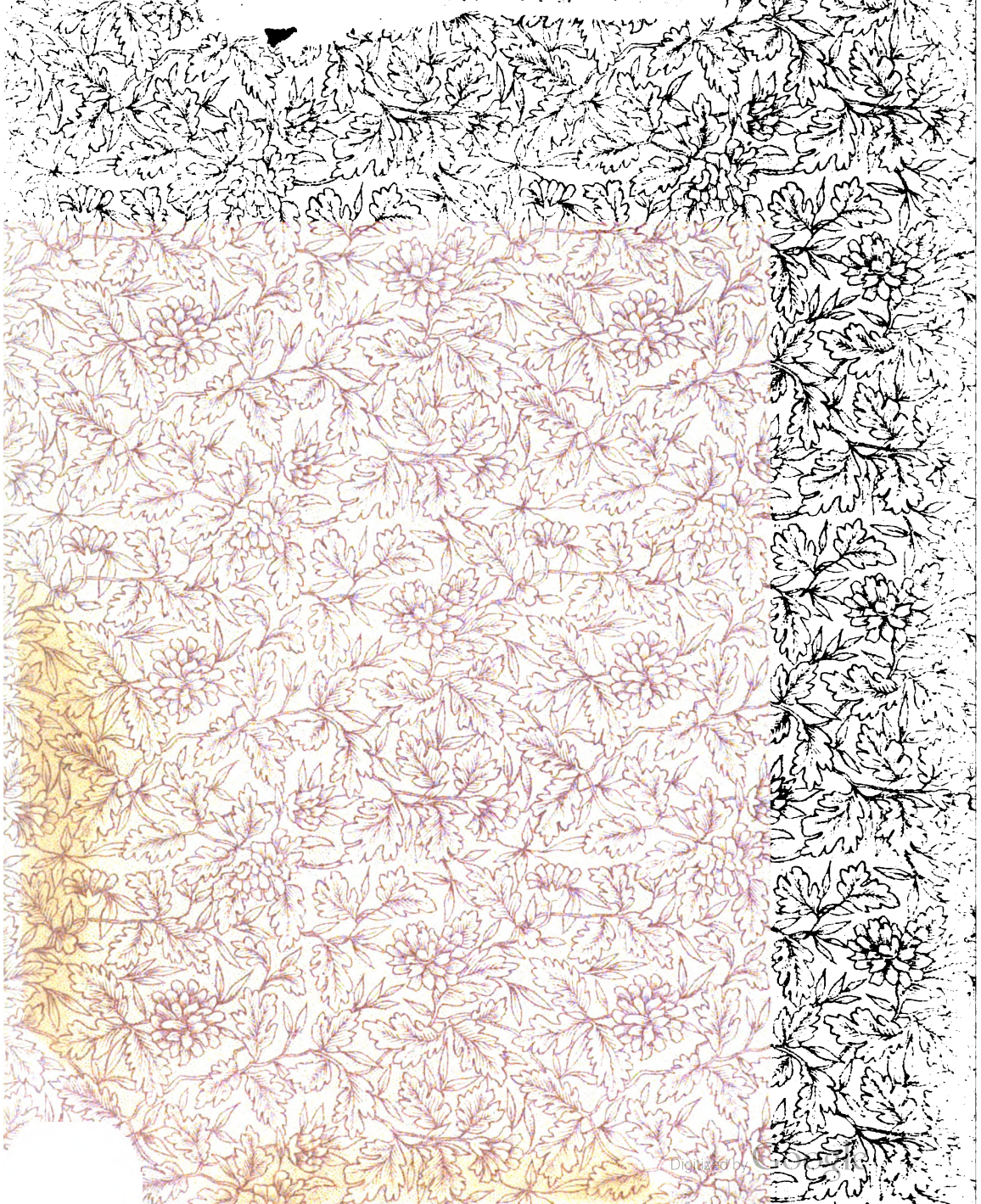

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